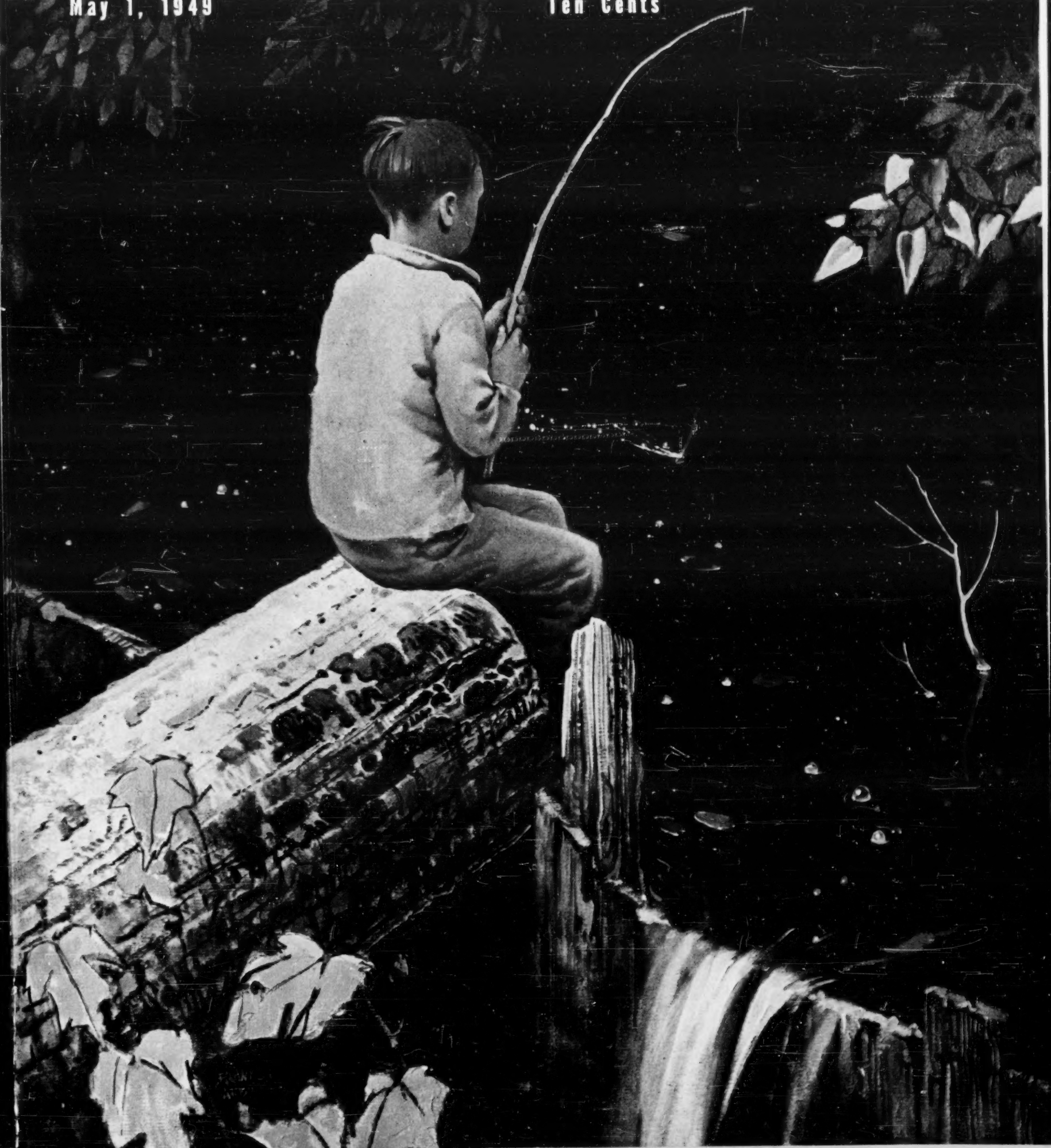


CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
MACLEAN'S

May 1, 1949

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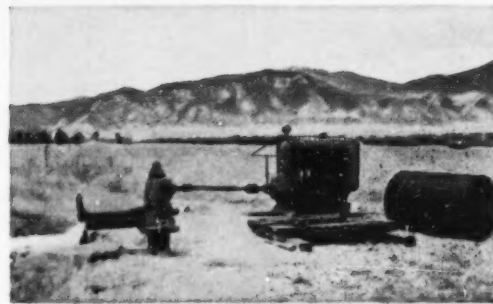
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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Printed and Published semi-monthly at Toronto by
 MACLEAN-HUNTER
 Publishing Company Limited

481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman
 HORACE T. HUNTER, President
 FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President

THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller
 EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada
 Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, SW1. Telephone Whitehall 6612.
 Telegraph Atrbek, London.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada and Newfoundland, \$2.00; all other parts of British Empire, \$3.00 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$3.50; other countries \$4.50 per year. Single Copies: In Canada and Newfoundland, Ten Cents. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents Copyright, 1949, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited.

EDITORIALS

Do the British Really Want to Sell to Us?

THE PRIME MINISTERS' conference in London would do well to discuss the condition of world trade in general and Commonwealth trade in particular

Evidence is multiplying that the currency curtain between the dollar countries led by the U. S. and the "soft" currency countries led by Britain is stifling trade in the democratic world.

Soft currency countries have made nearly 300 bilateral barter deals for the exchange of each other's goods. These deals restrict or even prohibit import of goods from other countries.

One consequence is that Canadian goods are being frozen out of market after market.

Britain has made 38 barter agreements. She is swapping goods on this basis with most of the nondollar nations, including those behind the Iron Curtain.

Australia used to be Canada's third largest customer for newsprint. Now, to save dollars, Australia must buy Scandinavian newsprint at \$60 a ton more than the Canadian price.

Canada could sell fertilizer to sterling countries for \$20 a ton less than they're paying. They won't buy—can't afford the dollars.

Advocates of barter say it enables countries like Britain to cut down their dollar deficits but barter deals actually are reducing Britain's ability to earn dollars. Canada would be glad to buy for cash some of the goods she is swap-

ping with the east, notably steel and electrical equipment.

The eastern countries offer a bait: "Give us your steel and machinery and we'll also take a lot of other stuff you can't sell elsewhere." So the barter deal is closed, Britain's dollar earnings shrink still further, and Canada does without the steel and machinery.

Why can't Britain sell these other goods, which must be got rid of by barter?

Because her prices are too high. British coal, British textiles, many other products are too expensive to compete in the dollar market. One major reason for the high prices is, of course, the restrictions that force Britons to pay more for their raw material.

It's a vicious circle—vicious for Britain and the nondollar countries, which must resign themselves to a high cost level and a lowered standard of living; vicious for outsiders like Canada which depend for a livelihood on the free flow of trade in many directions.

All Canadians appreciate the difficulties Britain has faced since the end of the war. We all admire the patience, courage and skill with which those difficulties have been met. But this is an issue of the most vital importance to Canada, and present British policy leads toward real calamity for this country.

It is an issue which should be faced frankly and realistically on both sides of the Atlantic.

For a Canadian C.N.E.

FAIRS should be fun and it would be a mistake to turn the Canadian National Exhibition into a solemn semester on Canadian culture. However, we feel that the emphasis has, in recent years, been too heavy on the purely carnival aspects of the big national show.

We would no more think of suggesting that the grandstand show be dropped than we would campaign against cranberry sauce at Christmas. But it does seem to us that if we're going to have this big presentation spotlighted for the two and a half million fair visitors it should be Canadian. Too often the centre of the stage is occupied by a show like the Olsen and Johnson revue which last year collected more than 150,000 for a brassy and sometimes vulgar U. S. show which was about as Canadian as hula dancers.

Why not give Canadian musical and stage talent a chance? It needn't be shown in one of those pageants that began with fur trade and ended in complete boredom.

But a Canadian national exhibition should exhibit Canada—her talent as well as her produce.

Isolationism in Its Grave

CANADA can be proud of the spirit shown in the debate on the Atlantic Pact.

It is only 10 years since this country was very largely isolationist. This spring, a virtually unanimous Parliament voted for commitment to joint action of the free nations against a common danger.

It was particularly encouraging to hear members from Quebec, once the very citadel of isolationism, solemnly accept and endorse the principle of collective security. Georges Heon, Progressive Conservative M.P. for Argenteuil, said on behalf of his people: "We shall fully approve, not with enthusiasm or gladness in our hearts but with a deep sense of responsibility toward our fellow men and ourselves, the North Atlantic treaty."

That, it seems to us, is the way all Canadians should—and probably do—regard the pact. As a means to peace most of us recognize that it is a second best, a poor substitute for the one-world dream of the end of the war.

But if we use with wisdom the strength it signifies it can be a step along the road to the peace for which a whole world yearns.



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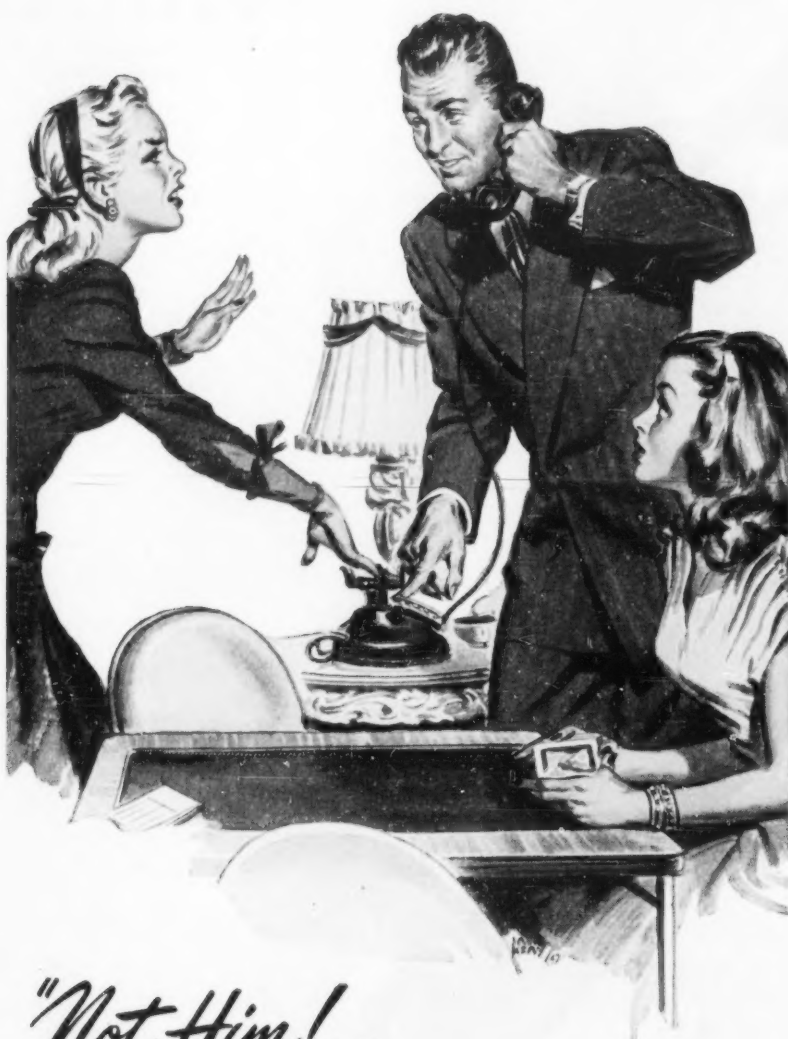
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"Not Him!..."

we're better off three-handed!"

"WHAT do you mean 'We're better off'?" demanded Bill. "Dick's a charming guy and plays like an expert."

"I guess you haven't had him for a partner recently," Millie said knowingly.

"I guess I haven't. So what?"

"Well, I have! Over at the Club a week ago I sat in for a hand or two and, honestly, Bill, he was pretty grim. And both Myrtle and Charlie Hall noticed the same thing when they had him for dinner and bridge Monday night. His breath... his breath..."

"Oh, oh!" said Bill, "Now I catch on. Too bad somebody can't slip him a hint... and a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic."

"It really is," said Millie, "because he is such a peach and I hate to see him riding himself right out of the picture."

How about You?

The insidious thing about halitosis (bad breath) is that you, yourself, may not

realize that you're guilty. So, it is very easy to offend the very people whose friendship you value most.

Isn't it foolish to take such chances when Listerine Antiseptic is such an easy, *extra careful* precaution? You simply rinse the mouth with it and, presto!... your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want to be at your best with others never, never, omit Listerine Antiseptic. Make it a "must" night and morning, and especially before any date. It pays off handsomely in popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

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BEFORE ANY DATE

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FOR ORAL HYGIENE

MADE IN CANADA

In the Editors' Confidence

The Storyteller of Saturna

SINCE we sent out our first call last August for contributions to Canadianecdotes and Footnotes on the Famous, 600 manuscripts have been received, and recently they have been tumbling through the letter slot at the rate of 150 a month. This flow has been ample to launch our new features and keep them rolling and to convince us there exists a wide rich vein of Canadian anecdote. We hope you keep them coming.

If we were asked, which isn't likely, to construct a synthetic but typical Canadianecdote it would go something like this: Sir John A. Macdonald was trapped in the Frank slide and was rescued by the young women sent to Canada by the King of France as brides. This is how Medicine Hat got its name.

Sir John A. has inspired more anecdotes than any Canadian who ever lived. Sometimes the same anecdote, with Sir John A. in the starring role, will turn up a dozen times in one week. The backgrounds differ widely but John A. is always unmistakably and roguishly in the centre of the stage.

While we haven't kept a score on the incidence of familiar anecdotes, the Frank slide story would, we are sure, take second place without dispute. The shipments of potential brides seem to have inflamed our contributors' interest, after all these years, only slightly more than the origin of the name Medicine Hat. The only difficulty is that no two of the stories about Medicine Hat agree. How did it get its name?

The most common weakness of the Canadianecdotes and Footnotes we did not buy was that they were not anecdotes. We have the support of a man called Webster in our stand that an anecdote is a short story with a point. Some of the manuscripts we've been seeing lately have been narrative chunks of disembodied history—they've lacked what people in show business call the "snapper."

We don't mean by this they have to be funny, but they should have a punch.

We're in a hurry to finish this and read the third part of "The Fabulous Shoemaker" by Frank Hamilton, on page 21, so we'll let Jean Howarth, whose short story "Red Is for the Living" is on page 10, tell you about Jean Howarth:

"I was born in Kelwood, in Manitoba's Riding Mountains. My father was a Methodist minister, and as ministers do he moved from town to town with great regularity, taking us with him. "Eventually we settled in Calgary, and in turn I was a nurse in Alberta's Provincial Mental Hospital, a stenographer in a wholesale grocery, and quite a variety of things on The Calgary Herald.

"I came out to Vancouver to work for the CBC as a commentator on a program for women. Later I moved to The Vancouver Province, where I was first women's editor and am now a columnist.

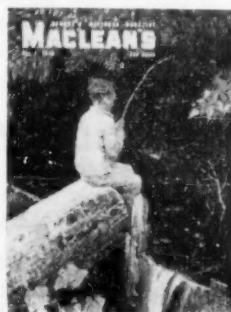
"At the present my great interest in life is an island in the Gulf off Victoria called Saturna. I have just bought four fifths of an acre on this island, and the cheque for this story is going to pay for my well, which blew in a few days ago.

"The cabin on my four fifths of an acre is 12 by 24 and stands on a treed knoll looking out to the sea and the sunset and the mountains of Vancouver Island. It has neither electric lights nor running water, but you can pick mushrooms and blackberries around the front door and dig clams on the beach.

"The B. C. directory says that there are 48 inhabitants on Saturna. The inhabitants says this is a calumny; they say there are 61 inhabitants on Saturna."

Miss Howarth neglected to tell you her fiction has appeared in Maclean's ever since she won second prize in our fiction contest of 1946.

The Editors



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE does not know the name of the little boy who was the subject for the cover on this issue. He does remember, though, that he was the son of a cannery worker in Nootka, B.C. "He was a bright little fellow I often met on a path which led to a pond where the trout would rise to a handful of red berries thrown on the surface of the water," writes Mr. Arbuckle. "The little boy was always a pretty successful fisherman despite his primitive equipment. I remember that with the exception of the manager's son all his playmates were Siwash Indian children."

AFTER 16 YEARS

Betty Cochrane

flies to SCOTLAND

ON A

TCA

"NORTH STAR" SKYLINER



FOR YEARS, Betty Cochrane of Montreal had wanted to visit her mother and family in Scotland. First the war, then the "time" element balked her. Then came the inspiration. "I'll fly", said Betty, "and make every minute count" . . . and forthwith booked on a Rolls-Royce engined "North Star" Skyliner for the finest holiday in all her busy career.

Of the flights both ways, she cannot speak too highly . . . the relaxation, the comfort, the attentive interest of steward and stewardess who could not do enough for her, the delicious meals and club-like amenities . . . all made time itself fly, too.

No matter where your relatives live overseas, they're only hours away by air. Why delay any longer? Any T.C.A. representative will gladly show you how easily you can give yourself one of the biggest treats in life . . . a good old-fashioned get-together with the people and the scenes you love.



Top: Glasgow University
Bottom: Princes St., Edinburgh

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HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO . . . SALES OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

MAGLEAN'S

MAY 1, 1949



In this secret Canadian cockfighting pit, blood-maddened roosters with razor spurs fight to kill while gamblers keep a lookout for the cops

JOCK CARROLL

THE SPORT OF DEATH

By JOCK CARROLL

THE "pit" I stood beside was a wooden structure 12 feet square, with lights blazing down on it. The walls were knee-high, of plain boards recently whitewashed. They were spattered with blood.

I was attending my first cockfight, in a two-story barn outside an Eastern Canadian city. It was a Saturday night. At the same time right across Canada hundreds of cockfighting fans would be secretly making their way to similar barns. To avoid police detection the barns would be carefully blacked out.

A babel of voices, Belgian, French and English, rose from the 150 spectators. Two young women, one brunette the other blond, were in the front row of seats, laughing and joking with the surrounding men. Another woman, wife of a breeder, sat nearby.

Occasionally, above the voices, there was the raucous crow of an impatient rooster from the loft. The barn door opened.

A man entered, climbed on a bale of hay and held up his hands. "Not so much noise, please! You

can hear you way down the road!" The hubbub lessened a little.

In one corner of the pit the next two cocks were being weighed to see that they matched within two ounces. Satisfied, the referee cleared the ring of all but the two handlers.

One handler was a huge, black-haired, former boxer called "Frenchy." He is a handsome man, despite his flattened nose, souvenir of an exhibition bout with Joe Louis. In the crook of his right arm he cradled a Madigin Claret fighting cock. His large left hand continuously, and gently, stroked the bird's feathers. Frenchy, a professional handler, goes south each winter for the Big Three tournaments at St. Augustine, Orlando and Tallahassee, Fla.—the only places in the United States or Canada where cockfighting is legal.

The other handler was a white-haired, saintly looking gentleman whom everyone called "Pop." He had merry blue eyes and a smile which never left his face. His cock was a Blue-Grey Muff, named for its neck feathering.

"Bill your cocks!" shouted the referee.

Frenchy and Pop advanced to the centre of the pit, each cock held so that its head extended over the crook of the handler's right arm.

The cocks struck at each other with the speed of snakes. Their combs and wattles had been cut off, but the Claret managed to seize the flesh around the Muff's neck.

Frenchy moved back slowly, his bird hanging on until its bill hold was broken. Again the cocks were moved within pecking range. This "billing" was to arouse the birds to fighting fury.

"All right!" said the referee. "Pit your cocks!"

As Frenchy and Pop retired to their corners, the pace of the pitside betting increased.

"Ten dollars on the Muff!"

"Twenty-five on Frenchy!"

Pop shouted at Frenchy, "What's the battle money, Frenchy? Twenty-five?"

Frenchy nodded. He wasn't thinking of the \$25 battle money but of the \$1,000 prize for which he was still in the running.

Continued on page 74

MY 24 YEARS WITH CLAIRE WALLACE

By WALLY BELFRY

PHOTO BY NOTT AND MERRILL



Wrestlers in the kitchen, lady cops at the table, cats everywhere
—life with Mother is never tame when Mother's a top broadcaster

THERE was one tense moment during my wedding when I was afraid the minister was about to say: "Do you, Claire Wallace's son, take this woman to be your . . ."

People never seem to remember me as anybody or anything except the son of Canada's ace woman broadcaster. At least three times in my life I've been called upon to make a speech, heard the chairman spend five minutes telling of my mother—and then forget my name.

The trouble is that I bear the surname of my mother's first husband, who died when I was five years old. Our family often causes raised eyebrows nowadays when we're introduced to a group as ". . . Claire Wallace, and her husband James E. Stutt, and their son Wally Belfry." When people suggest our combination of names is unorthodox, my stepfather and I just grin and say: "With Mother around, there's no such thing as the usual."

Mother has become Canada's highest-paid radio artist and leading woman reporter by pursuing the unusual to the length of walking on the bottom of the ocean, standing on the brink of a live volcano and hitchhiking a ride in a blimp. She is more liable to chase ghost noises through the night in Toronto's spooky medieval castle, Casa Loma, than she is to come home.

She recently sent a carrier pigeon after a story, although she long ago learned to pilot a plane herself to chase news. Another odd story she brought to Canada concerned a man from Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, who appeared on a New Year's broadcast. His name: Happy Newyear. So I wasn't surprised when I found former British Empire heavyweight wrestling champion Earl McCready puttering around our kitchen in a frilly apron while Mother took notes on his prized spaghetti recipe.

Housewives' Eyewitness

AWAG once said that Claire Wallace goes to "great lengths" to get a story. Probably the most traveled and most air-minded Canadian woman, she was the first Canadian passenger to fly across the Atlantic on the Clipper service. She was aboard the first Trans-Canada Air Lines coast-to-coast trip and the first TCA passenger flight to Bermuda. And she was the first Canadian to apply for permission to leave the country for the royal wedding.

When she recently told me she was going out of town for the week end I thought to myself: "So what? Hasn't she already done so much traveling that the Hobos of America conferred an honorary membership on her?" But all I said aloud was, "Where are you going for the week end, dear?"

Mum answered nonchalantly: "Bermuda."

She specializes in brief but sudden flights to faraway countries—a week in Puerto Rico, Dominican Republic and Haiti, or a week in Nassau, Jamaica and Trinidad. Mother says: "I don't really like to fly; high altitudes hurt my sensitive ears." But I could write a musical comedy about our home life called "Mother Wore Flights." Supper is either late

Continued on page 54

The Forgotten Fathers

By SIDNEY KATZ

THIS year more than 14,000 children will be born out of wedlock in Canada. This estimate is based on the official figures for 1947, when 14,538 cases were recorded. The 1947 figures represented an all-time high.

Since then much attention has been focused on the unmarried mother and her problems, her background, her personality, her feelings, and plans for the care of her child. Whenever family social workers get together she is usually the subject of spirited discussion.

What about the unmarried father?

He is the forgotten man in the problem of birth outside of marriage. He has no legal rights to the child—only the job of supporting it financially. To the general public he is a low scoundrel with no sense of responsibility toward either the unfortunate woman or the hapless infant.

Many Canadian social workers take a more sympathetic view. They say the unmarried father is not, as a rule, a "professional wolf" or a criminal type. Chances are that he is a normal, personable youth extremely worried by the difficulty in which he finds himself.

This comment of a social agency official who handles close to 900 cases of illegitimacy each year is typical: "The unmarried father has almost as many problems as the unmarried mother. He, too, is a person in trouble who needs help."

A Trust Fund for Education

DESPITE popular legend, the unmarried male who packs his bags and runs when he learns that he is to father a child is not typical. When approached fairly, large numbers go to considerable trouble and expense to see that the woman and child are properly cared for. Consider the following cases:

While visiting a large Ontario town, Arthur B., 49, married, met a woman 15 years younger. Three months later she wrote that she was

Many social workers say it's time society gave help, not hate, to the decent unmarried father

pregnant and named him as the father. He immediately offered to adopt the child, concealing its real identity from his wife. The social agency handling the case refused sanction. Instead, it placed the child for adoption with a young couple whose background they had carefully investigated. The putative father—as the unmarried father is legally called—provided liberally for the mother during her confinement and after.

During the six years since the child was born, Arthur B. frequently has asked the agency about the child's progress. At present he is working out the details of a trust fund which will help the foster parents provide the child with a good education.

James D. was attending a western university when he found out that the girl was "in trouble." He took her to the local Children's Aid Society and arranged for her confinement. Later, against the advice of friends, he quit school, got a job, married the girl and set up a home.

Edward R. became involved with a girl from another city. Because she was frequently in the company of other men there was doubt about his paternity. It would have been possible for him to absolve himself of all responsibility, but he didn't choose to. "I can't marry the girl," he said, "but I'll help her in any way I can."

He did—by co-operating with the agency which took charge of the child. He helped the mother decide that adoption would be wisest. When

it came to choosing foster parents he showed as much interest in their suitability, and background as the couple did in the child's.

Tracing the "Unknowns"

MANY cases similar to these; where the father acted honestly and generously, could be listed but it should be clearly stated that many unmarried fathers appear to merit the popularly accepted belief that, as a group, they are evasive and conscienceless. Their conduct is rightly a matter of serious concern to the entire community.

The files of every child welfare agency provide cases of men who take deliberate advantage of the fact that paternity is often difficult to prove and manage to escape scot-free. Others, whose guilt has been definitely established, simply disappear by moving to another town. The truly cautious cross provincial borders where they are safe from laws which can compel them to help the woman and child.

The most recently published report of one Toronto agency shows that in 837 cases of illegitimacy 110 fathers are "unknown."

Not all the "unknowns" are deliberate escapees. Comments a welfare official: "Often the father remains unknown simply because the woman cannot identify him. In a surprisingly large number of cases he is a casual acquaintance whom she knows only as 'Al' or 'Bill' or 'Smitty,' or 'a tall guy with red hair' that she met at a dance, or on the beach."

Sometimes the man may leave town to take another job and leave no forwarding address.

Even more common are cases where the woman refuses to name the man because it may spoil her chances of marrying him later. In one study in Cleveland, O., of 380 unmarried mothers, in 50% of the cases where paternity was not established it was for this reason.

What kind of person is the average unmarried *Continued on page 72*



Red is for the Living

By rights you couldn't call the Hyatt kids motherless.
All nine of them had a mother. His name was Jake

By JEAN HOWARTH

WASN'T eight-thirty, and I hadn't put the porridge dish to soak, when a great big horn blew off on the road; I put my head out the kitchen window. The young ones are coming home to Jake Hyatt's today. There was young Bill, hanging half out of his fine new car and waving his hand like mad.

"Hi, Aunt Lil!" he yelled, the old grin splitting his face in half, "see you later!" And then he was tearing off up the road to the old farm, laying the dust out behind him like a plume. Never could go anywhere slowly, young Bill.

Even from the kitchen window I could see the red carnation in his lapel.

Bill was the first. Bill always did get places first. But come six o'clock, all Jake Hyatt's kids would be there.

After Bill came Esther and her husband and their little boy up from Crystal Creek in the truck. Esther's putting on a bit of weight, but she suits it; held the little boy up to wave to me through the cab window. Nice little boy—takes after old Jake, his grandfather.

They were both wearing red carnations.

Cass and Johnny Hyatt went past at eleven.

They've got the Henderson's farm now, over to Barton. Making a good thing of it, too. Put up a pig palace last year. That's what Johnny calls it—the pig palace. Newfangled idea he got down at agriculture college. They put little pigs in one end and a few months later they take them out the other all ready for market. Just like clockwork. Wouldn't believe it, would you?

Sam, the sixth one in the Hyatt family, was up on crutches. Last May he came in a wheel chair. Broke his back in the Air Force and they were afraid he'd be flat for life; but Jake Hyatt gave him a talking to. "Sam," he said, "you'll get up from that bed if you want to. Don't lie there being sorry for yourself. Lie there thinking that you're going to make your big toe wiggle."

Sam says it took six months and then one day it wiggled. He says by next May he'll be getting along with nothing but a couple of canes.

He was swinging ahead of the girls when they went off down the road to the farm.

They were all wearing red carnations.

Peter, another son of Jake's, and Julie won't be in till the five o'clock bus.

Peter's interning now at the hospital where Julie's nursing in the children's ward. Jake sure was pleased

when one of his boys went in for a doctor, though he had to sell the east quarter section to help put him through.

It's funny, watching them all go past up the road to the old farm, and thinking back on the years.

First time I ever saw Jake Hyatt was the day he came to Hilton to run the grain elevator. He got down from the train at our station and he turned around and handed Bertha, his wife, down; and my Henry and I—we were sitting in the buggy waiting for the mail to come out—we couldn't help laughing, because Jake was a little wee man not more than five-foot-two, and Bertha, his wife, was a great strapping woman.

Only after you got to know them you never thought about that.

They moved into the old grain elevator man's house. Jake was a good elevator man. It's odd how one elevator man's scales will weigh a lot more for a farmer than another elevator man's scales. Jake's weighed more.

Pretty soon after they moved to Hilton, Cass was born. Cass was their oldest; and then the others came so fast the town almost lost count. But it never was an accident, Jake and Bertha having nine. Right from the start Bertha said there were going to be six anyway; and then when there were six she said there was lots of room for more.

We always were best friends, Bertha and I. We both wanted big families. Had eight myself.

SHE WAS out at my house the day it happened. The Church Aid had been having a quilting bee, and she'd stayed after to help me with the dishes. She had Jessie asleep in her basket on the front porch—Jessie was six months at the time—and when we finished I shouted out the back door for the hired man to bring her buggy around.

I remember it all so clear. Bertha putting on her hat in my front bedroom, and laughing at her big homely face in the mirror, and saying, "Lil, they ought to make hats that would cover more of faces like mine." And saying, "Don't forget to tell Henry to drop by and pick up the doughnuts for the Young People's concert. I'll make them up tonight." Then she went out through the house to where her baby was sleeping in the basket on the porch.

The buggy was down at the foot of the steps, with the little sorrel mare that Jake had given her because Jake never did think it was right for a woman to be stuck at home all day.

And Bertha carried the baby down, and set her in her basket in the bottom of the buggy. And she had the reins knotted around her wrist and was just stepping up, when suddenly the mare shied.

It threw Bertha off balance, and then the mare was running, dragging her. Not far, just down to the gate where the sorrel reared and stood.

But when we got there Bertha was lying with her face turned up to the sky, not knowing us, and the reins were still knotted around her wrist, and her neck was snapped clean.

And the baby was still asleep in its basket in the bottom of the buggy.

There aren't any words to say what it was like after that. It was just as if somebody had took a knife and cut the heart out of the Hyatt family. We did what we could. All of us in the countryside did. We took Bertha home, and after a little while we took her up the hill and left her there with the sun and the flowers. And us women took turns staying nights with the children, and baking great batches of cookies and cakes for them, and running over with pots of soup and legs of ham.

Funny how a woman always tries to heal a hurt heart with a good meal.

After a bit Jake got a Mrs. Crosby from Barton to come and keep house. She wasn't what they needed, but she was all they could get. Housekeepers aren't fussy about a job where there's nine children.

Jake, he'd got all of a sudden old, since his wife died. He didn't cry any, but he shriveled up, like a little old monkey, and when he

ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

looked at you his eyes didn't seem to see you at all.

They got along in a manner of speaking, with us women pitching in and helping, and Jake getting home as early as he could every day from the grain elevator. But then one day—in November it was—Henry came rushing in to say the Hyatts' house was on fire.

We galloped the horses into town, taking all the buckets we could lay our hands on fast. The fire was out when we got there—just a chimney fire, it was; but Jake was standing on the front porch, looking alive at last, and so angry it scared me.

"Henry," he said, "will you find Mrs. Crosby and tell her to catch the train to Barton this afternoon. If she came back here I might kill her."

And he took us in the house and showed us where Jessie was asleep in her crib, and the next three were shut up in the back room playing.

"The bolt was shot," he said. "She went off shopping and left them like that. And the furnace on full." My Henry just took one look at his face and went out the door.

He put Mrs. Crosby on the train for Barton himself.

That night Jake came out to our place. He was just as little as ever, but that night he looked big, somehow. He sat down in the parlor with Henry and me and he told us what was in his mind.

"I been wrong," he said earnestly. "I got to change things. What those kids of Bertha's need isn't somebody to wash their faces and fill their lunch pails. It's somebody to love them and be with them, like Bertha was.

"If I was a smart man I could maybe earn enough money to hire a good woman, but I'm not that smart. So I got to do the job myself. I got to be their mother, not as good as Bertha would have been, but the best I can do alone."

He had a plan.

"I own the house in town. I want to sell it and put the money on your old farm, Henry," he said to my husband, "you been looking for a buyer. I can't pay you the whole thing right off, but I will in time."

"But, Jake," I said, "the house on the farm is all run-down. Hasn't been anybody in it for years."

"I'll fix it," he said, looking down at his hands and smiling the first smile in a long time. "I still got these. It'll be the cooking I'll need help with, Lil. And the sewing."

SO THAT was the way it was. Jake sold the house in town and the ten of them moved to the old farm a mile up from our place. Jake and young Cass fixed it up first. Cass was fifteen then. They laid new floors and they built cupboards in the kitchen and put in a sink that drained out under the lilacs. They papered all the rooms. You could see paste streaks on the first ones they did but the last ones were just fine.

They took the young children with them every day they worked, and with all those children running around the old farmhouse was just like that shoe in the nursery rhyme.

Jake took his job real serious. Soon as they were settled in he came over one day and got me to show him how to make bread. I'd have made the bread for him, been glad to; but he wouldn't have it that way.

"Absolutely no reason, Lil," he said, "why I can't make my own bread."

And pretty soon he was doing it, too. Fifteen loaves every Wednesday and fifteen loaves every Saturday. Nine children can eat an awful lot of bread.

He did his baking nights. Days he worked the farm, with the help of the older boys when they got home from school. Cass wanted to quit school and work full time with his dad, but Jake wouldn't let him.

"Never got enough education myself," he said, "but my kids are going to get it. High school, anyway. I won't

Continued on page 35



He sat up nights to make her wedding dress.

MAKE WAY F

FOR BOLD BRUMMELL

By PETER DAVIDSON

IN THE curious somnolent world of men's fashions, where style normally follows style at the pace of a mud turtle trudging across a sheet of flypaper, whole years pass without bringing any noticeable changes whatever. Don't count on 1949 being like that, though, because it won't be.

On the contrary, this is one of those rare years, touched by revolutionary upheaval, when it isn't enough to have looked smart at the start. If you want to stay that way you must also look ahead, or back if you suspect you didn't get off on the right foot. In either case you can probably use a briefing on current and future male modes and, since I've been asking around among the big wheels of the country's clothing trade with just such a report in mind, here it is.

Before we go into details let's have a sneak preview of a Canadian man dressed up to the nines in the new fashion. His hat, instead of being a dim grey felt, is a green pork-pie job with a narrow brim and an over-all effect of great jauntness. His suit, which will hang loosely from his shoulders and look comfortable and vaguely raffish, will be made from gabardine the color of the U. S. Army's olive drab. His shirt will be a plain pale brown, and the collar will have a wide opening and long points. The tie around his neck will match the shirt, and be plain, too. His shoes will be enormous thick-soled things with brass buckles, quite possibly the sullen red of fresh-cut calves' liver. His cuff links will have a massive appearance, like ordinary old-style ones seen through a magnifying glass. He will, in short, be as rugged as a cheese grater in a sandstorm—having got that way as a consequence of the Bold Look, which we'll take up in due course and which is the most revolutionary part of the whole upheaval.

Not everyone wants to go around Looking Bold, of course—not all at once, anyway. But even for those of conservative tastes, there's plenty of fashion news in 1949. Let's look at the details.

Tailor and tiemaker, hatter and cobbler—they've cooked up a plan to make every man a he-man in 1949

DRAWINGS BY
LEN NORRIS

Taking suits, jackets and odd trousers first. Canadian businessmen seem to be feeling what one tailor called "a desire to appear sleeker" in the clothes they wear during working hours.

Sleekness will show up in narrower lapels, a low waistline, and a general streamlining—that is, the jackets won't hug the body as much as they've been doing lately, and will have an over-all effect of flowing smoothly from the shoulders on down. There has also been, in the words of another tailor I talked to, a sudden and definite trend toward the basic lounge principle. If you don't know quite what that means, which wouldn't be surprising, I'll try to explain.

Twenty years ago the sharp executive looked as though his wife poured him into his clothes every morning and didn't serve breakfast until he'd jelled enough to walk downstairs without spilling. That, if it could be said to have a name at all, was the basic principle of snugness.

Today's fashionable man of affairs, however, tends to look as though the little woman had left the coat hanger in place when she helped him on with his jacket, which has become slightly too large for him in consequence of a wasting illness. That is the basic lounge principle, which is occasionally but less impressively called "draping," and sharkskin and gabardine will be high on the list of popular stuff to do your basic lounging in.

Sleekness vs. Boldness

THE future of sports clothes has taken an exactly opposite turn. As to 1949 outfits for golf and generally getting out in the open and having fun, the sky will be the limit. There doesn't seem to be any conceivable combination of colors, materials or patterns you can't wear with perfect propriety this year, as long as you draw the line at jackets with neon-lighted seams, or pants that play "The Maple Leaf Forever" on a built-in music box when you pull a hidden string. I have seen, for example, a young man dressed in maroon slacks, a coat made of Hudson's Bay blanketing in green, white, red and pale blue, a cherry-red hat, and a pink tie. He was wearing what I first thought were actual ski boots, but which turned out to be imitation ones of dark purple.

We'll take up sports clothes again when we get around, as we soon shall, to the Bold Look. Meanwhile there are the formal clothes, correct for wear either before or shortly after death. They will remain pretty much the same as they've been since the mid-1930's at least, and telling the difference between a brand-new suit of tails and a 15-year-old model will be chiefly a matter of checking to see which twin has the moth holes. Such few differences as there are in the latest jobs had better also wait for the Bold Look, whose influence is largely responsible for them.

Before we leave the tailors it's worth mentioning that not a single one of the big needle-trade magnates I talked to would risk making a prophecy about the effect the Bold Look would have on their end of the Canadian clothes industry in 1949, and they all appeared glad to drop the subject. Here and there a man had a good word for it, but most of them either called it the New Look (a term which ought to apply only to the extraordinary clothes women are now going around in), or else didn't refer to it at all.

This apparent lack of enthusiasm is worth mentioning because in the realm of men's fashions the Look is the first really drastic new development to come along since the day Grandfather figured it would be okay if he left off wearing a frock coat and



stovepipe to the office, and slipped into a pepper-and-salt suit roomy enough to let him sign a letter without holding his breath. It is possible to conclude from the tailors' attitude, as observed by me, that their bets are on the sleek trend rather than the dashing one—which may narrow down the range of your own choice a bit.

My one-man poll of the shirtmakers taught me that things in their line are veering toward an increase in the popularity of plain shades. These will be blue, grey, tan, and pastel tones (that is, palish and not strikingly vivid ones) of every color in the rainbow and a lot that have never been seen there. I'm told that striped shirts won't be as well-liked this year, and consequently not quite as smart as heretofore. There will still be plenty of them on clothing-store shelves and male backs, though. By and large the stripes will be narrower and less conspicuous, exceptions being once again due chiefly to Boldness. Patterned shirts are also due to be quieter, barring those that come under the same virile influence.

Nineteen forty-nine will see a mild boom in shirts with attached collars and double, or "French," cuffs, which are apparently catching on like crazy in these parts. So are new and different shapes in collars (longer points, wider openings and seams, and so on). This third trend will give you more chance than you had last year to pick the one that suits your own personal face, and your chin or chins as the case may be.

Tiemakers seem to have been thrown into something of a tizzy by their colleagues on the shirt side this year. The swing to pastel shades we've already noted put them squarely on the spot. This was because, as one of them said, "The average man tends to fall back on simpler ties to go with the new colored shirts, and so to reduce the number of ties in his tie wardrobe."

Does Your Wife Dress You?

BROODING over this ghastly prospect, the resourceful tiemongers weren't long figuring a way to head it off. They simply went to work on a flock of neckwear that would go with the latest in pastel shirtings, including a vast number of plain ties which either matched colors exactly or else blended with them in a pleasing and harmonious manner.

This fast infighting and quick footwork means there will be more plain ties worn in 1949, of course, but it doesn't mean patterned and figured and striped ones are scheduled for oblivion. There will be plenty all year, and far into the future—not only because most men have a strong yen for them but above all because if there weren't a copious supply women wouldn't know what to buy their husbands on birthdays.

Which brings up a point no man should overlook, and which for that matter he *Continued on page 58*

LONDON LETTER



"Forever Amber" was in daily installments.

Fleet Street Follies

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

IF YOU had happened to be walking in Fleet Street on New Year's Day you would have seen a lot of worried faces. It wasn't the Russian problem, nor the gap between imports and exports: freedom of competition had been restored to the Press. The President of the Board of Trade, under long pressure, had decided that sufficient newsprint would be supplied for newspapers to find their true circulations.

This needs a word of explanation. When the war broke out newsprint was rationed and the papers "pegged" at their existing sale. There was also a general and unbreakable agreement that there would be no more fictitious aids to circulation such as posters, insurance schemes or sets of Dickens.

London's two "class" morning papers, The Times and the Daily Telegraph, made a voluntary 10% cut in sales so as to preserve a larger size. The remainder decided that they would keep their sale and reduce the number of pages. Hence the famous four-page dailies of the war, which, oddly enough, were not only profitable but proved something of an editorial triumph.

Reduced to this tiny size the British dailies managed to keep their personality to a remarkable degree, and developed a striking capacity for condensation. Fleet Street met the challenge and scored a triumph, even if it broke the hearts of reporters and feature writers.

Everything was in reverse. Advertising managers urged clients not to advertise, or to take as little space as possible. Circulation men strictly rationed news agents and book-stalls, but the demand far exceeded the supply.

The newspapers prospered, advertising rates soared, cost of production was automatically reduced, and there was some profit on the mere sale. But dividends were also pegged. This meant that groups like those of Lord Rothermere and Lord Kemsley which had paid high dividends continued to do so, while Lord Beaverbrook's

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

A Win for Louis — and Limbo?

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK



IT MIGHT be interesting to record precisely what takes place in Parliament on days when the headlines say "Drew, St. Laurent Clash."

These famous "fights" usually start at three o'clock or shortly after, before the Orders of the Day are called. One or the other of the party leaders may make a statement, or ask a politically pointed question, that starts the row.

When Mr. St. Laurent, for example, says something the Opposition doesn't like, they begin to shout. Some of the shouts may be intelligible to the galleries; most are not. You just hear a solid wall of noise.

Mr. Speaker stands up, and a lip reader could observe that he is calling "order" at the top of his voice. The din subsides to a clatter; Mr. Drew gets up and begins a spirited reply, at which the Liberals bellow. Chaos again. It goes on intermittently until both men have said what they want to say, or until both give up trying. Then the House proceeds as if nothing had happened.

Hansard conveys no notion of all this. The periods of shouting and yelling, which sound like nothing so much as a crowd of indignant school-girls, are recorded in Hansard as follows:

"Some hon. members: Oh, oh."

* * *

DOUG ABBOTT'S new budget has done wonders for Liberal morale and damaged that of other parties. One CCF member put his reaction into one sentence:

"That budget will save me \$150 a year, but I'm afraid it'll cost me \$6,000." Six thousand is what he gets as an M.P.

About the time the budget came down the Finance Department borrowed a couple of economists to work on the 1949 white paper on the economic situation.

After looking over the figures one of them said: "You Liberals are luckier than you deserve. You'd have had to cut taxes anyway in an election year. But it just happens that the economic outlook justifies the very thing you've had to do."

Ten minutes after Mr. Abbott sat down on budget night, J. M. Macdonnell, the Progressive Conservative financial critic, gave his party's instinctive reaction in a couple of impromptu paragraphs. First he called it a "bribery budget." Then, minutes later, he said the tax cuts didn't go far enough—exemptions should have been raised even higher.

Two months ago Liberal backbenchers thought an October campaign would be all too soon. Now, most of them would like an election in June.

* * *

THERE'S an element of death wish on both sides of the House about the 1949 election. Some men among both Liberals and Progressive Conservatives feel that defeat this year would serve their party's long-term interest better than victory.

There's no such reservation among the leaders of either party—both are all out to win. Backbenchers, however, remember 1930. A Conservative Government came into power with the onset of depression, and was defeated just as the economic curve hit bottom and began to climb again.

"I pray every morning," said one Progressive Conservative, "that

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Sometimes the Commons sounds like a crowd of indignant schoolgirls.

By WILLIAM DOWNS

THE elderly *Hausfrau* stormed into the reception room of the mayor's office. It was 9 a.m. Tugging a threadbare coat around her shoulders, she demanded: "I wish to see the *Oberbürgermeister!*"

One of the two busy secretaries patiently began the routine. "What is your name, *bitte?*"

"My name does not concern you," the indignant woman shouted. "I am a good Social Democrat! I voted for him. I demand to see the *Oberbürgermeister* personally. If you do not let me in and if my highly intelligent son must go and work in the rubble, then I will go and work alongside my son and bring the rubble right into this office."

Another schizophrenic day of governing blockaded Berlin had begun.

The woman's son had been thrown out of his accounting job at a local manufacturing plant because the Russian blockade had stopped shipment of raw materials. He had been forced to join a laboring gang clearing Berlin's mountainous rubble—a kind of charity job that the city is trying to distribute among its unemployed to keep them alive. Her complaint was referred to the proper official.

Oberbürgermeister Ernst Reuter is confronted with thousands of similar cases involving desperate Berliners trying to survive under the blockade. But in the opening months of his administration he appears to be measuring up to the job.

Governing the 2½ million people in the Western Sectors of Berlin is the most complex municipal assignment since the era of medieval "city states." Berlin now is the fulcrum of the struggle between East and West. Reuter's position is that of a man standing atop a children's teeter-totter. He is throwing his weight to the West. And if this side does not prevail in the international struggle, Reuter and his colleagues in the city administration most certainly will totter.

The prospect doesn't seem to bother Professor Ernst Reuter, who has twice done time in Hitler's concentration camps. His experience with totalitarian political movements has taken up a large part of his life. Now 59, Reuter has been: (1) anti-monarchist; (2) Socialist; (3) pacifist; (4) Communist; (5) anti-Nazi; (6) refugee in exile; (7) anti-Communist; (8) Socialist again.

The Reds Call Him Judas

THE Communists hate him, not only because his city government has the sponsorship and support of the British, American and French Military Governments, but because he is a former Communist who recanted to become a Socialist. Among the Western Powers the Americans don't like him because of his Socialistic ideas, the British frown on his outspoken independence, and the French just don't trust him.

Picking his way with infinite care and shrewd judgment among this clash of opinion and interests, Reuter sits tight in his front seat at the cold war, never losing sight of his dream of a new, united Socialist Germany.

Since his appointment last December Reuter has been asked many times if he does not fear some direct Communist action against himself or his family.

He shrugs. "The Communists only take action when it is politically expedient for them to do so. The overwhelming turnout at the polls shows the weakness of the Communists in the Western Sectors. With this kind of evidence they know it would be disastrous for their cause to attack me. Also, the firm stand of the western powers is part of our protection."

He pauses. "Of course, if they wanted to send an assassin . . ." And again that shrug.

To look at him, Professor Reuter might be running a grocery store in Toronto or a bank in



A CME

Anti-Communist Reuter (he once worked for Stalin) might lead a new Reich.

Front-Line Mayor

Hated by the Russians, watched warily by the West,
Ernst Reuter of Berlin sits in the hot seat at the cold war

Ottawa. With his dark suits and his quiet demeanor he could also be an undertaker in Vancouver.

He is a big man, about six feet tall, around 180 pounds. His whitening hair is receding. He often wears a dark-blue beret. It is not an affectation—it is headgear that can be stuck into an overcoat pocket, hard to lose and easy to replace.

He walks with a slight limp. He suffered a severe leg wound in World War I while fighting for Germany against the Russians.

In repose, a luxury these days, Mayor Reuter's heavy features often take on the sad look of a disappointed St. Bernard dog. At the same time he manages to express a kind of dogged determination in any project he undertakes. This serene confidence in his goals, in everything he does, is his greatest political asset.

The newspapers in East Berlin—the Soviet sector—never miss a week in smearing him. They

call him "the Communist Judas," "the Turk Reuter," "the tool of the Western Powers." He is none of these things.

He has twice been named *Oberbürgermeister* of Berlin. The first time was after the first postwar, and city-wide, elections of 1946. Mayors of Berlin aren't elected personally, they are appointed by the party which winds up with a city council majority.

Proud of his appointment, Reuter went to one of the initial meetings of the now moribund Berlin *Kommandatura*—the Allied four-power body set up to direct the occupation of the city. He found himself set off at the foot of the conference table.

Questions on the administration of the city were addressed to him in English, French or Russian. He replied in German. The first translation of his reply was made in French. It was incorrect. Reuter set the translation right. The Allied officers were not pleased with this

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Name? Age? Sex? Medical history? Dogs entering hospital go through a routine similar to humans. The vets only wish they could answer the questions themselves. Below: Dr. Audrey Fyvie makes repairs to a warrior's torn ear. While he recovers his visiting hours are 3 to 4 p.m. Any longer might be upsetting to the patient.



IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO A SICK DOG

By RAY GARDNER

PHOTOS BY RICE AND BELL

ONE of the two men who sat smoking and chatting in the hospital reception room was sweating out an obvious but mild attack of the blessed-event jitters. While he fidgeted he fished for a comforting word or two from his more cool and collected companion.

"This is her first time. A Caesarean. I hope it goes well," he offered as conversational bait.

"Oh, it probably will," was the offhand reply. "Mine came through it fine."

"What's she in for now? Same thing?"

"No, she was hit by a truck this morning. Driver didn't even stop. The doctor thinks maybe she has a broken pelvis."

As they talked a brisk young woman in white was kept busy answering a stream of calls. "I'm sorry, the doctor is in surgery" . . . "Judy is coming along nicely. She'll be ready to come home tomorrow" . . . "Feed him plenty of raw meat. Meat's always the best thing for them. Especially raw meat."

Eventually a door leading into the hospital wards swung open and a tall, auburn-haired and completely unruffled man in a white surgical gown appeared. The smell of ether hung heavily about him and he still wore a gauze operating mask which had been pulled down so that now it swung loosely from his neck and dangled across his chest. This was Dr. Alan Secord.

"It's all over and it couldn't have gone better," he announced, smiling sympathetically at the man who toyed nervously with his hat. "There are six of them, all born perfectly normal. You've a fine litter of pups there."

Then, turning to the second man, Dr. Secord informed him that X-ray examination had confirmed the original diagnosis of the injury to the man's dog: the pelvis had been fractured.

Later, Dr. Secord set the fracture in a Stader splint, a modern bonesetting technique used on humans as well as on animals, though it was developed by a veterinarian, Dr. Otto Stader of Pennsylvania. Within a few weeks the fracture had mended and the dog was able to romp as friskily as ever.

It's pointless to say these things shouldn't happen to a dog. The fact is they do. But the happy part of it is that modern small animal hospitals, such as the one operated by Dr. Secord in Toronto, make available to the nation's estimated two million dogs the kind of medical and surgical care comparable, in many respects, to that given humans.

As a result, though a dog's life is still only a dog's

Operations, X-rays, transfusions — your dog can have them all in a modern pet hospital. And a flea-removing bath, besides

life, it is now more likely to be a longer and more healthy one.

Dr. R. J. Devereux, a Toronto vet, puts it this way: "Before the development of the modern small animal hospital, the sick dog slunk off to the woodshed and either got well by himself or died. If he broke a leg, he was usually destroyed. Today he goes to a hospital run especially for him and other animals, and there he is attended by a highly skilled physician and surgeon who uses the most advanced techniques, the most modern equipment and the most recently discovered drugs to treat him."

What Ails Fido?

THE hospitals man has built for his best friend are, indeed, amazingly similar to those he has built for himself, as you would discover if your dog were to become seriously ill and, after your own home remedies have failed to effect a cure, you were to take him to a vet.

In the reception room, which may strike you as being not unlike your own doctor's waiting room, though the chances are it will be larger and its decor far more elaborate, you'll likely have company. In one corner a woman may rock back and forth in her chair, patting and soothing the small dog she has wrapped in a pink baby blanket and cradled in her arms. Bigger dogs may be straining on their leashes, the better to find out if that's really a kitten the little boy has in the cardboard box.

You make known your presence and the purpose of your visit to the young lady at the admitting desk and eventually the doctor beckons you into the examination room. In this search for symptoms the veterinarian will ply you with questions as a

baby specialist might if he were examining your child. (The vet wishes your dog *could* talk.) You tell him that all you know is that for three or four days your dog hasn't been able to keep a thing on his stomach; all he does is mope about the house as though he'd heard the government was going to uproot every last fire hydrant. The vet will probably test his heart with a stethoscope, take his temperature and examine his eyes, nose and throat.

He may suggest you leave the dog overnight for observation, urine and blood analyses, and, if necessary, X-ray examination. You consent, and while your dog is led away you return to the admitting desk to fill out a form similar to but less complex than the one you'd fill out if you were entering a hospital yourself. The vet is content to know your dog's sex, breed, age, medical history and name (to help gain your dog's confidence).

That finished, perhaps you'd like to inspect the hospital. All right. You'll notice over there, on the door, it says, "Visiting Hours 3 p.m. to 4 p.m." Dogs are much like children in the way they react to visitors, says Dr. Secord. "They brighten up considerably when they see their owners, then become upset and grieve when they're left alone."

We'll go through that door into the hospital proper. In front of you there is the well-stocked dispensary. The vet uses a lot of penicillin and sulpha drugs and he has vitamin pills and tonics for dogs that have that run-down feeling.

Across the hall is surgery and, to the left, is the X-ray room. The equipment's the same as they use on humans, though less elaborate than what you'll find in a big hospital.

You've probably

Continued on page 38



Distemper is the dreaded dog killer. Dr. J. G. MacKay (left) takes a saliva test.

Below: Dr. Alan Secord operates. Pets have tonsils, appendixes and abscesses removed by surgery. Also swallowed balls, stones, poker chips, even corncocks.



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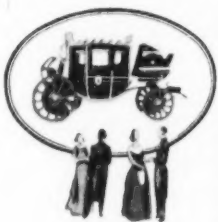
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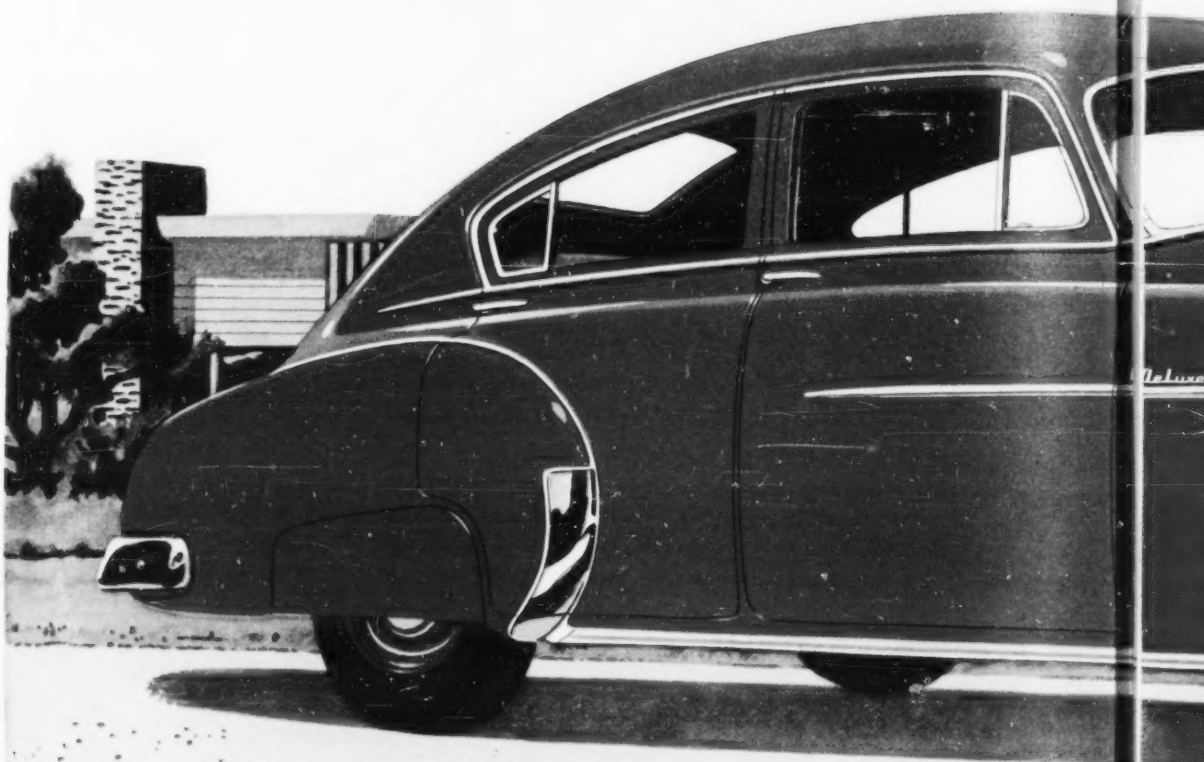
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Yes, this new Chevrolet brings you feature after feature of higher-priced cars at the *lowest prices* and with remarkable economy of operation and upkeep; and that's why millions of people are saying it's *the most beautiful buy of all*, any way you look at it, any way you figure it!

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The new Certi-Safe Hydraulic Brakes give even faster stops with safety . . . and assure the highest degree of effective braking action for you and your family.

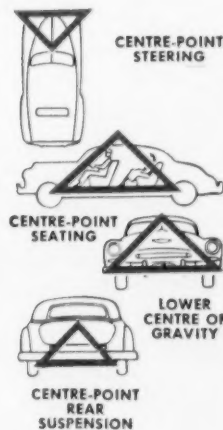


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This new Chevrolet is designed, engineered and built to speed your pulse and spare your pocketbook for it brings you all these and many other important improvements at the *lowest prices* and with *extraordinary economy* of operation and upkeep.



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Bata (right) was chairman at a banquet for Benes in New York in 1943. Later they fell out.

SOON AFTER the Russian Army liberated Czechoslovakia in May, 1945, Czech-Canadian shoemaker Thomas John Bata arrived in Prague to try to strike a deal with the provisional government which had nationalized the huge, half-a-billion-dollar Bata shoe plant at Zlin.

His stormy meetings with Communist Vice-Premier—now Premier—Antonin Zapotocky and other officials of the government ended in a stalemate when he flatly turned down the proposal of Russia's Josef Kyjanka that he sell his 46-country shoe empire to the Communists as a ready-made international spy ring. (Bata says Kyjanka is the real ruler of the Czech Bata plant.)

That night—four days before his scheduled departure—lifelong friend Jan Masaryk telephoned Bata and advised him to leave the country. A British Embassy car whisked him to the airport and within the hour he had left aboard a London-bound plane.

That was the beginning of Bata's still unsettled dispute with the Czech Communists. But it was not the first, nor the last, time that his claim to the globe-girdling shoe business founded in Zlin by his father 55 years ago has been challenged. Ever since Thomas Bata, Sr., (who started the Bata Company on a \$200 shoestring) died in a plane crash in 1932, Bata Jr. has had to fight for his inheritance. He is still fighting for it from his world shoe capital of Batawa, which he built around his factory in Ontario's rolling Trent Valley.

The Fabulous Shoemaker

Part III

By FRANK HAMILTON

The Communists tried to forge the Bata chain into a spy ring but Tom Bata held them off. Now he's fighting his stepuncle for control

This is Bata's version of his 10-year struggle for control of his father's enormous shoe business:

His troubles, like those of so many others, began with the rise of Adolph Hitler. His father saw trouble coming and in the early 30's began to decentralize his organization. He opened independent Bata factories and stores in dozens of countries outside the German orbit. In traditionally neutral Switzerland he set up the Bata Foundation to control the finances and majority stock of his rapidly expanding empire.

In the U. S., in 1932, Bata Sr. warned that the approaching war would mean a serious rubber shortage and urged the Americans to begin the production of synthetic rubber. Officials laughed but 10 years later they had to admit that he had been right.

When Bata Sr.'s private plane plowed into a farmer's field near Zlin, in 1932, his half-brother Dr. Jan A. Bata, (Bata Sr.'s father had had three wives, three sets of children) became Bata president.

Bata Sr. left a will and supplementary instructions. He told the family that his only child, Thomas Jr., whom he had groomed to succeed him would be his heir. He also told them that if he should die before his son was of age Jan should take over as interim regent (Tom was 17 when his father was killed).

Jan Bata has been described by members of the Bata family and by the men who worked most closely with him as a "proud, vain, egotistical man with political ambitions and delusions of grandeur." He is a sallow blond man of 50 with a fleshy face and when

Continued on page 69

AN OLD CHINATOWN CUSTOM

By SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL



ILLUSTRATED BY
REX WOODS

THE mirror showed Mary Liang a happy face. Lower in the glass, she saw reflected the round faces of her younger sisters, already dressed for the kitchen-god ceremony.

She wondered if she had ever looked as solemn as the children. As mournful. Each clutched a handful of spirit money to be burned when the god's cloth image was taken from the wall where, for a year, he had observed the family's conduct.

I am the happiest girl in Chinatown, Mary thought. Why, perhaps right this moment Bill Sheng was asking his grandfather, Sheng Wi'i, for permission to marry her, to have their horoscopes cast, betrothal presents sent, the marriage contract drawn, and a lucky day selected for the wedding.

Her smile deepened. She said teasingly to her younger sisters. "Have you been naughty? Is that why you look unhappy? Have you eaten some of the god's candy?"

"No, Elder Sister," Elsie mumbled.

Sweets were always placed before the kitchen god on this evening when he rose to heaven to report on the family's behavior. If he was offered candy and cake he would relate to the judging deities only sweet happenings. If they questioned him about misconducts his mouth would be too sticky to reply.

"I will tell you something to make you smile," Mary whispered. "Soon I am to be a wife." Silk hissed as Mary dressed. She sang, "Now I am a Chinese girl. Which way do you like me better?" But because she was wondering which way Bill would like her better she didn't see that the children were almost crying.

How lucky she was! She had Bill and a grand job. Chinatown girls could find positions in the city, making them independent of families, so difficult for the young men who were under what Bill called the economic domination of the grandfathers. Girls with jobs could even marry as they wished.

The old men did not approve of independent maids who, as her own grandfather said, were more barbarian than Chinese. Old men wanted grandsons' wives to follow tradition, and bring up children in observance of ancestor worship. But Sheng Wi'i, Bill's grandfather, had never acted as if he objected to Mary.

The gong hummed; Mary followed her sisters to the living room, where the Liang family was already gathered. There was just enough space for Mary to walk to where the kitchen god, Tsao Chün, hung on the wall. She did notice that the broad smile on his face was the one happy expression in the room.

Truly puzzled, she bowed, placing her offering of preserved loquats before the deity. As she was about to back away, Grandfather Liang Kung's bony fingers seized her wrist. With his other hand, he pointed to her red nails angrily; Mary had forgotten to remove something which was not Chinese, something which the god could see and report to the greater divinities.

"You bring disgrace to us," Liang Kung said. "Again."

Mary said, "I am sorry, grandfather. I—"

"It is too late to be sorry."

Lowering her head she turned to go to where the women and children stood. She saw that her mother was trying not to cry. Grandmother's face was hidden by a sleeve, lest the god see tears. All because of red nails?

"What have I done?" whispered Mary, in English.

Liang Kung put his hands over the god's ears so that the grinning deity could not hear what was said. "You have made a fool of yourself and of this family. All Chinatown has been led to believe that you would be married to the grandson of Sheng Wi'i. This will not happen."

Mary knew fear. Bill must have spoken to his grandfather and Sheng Wi'i must have refused permission. Mary, in her misery which had the weight of a hundred centuries behind it, looked cowed and utterly Chinese. Then her lips trembled, becoming a slow, steady smile.

Her fear was stupid. Bill loved her. It wasn't the kind of love which anything, neither grandfathers nor custom, could thwart. This wasn't China, where the old men ruled families. Why, right outside, Mary could hear the cheerful clanging of streetcars, the sound of automobile horns—

"I am sorry that there will not be a Chinese wedding exactly according to tradition," Mary said. "I would have knelt at Sheng Wi'i's feet obediently." She did not raise her voice as she said what she could not hold back. "But I am going to be married just the same, grandfather."

Liang Kung said, "So? Can you marry a man who will go away?"

"Away?" said Mary.

"The grandson of Sheng Wi'i goes to China. There he will marry a Canton maid, chosen by Sheng Wi'i. She will return with him. She will have many male children, and she will teach them to worship at the ancestral shrine instead of riding like demons in jee-lah-pees. She herself will not go to mu-vees. She will make a dutiful granddaughter.

Sheng Wi'i will have many respectful grandsons."

Mary said, "Bill won't go."

"No? When he marries the Canton maid he will be given an interest in the family business. But if he marries you," Liang Kung shouted, "he gets nothing." Above the sobbing of Mary's mother he cried, "You would starve."

Mary said, not in defiance, "I am well-paid for my work, grandfather."

"Only one sort of woman supports a man," snapped Liang Kung.

Mary's cheeks looked as if her grandfather's hand had slapped them to scarlet; then they faded to the color of old parchment. She turned and ran, unaware that Liang Kung wildly covered the god's eyes at this transgression.

Her hands shook in tearing off the Chinese clothes, stiffening as she dressed in business clothes for the street. As she hurried out of the apartment she could hear Liang Kung chanting,

*"Tung chi' hun-t'un,
Hai chi' mien,"*

before the kitchen god. His voice was unsteady as—would be the smoke from the paper-money offerings later.

SHE knew, in the street, that she must wait for Bill; he would remain with his family until the ceremony there ended and the new kitchen god was tacked up. With slow steps she began to walk toward the restaurant where they were to meet.

Head high, Mary passed commenting young Chinese; they were the sort of men about whom her grandfather had spoken. She slowed her pace when she was where she could look down into the restaurant, although when Bill was the first to arrive he waited for her on the street. She kept on walking until lights glowed in the street lanterns,

The Book of Custom forbade the love of a Chinese boy for his maid. Love hasn't much use for wise old books

and children came out to boast of the rich sweets offered their kitchen god, and tell how beautiful their Tsao Chün looked in his baggy orange trousers and black jackets . . .

Bill wouldn't stand for going to China and marrying a Canton maid. What man wanted a gal who couldn't open her mouth unless she had permission? And other things she knew to be true she remembered now, and felt better.

He was waiting for her the next time she came down the street. "Hi," said Mary, and Bill's grin, wry as it was, satisfied her.

Inside the restaurant owner was making up for the time lost at his own family ceremony by hastily chopping up glazed ducks to garnish a dozen dishes. Mary said, *"Jung sin sang ho la,"* to him, like a true Chinese girl.

When the pair were in one of the booths Bill pulled the curtain closed tightly, and then kissed her.

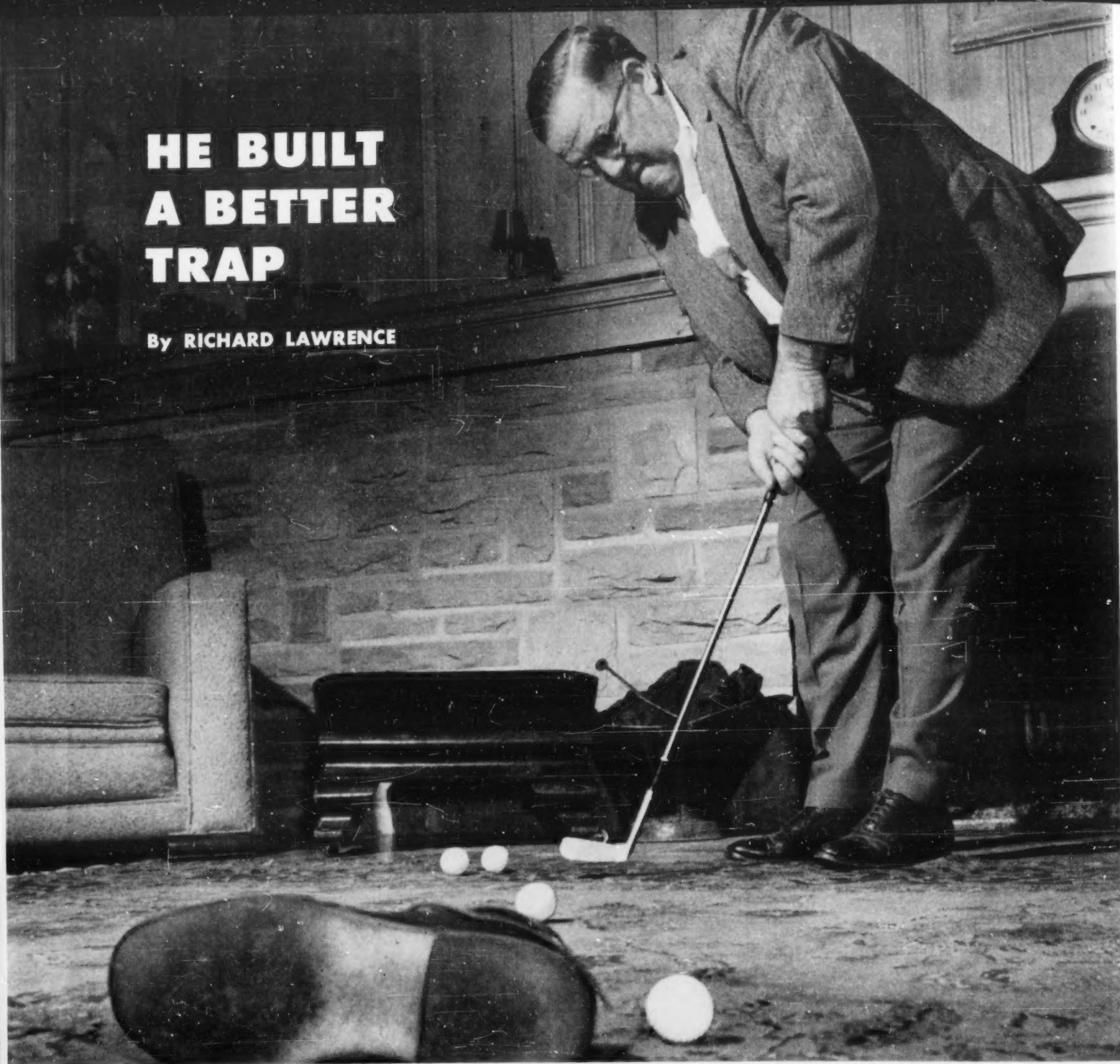
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Grandfather Liang said angrily,
"You bring disgrace to us again."



HE BUILT A BETTER TRAP

By RICHARD LAWRENCE



RICE & BELL

Stanley Thompson, golf-course architect, gagster and gadgeteer, gets laughs and a good living out of breaking golfers' hearts

STANLEY THOMPSON is no phantom. At 215 pounds he looks like a greatly enlarged golf ball, set on two teelike legs. Yet this ruddy, gregarious Scottish Canadian comes as close as anyone to personifying that will-o'-the-wisp which bedevils golfers the world over—the phantom known as par.

Thompson is a golf-course architect, one of the half-dozen leading course designers in North America. In its simplest terms his job is to lay out a course that will provide both the week-end duffer and the crack shotmaker with a reasonably good test of golfing skill. The dub must be given a fair run for his green fees in the tantalizing pursuit of par; but, at the same time, a Thompson course never makes it too easy for the local Hogans or Sneads.

A golfing gagster and gadgeteer, Thompson does

not always keep his mind on chip shots and par. He has been known to let it wander as far afield as sex appeal: once he shocked staid Canadian National Railways officials by designing a green with the voluptuous contours of a reclining woman.

Another time, when his bills were not being met on time, he put the hex on the club owners by building a green with three small hillocks, each perfectly round and grouped to resemble a pawnbroker's sign. "That really had follow-through," he chortles. "They went broke."

"Each hole is designed with scientific precision—and with a dash of character added to make it interesting," says Stanley, who learned his golf as a caddy and, later, as a champion golfer.

He has mastered this formula so successfully his reputation in inner golf circles is, in its way, no less great than that of Ben Hogan, Sam Snead or

any top tournament player. The difference is: Thompson makes 'em; the Hogans and Sneads burn 'em up. In his younger days Thompson was capable of doing both.

To his home in Guelph, Ont., plunked smack between the 12th and 13th fairways of Cutten Fields Golf Club, come demands for his services from all over Canada, the United States, South America, the West Indies and, recently, the Northwest Territories. Thompson travels close to 70,000 miles a year to build new courses, remodel others and check over some of his older creations.

Caddy Stan Thompson built his first course at the age of 10; today, at 55, counting remodeling jobs, 195 courses bear his trademark: deep flashings of grass around the upper edges of the traps.

Courses by Thompson are so widely scattered a traveling golfer could play an 18-hole round, at one hole to a course, while passing through nine Canadian provinces, five American states, two South American republics and Bermuda, sinking his last putt in Kingston, Jamaica.

Below the equator, pyjama-clad Brazilians

whack their way around three Thompson courses. On an 8,500-foot mountaintop at Bogota, Colombia, he carved out a 36-hole course with airplane landing strips paralleling several of the fairways. Viewed from the air the traps spell out San Andres, the name of the course.

The gold-mining boom town of Yellowknife has placed an order for a course, and within a year prospectors will swap picks for putters and have it out with par miles above the 60th parallel.

Mark Twain said golf is a good walk spoiled. Thompson doesn't agree, but unwittingly has helped substantiate the crack by installing Swiss-railwaylike escalators to transport exhausted tycoons up steep inclines at Mississauga, outside Toronto, and at Sunningdale, in London, Ont.

In Vancouver, where it has been known to rain, Thompson has hollowed out huge fir-tree stumps for storm shelters at the swank mountainside Capilano Golf and Country Club. On the 12th hole there's one large enough to hold a stormbound foursome. "They could play bridge there to settle up their golfing bets," says Stanley.

Thompson chews his way through 15 cigars a day and the imprint of this habit was left on one of his courses. In 1931, a year during which he personally exhaled more smoke than the stacks of Pittsburgh, Thompson laid out the Constant Spring course in Kingston, Jamaica, and while doing it arranged for a cigar maker to put up a stand near the third tee. Players were able to place orders for custom-made cigars, go on with their round, and pick up the finished smokes at the 18th green.

Two Thompson masterpieces that have distracted or delighted kings and movie stars were hewn out of Rocky Mountain wilderness in the roaring 20's at Banff and Jasper at a cost of \$1 million apiece.

The Canadian Pacific's Banff course is a 6,700-yard thriller, with jagged 10,000-foot mountain peaks looming over every hole. Thompson gave the holes such names as Caldron, Windy and Hoodoo and they give a fairly accurate picture of this nerve-shattering layout. The late King Prajadhipok of Siam hacked his royal way around Banff and at the 19th hole proclaimed that if that were golf he'd stick to elephant hunting.

The ninth fairway at Jasper is set in the shadow of Pyramid Mountain. Its majestic presence inspired Thompson to name the ninth after Cleopatra and then to shape the green in the anatomical image of that Egyptian beauty. Thompson has mellowed considerably in the 27 intervening years, but even today a gleam comes

into his eye at the mere mention of Cleopatra. "Unfortunately," he sighs, "Cleo was breathtaking. She distracted the male golfers." The CNR blushed and asked him to make Cleo's bunkers less buxom.

Bing Crosby discovered Jasper a couple of years ago when on location there for "The Emperor Waltz," took a shine to it and came back the following year to win the famed Totem Pole tournament. Bing promised his caddy a new suit for every birdie he scored. The caddy finished up with seven suits. By winning, Bing joined an illustrious list of Totem champions, including Stanley Thompson, who won the first tournament.

Crosby was fascinated by the train bell, taken from one of the first locomotives of the Grand Trunk Railway, which Thompson has suspended from a tree on the 13th green. The green can't be seen from the fairway and players ring the bell to sound the all-clear when they've sunk their putts.

"The only trouble is," says Stanley, "the bears climb the tree and go into a regular Swiss bell-ringing act."

Back in 1923, when

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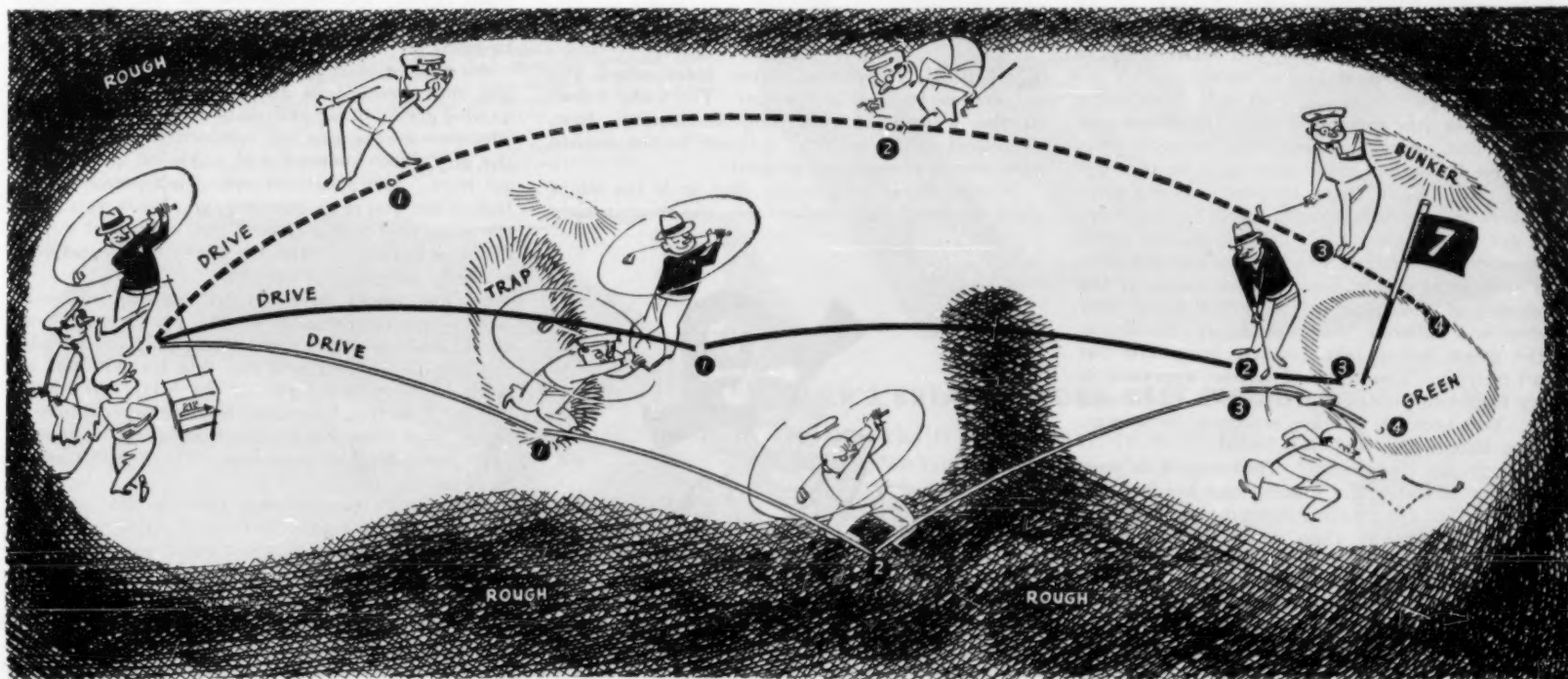


On the Thompson-tailored Jasper links, Bing Crosby (above) sets out with club pro Goldsworthy.

Cigar-chewer Thompson (below) and associate use scale sand model to plot out another course.



Thompson designs a hole to suit both good and average golfers. He leaves room for the cosy player (top) to miss the trap, hit his par 5. The hot-shot (centre) booms straight through for a birdie 4. But the guy who isn't as good as he thinks he is (below) lands kerplunk in the bunker.





CARTOON BY W. A. WINTER

ARE YOU A HEEL AT THE WHEEL?

They murmur "Excuse me" on the sidewalk but snarl defiance even death, on the road. Who are they? Read this — you may meet you

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

SO YOU'RE a good driver? You always put your hand out to make a turn—well, nearly always. You always pull up at stop streets. You never cut out of line on a hill. Fine. Now, how about your motor manners? How does your behavior in a car compare with the way you act outside it?

Let's take yesterday afternoon, for instance. When you left the office and found your way along the corridor blocked by that big fat guy with the suitcase you followed patiently and good-naturedly until you got a chance to pass. You stopped and let that gal in the green topcoat go through the door ahead of you. When you bumped into that old lady you touched her elbow and apologized. In the lineup at the garage wicket you took your place at the end of the line. All in all, you behaved like a civilized, well-mannered human being.

Then you got into your car and everything changed. As you rolled out onto the street you gave the first hurrying pedestrian a blast of your four-alarm horn that made him jump as if you'd stuck a pin in him. From then on it was a grim fight to make sure nobody got away with anything. You got into fights with other cars at every intersection. You edged forward at the yellow light as if they were giving Lana Turner away on the other side of the street. You rolled down your window and hollered "doughhead" at that driver in the green sedan just because he pulled out ahead of you. You tried to outbox everyone in heavy traffic and outbluff everyone on a left-hand turn. You became, in fact, arrogant, intolerant, touchy, haughty, proud and lethal.

What caused the change? That switch in your personality is today the number-one headache of those concerned with cutting down motor accidents. It's more important than your knowledge of braking distances. It's more important than the time it takes you to slap your feet on a pair of pedals or the accuracy with which you can run a metal peg down a V-shaped slot. If your motor manners are wrong the other things won't enable you to drive safely.

When you turn the switch on your car the things that happen under your hat are a lot more amazing than the things that happen under your engine hood. Actually the process starts before you touch the key. It starts when you pull the car door shut behind you.

Two people sitting opposite one another in a room, with nothing but a few feet of air between them, behave toward one another in a certain way. They feel toward one another a certain way. In psychological terms they have a certain interpersonal relationship. But drop a curtain between them, or have the same two men addressing one another through a glass partition, and a slight change takes place. They both feel a certain immunity toward one another. They'll say and do things that they wouldn't have before.

A King in Every Car

SOMETHING similar takes place when you enclose yourself in your car. You make a shift in the balance of psychological elements that, combined, make up your attitude to the human race and the world in general.

A little thing? Perhaps. But so is the slight shift in mood that makes you resent that light

delivery truck getting into line ahead of you. So is the distance between your fenders when you muscle him out. So, often, is the gap between life and death.

This slight break in your relationship to others is widened by another factor. Your car puts you on an equal footing with everyone else. Perhaps you're a bit on the roly-poly side. Once you get behind the wheel of your car you become lithe and powerful. Or maybe you never were a great money-maker. Your car puts you on bumping terms with multimillionaires. If you're timid your car makes you as tough as a gangster. You don't need to take anything from anybody: if you ram another car at 60 miles an hour the laws of physics are going to work for you just as well as for anyone else. If you have a flat chest, poor clothes, pint-sized biceps, the minute you let out the clutch you're a great red-blooded, black-haired snorting he-man.

All this equalizing leads to a lot of trouble. If you find yourself in an argument with a ham-handed gorilla of six-foot-six on foot, you gulp back whatever cracks you are tempted to make about the guy's low forehead and ankle off before you get hurt. It's a natural act of self-preservation. But, when you're in your car, you know you have the same chance of reaching that open spot in the traffic as the big ape with the heavy beard, and you jealously exercise the privilege.

So the whole customary framework of your psychological makeup is thrown out of gear. You don't realize all this. You are probably consciously thinking of whether you can talk the wife out of going to a movie tonight, or the bright-eyed look you got from that little chick in your last customer's office. But these other things are going on inside you, psychologists assure us. Then things start to happen.

The minute you roll out into the traffic lanes you enter into competition with other humans. There's nothing unique about this: you spend the biggest part of your life in competition with others.

But when you're driving, competition is sustained and expressed in its simplest, most explosive terms. It's immediate, undiluted, personal and concentrated. Every driver

Continued on page 32



Begin with Bread

For Budget-Balancing Menus!

Food costs keep sky-high... but baker's bread stays low in cost. And nourishing! And delicious! Bread fills out the family menu, with main dishes that *taste* as good as they *look*! These three tasty treats show how baker's bread can help you make money-saving meals. Begin your food planning with bread—it's the clever way to ease that inflated food budget!



Hot Mushroom Sandwich Loaf

- 1 day-old sandwich loaf
- 1/2 cup softened butter
- 5 hard-cooked eggs, diced
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard
- 3 tbsp. mayonnaise

(Illustrated)

- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 can loaf meat, cut into 10 slices
- or cooked minced steak patties
- or cooked condensed mushroom or vegetable soup

Remove crusts from sandwich loaf; cut into 5 slices lengthwise. Spread each slice with butter. Combine eggs, mustard, mayonnaise and salt. Cover bottom slice with half of the egg mixture, add second slice of bread. Cover with half of the sliced meat. Repeat and cover with slice of bread. Put in a baking dish; place in a moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 15 minutes or until browned. Remove from oven; pour hot mushroom soup into dish and serve.

Chicken Soufflé

- 1 cup soft bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup rich milk or cream
- 3 cups diced cooked chicken
- 3 eggs

- Salt, pepper, paprika
- Scraped onion, to taste
- 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento
- Finely-cut celery or sauteed mushrooms (optional)

Cover bread crumbs with milk and let stand 10 minutes. Add chicken, beaten egg yolks and seasonings to taste. Add pimiento and celery or mushrooms, if used. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Turn into greased baking dish and place at once in pan of hot water. Bake in rather slow oven, 325°F., until set so that knife inserted in centre comes out clean (45 to 60 minutes). Serve at once.

NOTE: Ham, or ham with veal, might replace chicken.

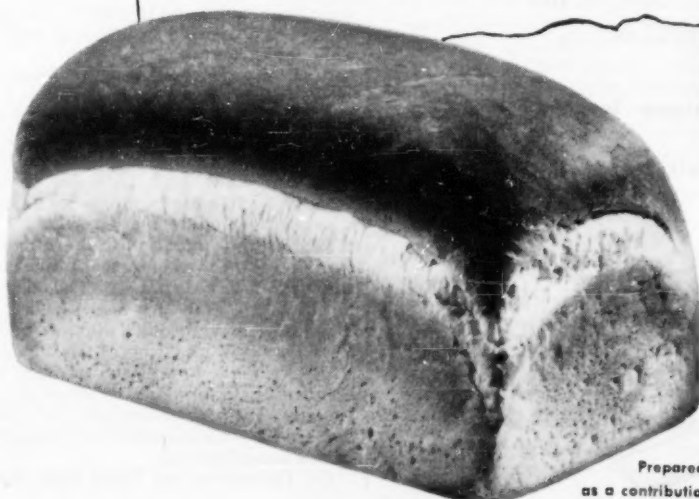
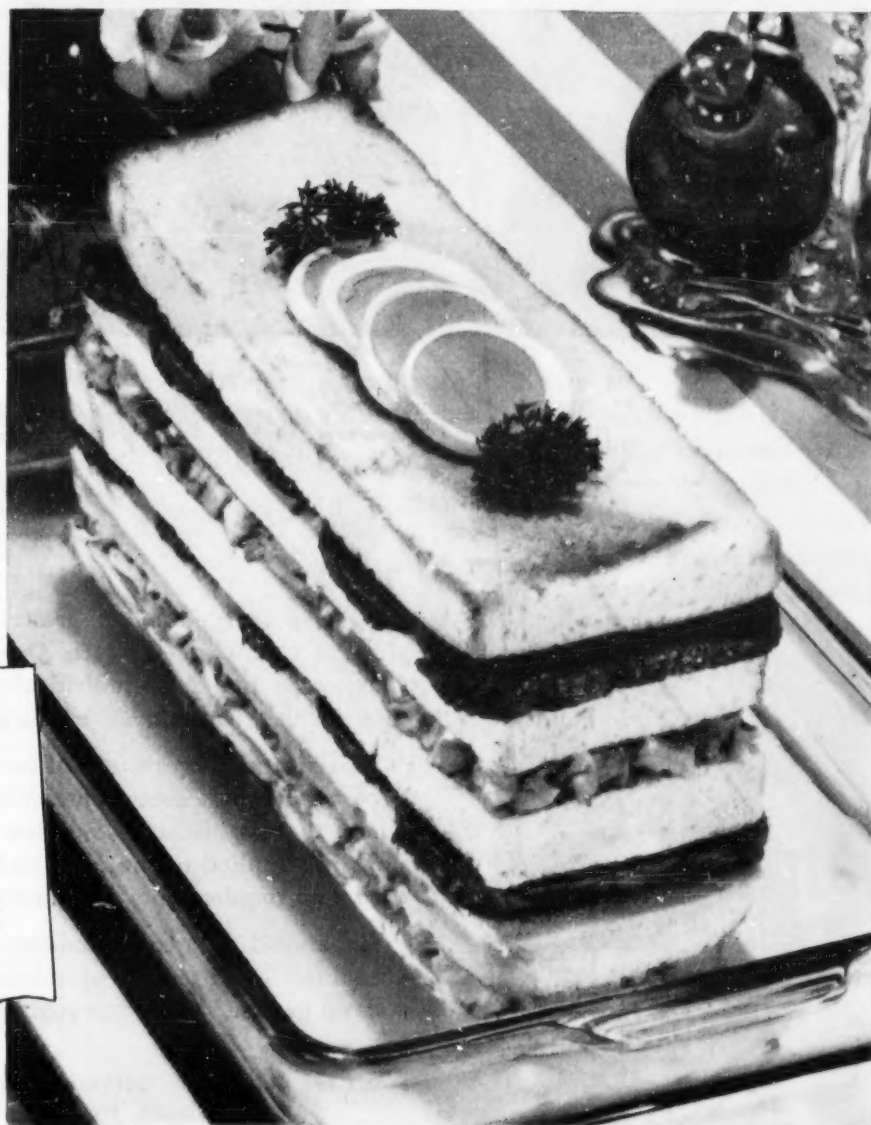
Scalloped Fish

- 1 cup buttered soft bread crumbs
- 2 cups flaked cooked or canned fish

- Seasonings and flavorings, as desired
- 2 cups medium-thick white sauce
- 1 cup cooked vegetable

Arrange a layer of crumbs in a greased baking dish. Add a layer of fish, one of vegetable and seasonings and flavorings, as desired; cover with sauce. Repeat alternate layers to use all the fish, vegetable and sauce. Cover with bread crumbs. Re-heat and brown in moderately hot oven, 375°F.

Suitable vegetables include lightly-cooked diced celery, asparagus, green beans, peas, sauteed mushrooms. For flavorings use lemon juice, finely-chopped parsley, chopped capers, scraped onion, etc.



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as a contribution to the advancement of national health.

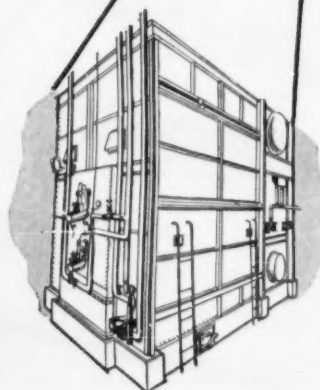


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This picture shows a part of our boiler design department where every contract has its start and where the established Dominion Bridge traditions are applied to the problems of supplying the steam requirements of industry.

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Fleet Street Follies

Continued from page 14

group which had paid only nominal dividends, and plowed back the rest, paid enormous sums to the Treasury each war year in excess profits.

When the Labor Party came to power in 1945 it was obvious that it would face a national Press which was 80% hostile in policy. It is true that Roosevelt had triumphed against the massed battalions of the newspapers, and I doubt if Mackerzie King had a majority of journals on his side at any time in his career. Nevertheless, in a nation like Britain where there is virtually no political comment on the radio, the Press holds a unique power in the influencing of political opinion.

Something like a feud soon broke out between the Press and the Government. The Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, went so far in his denunciation of Lord Kemsley (the proprietor of the largest paper chain in Britain) that his lordship issued a writ for libel. This fairly rocked the boat. The absurdity of the senior law officer of the Crown appearing in court as a defendant was too much, and Shawcross apologized. He is a very likable fellow and many of us were glad it ended that way.

But the more astute and more powerful Herbert Morrison was on the prowl. He talked to some of his back-bench supporters and soon there appeared a resolution demanding the setting up of a royal commission into the Press. A commission was set up with powers to summon anyone from the proprietor or editor to the copy boy.

Beaverbrook Was Frank

One after another the big and little fishes appeared. One of the charges against Lord Kemsley was that when his London newspapers took a political line all his provincials did the same. Many journalists said that this was a bad thing. On the other hand, what would they have said if a Kemsley paper backed the Tories in Manchester while a Kemsley paper in Aberdeen went Socialist? He would have been accused of hypocrisy and of selling his political principles for circulation.

Another charge was that proprietors had white and black lists in which certain people were favored and others criticized or left out altogether. A newspaper, like a human being, makes friends and enemies as it goes its course. It is directed by human beings and cannot avoid acquiring loyalties or antagonisms to individuals.

So the case against the Press was that it was undemocratic, that working journalists were the paid slaves of the proprietors and that editors were mere seconds-in-command to ensure that the wicked proprietor's orders and policy were carried out.

Lord Beaverbrook (the Express group) made the best impression on the commission. He stated frankly that he was the boss, that he gathered about him men who were sympathetic to his point of view, and that he never ordered anything to be published unless it carried the editor's approval.

Beaverbrook mentioned the famous episode a few days before war broke out when the Daily Express published the headline "No War This Year Or Next." That was Beaverbrook's opinion, reinforced by the majority of his foreign correspondents and by a number of Cabinet ministers. But the editor of his London Evening Standard did not agree, and, with Beaverbrook's consent, took a line of his own.

On the whole, the Press came well

out of the inquisition—but that did not finish the story.

A year or so ago for a short period extra newsprint was issued to allow newspapers to find their real circulation. This happened: the Sunday News of the World, already selling six millions, shot ahead to seven millions. The News of the World is a publishing phenomenon. Its front page is always serious and never sensational, its political articles are excellent and its editorials dignified. But after that it publishes almost nothing but police court news of sexual crime. It is sex and violence and perversion without any adornment.

The Sunday Dispatch, the week-end journal of Lord Rothermere's Daily Mail group, used its extra newsprint to serialize the stupid, salacious "Forever Amber." The public responded nobly.

The Daily Express retained first place among the dailies with a circulation just short of four millions. The Sunday Express had about 2½ millions. (It must be remembered that Beaverbrook's papers are often sensational but never pornographic.)

Lord Rothermere's group has always trailed behind the Express crowd since the death of Northcliffe, except in one particular. While the Daily Mail and Sunday Dispatch had to bow in circulation to the Daily and Sunday Express, Rothermere's London Evening News has always had a larger sale than Beaverbrook's London Evening Standard. This can perhaps be explained by the fact that the News makes a popular appeal and the Standard is edited for the more sophisticated reader.

Mirror Takes the Lead

However, back went the papers to their four pages again, although many protests were made in Parliament. The royal commission went into a huddle to consider its verdict.

So we come back to last New Year's Day, when once more the lid was taken off, and the newspapers, still under the ban of promoting sales, were allowed to find their unhampered readership. Hence the anxious brows and the pallid cheeks on Fleet Street. This time it was to be no short experiment and there would be no alibis. I'll give you a rough picture of what has happened.

That stately institution, The Times, moved sedately from 270,000 to 280,000. (All these totals are in round figures and are approximate.) It must be remembered that The Times costs threepence and that, despite its influence and prestige, has never had a large sale.

The other "prestige" daily, Lord Camrose's Daily Telegraph, went up 75,000 copies to 908,000. It was aided by its serial publication of Churchill's memoirs.

The tabloid Daily Mirror shot into first place among the dailies with 4,300,000, displacing the long supremacy of the Daily Express which advanced to a daily sale of 3,990,000.

Rothermere's Tory Daily Mail gained, but came to a stop at 2,175,000. Oddly enough the Socialist Daily Herald dropped a bit, but steadied itself at 2,080,000. The Liberal News Chronicle, a serious and well-written journal, sagged and is now selling 1,590,000.

Lord Kemsley's noncrime, nonsex family tabloid, The Daily Graphic, was expected to take a bad tumble but, instead, put on a few copies, although still selling well below the million mark. It is to Kemsley's credit that he has rigidly maintained in all his newspapers a policy of absolute moral decency.

It was left to the Sunday newspapers

to supply the sensations. The News of the World soared on the wings of sexual depravity to the incredible sale of nearly 8½ millions.

The "prestige" Sunday Times (Kemsley)—no relation to its daily namesake, although it, too, costs threepence—remained firm at 525,000. Its rival, the Observer (Lord Astor), gained 10,000 readers, giving it a total of 386,000.

The tabloid Pictorial went up to the astonishing figure of 4½ millions on sensationalism, but also very lively and skilful editing.

This brings me to the People, a Sunday newspaper which sells nearly five million copies and is the absolute despair of every expert on journalism. It is not sensational. It carries almost no pictures and does not traffic in pornography. Its news service is undistinguished and it has no famous contributors except the veteran Hannen Swaffer. Not once in a year has anyone ever said to me: "Did you see that story in the People?" In fact, I don't recall ever meeting anyone who reads it. But there it is with a sale only second to that of the News of the World.

The People was once owned by the Canadian financier, Grant Morden, with Hannen Swaffer as its editor, but nothing could make it go. It was sold to the huge combine of Odham's, publishers of the Daily Herald, John Bull, Illustrated, and so on. The full force of the circulation department was turned on and somehow, by some miracle, they got the People into the homes of the people and there it remained. I have studied the People over and over again and cannot see any reason whatever for its enormous sale. In fact, it makes monkeys out of all of us.

Another puzzle is Reynolds, a left-wing Sunday paper owned and published by the co-operative societies. There are nine to 10 million co-op members in Britain, thus forming an enormous public from which Reynolds could draw. Yet it has the smallest circulation of all the popular Sunday newspapers and is hard put to keep its last announced sale of 730,000 copies.

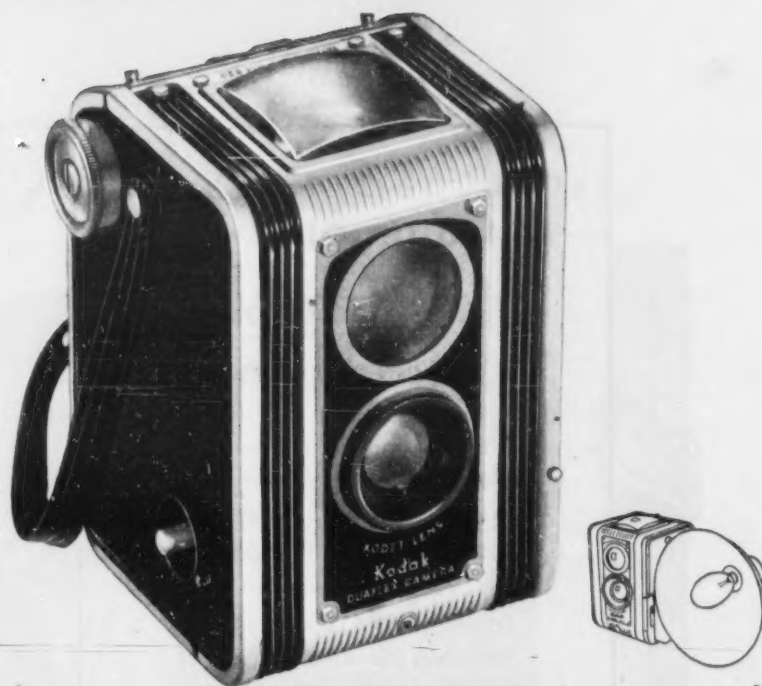
Finally we come to Beaverbrook's Sunday Express, Rothermere's Sunday Dispatch and Kemsley's Empire News and Sunday Chronicle, the last two selling more in the north than in London. The Express has about 2,740,000 circulation, the Dispatch 2,120,000, the Empire News 2,140,000 and the Sunday Chronicle 1,180,000. Kemsley's Sunday Graphic, a tabloid stablemate of his sedate Daily Graphic, sells 1,210,000.

A Story of Corruption

If these figures told the whole story we could close the London Letter at this point, but suddenly a section of the Press decided to give the royal commission, still considering its findings, something to think about. You will remember the Lynskey Bribery Tribunal which filled the newspapers day after day almost to the exclusion of all other news. Finally, John Belcher, a junior minister, resigned from Parliament, and the notorious Mr. Stanley was told he would be deported.

Hardly had the decisions been made known when the Sunday Dispatch announced it had secured Mrs. Stanley's life story written by herself; the People screamed that it had paid a huge figure for Mr. Stanley's life story. It was learned that Stanley had been paid £10,000 (\$40,000).

At this the storm broke, and I must say that for once I was with those who denounced the Press. Editors had been demanding newsprint to cover world



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events and parliamentary debates, yet when they got it they used it for the intimate details of a man who had corrupted and broken a minister and a director of the Bank of England. It was sheer madness.

Already the Socialists are clamoring for a central board of control to tell the newspapers what they will and will not publish, and here were the newspapers passing them the ammunition. I have a heavy feeling that British journalism will pay for those stupid attempts to gain circulation.

By this time many of you must be wondering why the circulations of British newspapers are so huge compared with American newspapers which have a far greater population to serve. The reason is a purely physical one—distance.

A late edition of a New York morning newspaper cannot be on the breakfast tables of New York and Chicago at the same time. A certain number of copies could be flown west but there would not be enough to bother about. Besides, the U. S. is not dominated by any one city as Britain is. London is the capital, the seat of the monarch, the place where Parliament sits, the financial centre and the very heart of Britain.

Milking the Capitalist Cow

By erecting printing plants in Manchester and Glasgow, connected by private wire with London, and carrying their local editorial staffs, a London national morning (such as the Express or Mail) can deliver its latest editions in the early morning to any centre in the British Isles. Thus, they have a massed public of 50 millions on their very doorstep.

And is there big money in all this for the shareholders? It all depends whether they were caught out by Sir Stafford Cripps' banning of increased profits in last year's budget.

Such worldly wealth as I possess is mostly in the shares of the Express group and this is how we fared in the

last financial year. Net revenue was £6,651,240. Salaries, wages, raw materials, services, and other expenses cost £5,921,049. If my arithmetic is correct, this leaves the directors with £730,191 for distribution.

Well, that, you must agree, is still not too bad. However, you have reckoned without the estimable Sir Stafford Cripps. The management was duly informed that he wanted £378,708 which, deducted from our £730,191 leaves us £351,483.

That's still quite an amount of money and on the whole we shareholders are rather pleased—but wait a moment. For future taxes, £159,093 has to be set aside, so now we are down to £192,390. That is the reward to those who must share year in and year out in the good and bad fortunes of the enterprise.

But don't ring down the curtain yet. Already, income tax at nine shillings in the pound (amounting to £186,571) has been deducted. But there is still surtax to pay on all incomes above a certain level. For example, Lord Beaverbrook, who is the biggest shareholder, had to pay 97½% of the sum received from his Express dividends in income tax and surtax.

In short, I suggest that something like £90,000 was all that found its way into the pockets of the hundreds of shareholders, yet there are idiots who want to nationalize newspapers. Where else would you find a cow like private enterprise that will give so much milk on so little grass?

That is the story of Fleet Street today. With all its peculiarities it is still the best and most honorable Press in the world, completely incorruptible and stubbornly independent. Yet the shadow of the royal commission is on the old street; at a time when British journalism has no leader. There is no Northcliffe today, and Beaverbrook spends too much time in Canada and Jamaica to give the leadership that is in his power.

So we wait, and we wonder what lies ahead. ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



CALVERT 1622

Famous Families

OGDEN 1783



Isaac Ogden, New England-born Empire Loyalist, came to Montreal in 1783. He was appointed Judge of the Admiralty Court and later Judge of the Superior Court. His son, Charles Richard, a lawyer, was

Attorney-General for Lower Canada from 1833 to 1842. Another son, Peter Skene, associate of fur trader John Jacob Astor, was a partner in the North West Company and, on its amalgamation with the Hudson's Bay Company, became Chief Factor at Fort St. James. Truly a distinguished Canadian family.

Great Families Create Great Nations

CALVERT, head of the famous Calvert family, distinguished English statesman and Secretary of State to King James I, founded pioneer colonies in Newfoundland and Maryland early in the 17th Century.

In the New World, Calvert's descendants advocated friendly trade relations with the Indians. They also fostered principles of democratic freedom and religious

tolerance among their settlers. These Calvert ideals were perpetuated down through the succeeding generations of the Calvert family.

The family is the corner-stone upon which great nations are built. Let each of us strive to promote within the great Canadian family the same concepts of freedom and tolerance pioneered by the Calvert family over three hundred years ago.

The Calvert family encourage trade with the Indians.



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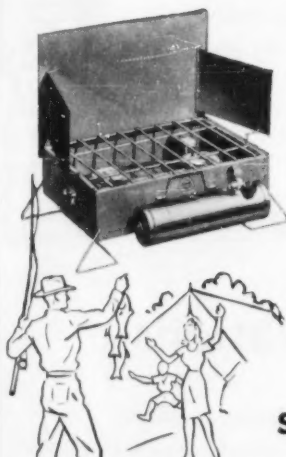
Picnicking
Touring
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Andy Devine is currently appearing in Republic Pictures' "The Last Bandit".



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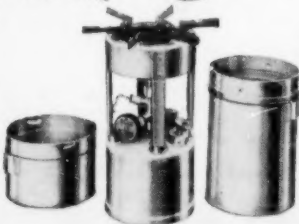
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Are You a Heel at the Wheel?

Continued from page 26

on the road is trying to outsmart you, waiting to seize every opportunity you give him to get ahead of you or jockey his car into better position. And there's no recognition of even such simple kindly rules as you would observe when lining up for a movie. There are traffic lights and stop streets and a few other mechanical governors to keep you from going completely berserk, but you do most of your driving between inter-sections. You can get in the end of the line, the front of the line, or the middle of the line, depending on how fast you are. It's largely a free-for-all.

The Beast Is Loose

So you roll off the parking lot onto a stage that's set for you to behave in your worst possible way. Many of the deterrent and inhibiting factors that keep you in line as a fairly civilized human being have been reduced or eliminated. If you were emotionally mature you'd still behave in a rational way. But chances are you're far from perfect. And right away a lot of aggressive tendencies prowl out of their lair licking their chops and looking for food. There's no danger of losing friends, making yourself look ridiculous. Nobody you know is going to see you. Your real, arrogant nature sits back, rubs its hands and gets ready to have itself a time.

A car approaches you well on your side of the white line. To pull out of his way you've got to slow down and ease in behind that car at your right. The other driver doesn't show any signs of getting back on his own side. He's imposing his will on you. So you tighten your lips and drive on. But you finally have to give in. You skin as close to him as you dare, but still you have to slow down and pull a bit off your course.

You let fly a barrage of epithets that drown out the commercial coming from your car radio. You call him a !!—\$(!) doughhead. Why? Oh, he's a !!—\$(!) doughhead, all right. But your rage comes from something else. If you knew for certain, for instance, that the other driver were really a bit simple-minded, you'd simply have steered out of his way and shaken your head sadly as you passed.

If it weren't for your aggressive traits it wouldn't have bothered you even if it had been sheer carelessness on the other driver's part. If you knew, for instance, that the driver was a very submissive, timid sort of a little guy who was apt to be absent-minded, you'd have taken it as a joke. (There never was any real danger, you know, until you tried to shave the paint off his fender.)

But no. If you examine your reaction closely you'll discover it stemmed from your determination that nobody was going to put anything over you.

Then you blew your top, because you let the guy get away with it. That's another characteristic about your hostile attitude. It goes hand-in-hand with a deep-lying conviction that you're not as tough as you'd like to be. It needs constant bolstering, and anything that undermines it makes you nearly take off.

Next, you come to a stop light. You glance out of the corner of your eye and see in the car at your right a big fat self-assured-looking jerk smoking a cigar. On the other side is a taxi driver. You've never liked taxi drivers since that one gave you a lot of lip over the size of your tip. You get your

car into low gear and rev up the motor. From the sound of the motors on either side of you you know that these two characters are actually going to try to beat you—you!—to a getaway.

The world again becomes an arena where the fittest survive. You have to come out on top, or, in this case, in front. Maybe you do and maybe you don't. But by then your guardian angel is probably snarling at you and wondering if it's all worth while.

This compulsion to feud and fight with everyone on the road shows itself in a dozen situations on the way home. You get in line to pass a streetcar. Somebody pulls up beside you waiting for a chance to get in ahead of you. You nearly ram through the car in front to make sure he doesn't.

Not that letting him have his way would make two seconds difference in the time you get home. Or you get in a long traffic jam and see someone trying to get out of a parking lot into the line of traffic. You know that the guy has to get out sometime, but the thought that he tries to muscle in ahead of you is what makes you hug the car ahead so that he couldn't get a small boy between you, let alone a car.

Or you get thinking about something that happened at the office, and you unconsciously straddle a line. A horn honks behind you and you sneer at the driver in your rear-vision mirror. Oh, you'll get over all right. But all in your good time. That horn implied that you mightn't be as good a driver as you thought you were, and you're not taking that from anybody.

All this battling, in the meantime, is causing something else to take place that's making you even more dangerous. As a result of the conflicts and tension you're becoming impatient. You're driving as if you were trying to beat some sort of record. You hug the car ahead as if you were doing a conga. You try to outsmart yellow lights. You pass everything passable just for the sake of passing it.

You're behaving in an abnormal way. In other words you're displaying a motorist's trait that accounts for hundreds of deaths, broken bodies and broken hearts every year. Chances are you're going to get into an accident if you don't do something about it now.

Do You Need a Checkup?

A psychiatrist recently reported that a woman he had treated successfully for neurotic tendencies dropped into his office to tell how well she had been getting along. He asked her what change in her life she'd noticed most since her cure. She said in the number of repair jobs she had to have done on the fenders of her car. She admitted that before she had come to him for treatments she had been one of the most arrogant drivers on the road. Since she'd got herself straightened out, her car had been remarkably dint-free.

It's not likely that you need a psychiatrist. But if you lose your temper while you're driving, if you glare at other motorists through your window, if you criticize other drivers on the road, if you speed when there's no real necessity for speeding, you need some psychiatric treatment, even if it's homemade. You'll not only be a better motorist but a better human being, because you drive the way you live.

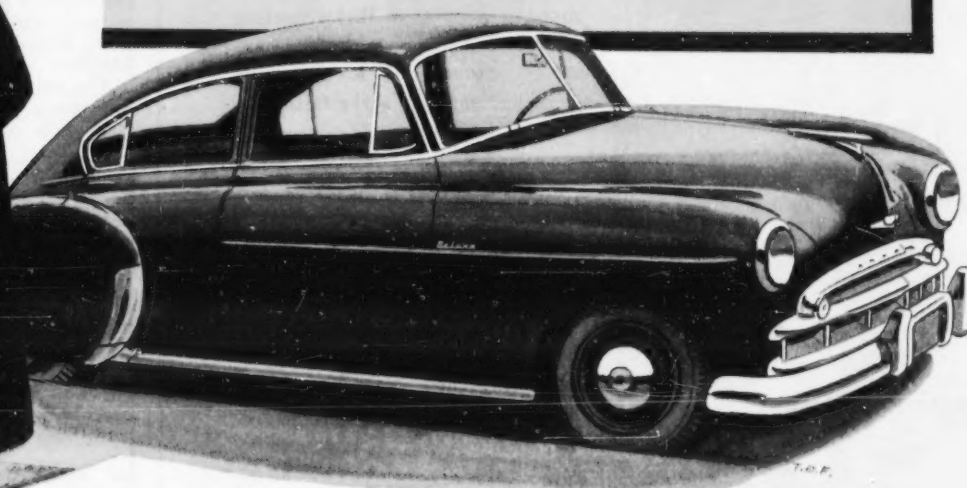
First, get the idea that your conduct as a motorist only reflects, or rather brings into clear focus, your attitude toward life in general. If it makes you feel good to beat a row of cars to a getaway you're trying, in a small way, to prove something to yourself. You'll do a lot better to get at the real cause—you'll be a better man, and you'll

Continued on page 34

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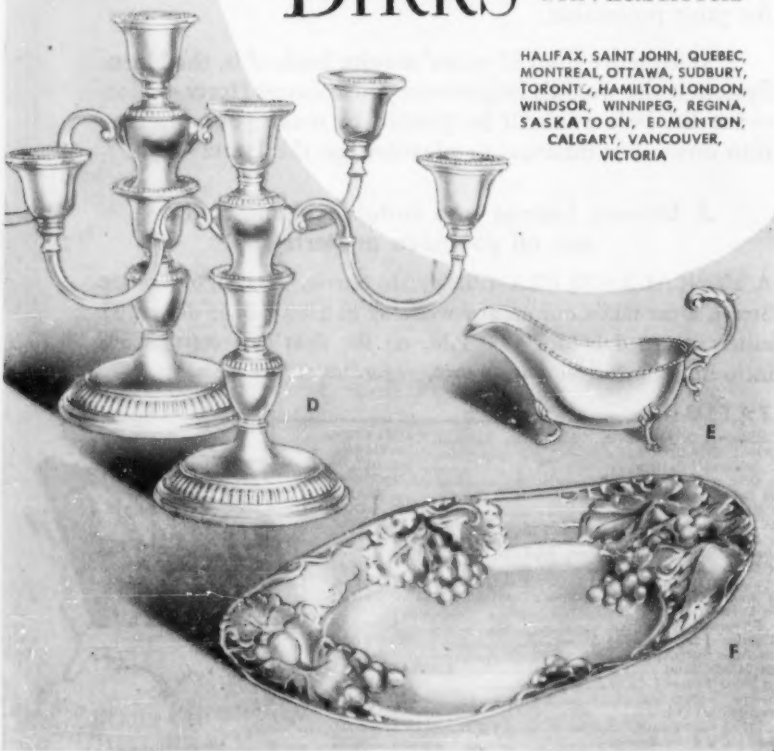
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CALGARY, VANCOUVER,
VICTORIA



Continued from page 32
be a whole lot easier on your clutch. Second, if you can avoid it, don't drive when you're emotionally upset. That's not always possible, but often it is. There's often no real reason why you can't walk from one customer's office to the next. If you've had a row on your last call you'll be doing yourself a favor to get some air and exercise. You'll certainly be doing every other motorist on the road a favor.

And, last, try to get a new picture of yourself as a motorist. You are a new type of human being. Back about 25 years ago, when a man got out in front of the rad, instructed his wife on how to work the spark and gas, pulled out the choke, wound her up, leaped onto the seat in a frenzy and tooled off at 20 to 25 miles an hour along a virtually deserted road, he was a bit of an individualist. It took a certain skill, a certain co-ordination of mind, muscle and will to keep the thing perking along at a safe distance from other cars. But those days are over now. You can drive adequately and so can hundreds of thousands of other people with normal and even below-normal faculties. Besides, that car of yours doesn't require any great skill to handle.

The only thing worth priding yourself on now is your skill not as a motorist but as a motoring citizen. And

to be good at that you have to control your individual reactions for the common good—your own as well as the other fellow's. It's a lot harder to do than to pass everything on the road. But it's a lot safer.

You have to make a mental readjustment. To drive well you have to anticipate what the other fellow may do; but if you're inclined to blow your top it may help to think of other cars not other drivers—to think of moving objects which behave often in peculiar ways.

If you want a pattern to follow, watch any experienced bus driver. Watch him when a motorist cuts in front of him, holds him up, and, when he honks the horn, turns around and sneers. All the passengers at the front end of the bus are longing to get out and jump up and down on the guy's face. Everybody's mad except the bus driver. He simply concentrates on his driving until the motorist gets over his tantrum. He's handling his job like a man, instead of like a public-school kid who has to lick everybody in his class to convince himself that he's champ.

So the next time somebody cuts in in front of you, or outbluffs you on a turn, relax. You're not really solving anything by arguing with him. The problem has nothing to do with cars. You're the problem. ★

Ode To the Chamber of Commerce, Medicine Hat

By Stuart F. Arthur



I am the boy from Medicine Hat,
Where the sky is blue and the world is flat*
(Excepting spots where the river is at);[†]
Where spring comes in before it is due
And summer lingers[‡] when summer is through,
(Such a thing in the West is too good to be true);
Where roses bloom in January,
In a hothouse[§], of course, because it is very
Hard to get roses to bloom on the prairie;
Where the weather is made[¶] for Canada West,
Mild for Alberta, tough for the rest,
(The Weatherman knows what kind is best);
Where each setting sun is an item of glory,
From palest mauve to yellow and gory;
(This sunset guff is an old, old story).
This is the time and the place whereat
I state my opinion, considered and flat:
An unusual city is Medicine Hat.

* There are half a million acres of flat land immediately west of Medicine Hat awaiting irrigation.

† Depth of the Saskatchewan River gorge at Medicine Hat: 300 feet.

‡ Medicine Hatters claim spring comes six weeks earlier and summer lasts six weeks longer than at points a short distance east.

§ Medicine Hat supplies the West with cut flowers grown in hothouses heated by natural gas piped in from Taber, Alta.

¶ According to meteorological folklore (which Medicine Hat swears is true), all the weather for Western Canada starts there.

Red Is For the Living

Continued from page 11

make you go to university if you don't want to. Not that I can see just now how we'd afford it anyway." He grinned at the lot of us—Henry and I were visiting them that night. "But we'll see about that when we get to it."

It was kind of funny to see a man settle so to a woman's work. He was good at it, too. I remember one night I dropped by for a visit, and there was Jake, perched up on a stool in the kitchen, doing the ironing. He was working on one of Julie's school dresses—she was seven then—and his hands fairly flew, and the dress came out sweet and crisp.

"Looks just like a woman done it," I said. He looked at me kind of odd, and then he looked back at the ironing and he said, "When I'm starting a new job, I think back, and I see Bertha's hands working ahead of me, and I just do what they do." Then he turned the subject quick, and started to tell me about how well Julie was doing with her reading at school.

THAT first fall after they moved to the farm Jake took up sewing. There was a Woman's Institute instructor going around to all the towns teaching dressmaking and such, and she came to Hilton on Thursdays. Jake came over to see me just before the first lesson. He was kind of embarrassed.

"It's this way, Lil," he said. "I got to learn to sew. The kids need clothes and it costs too much, buying them out of the catalogue. But I can't go to these Institute classes because the other kids might tease my kids if they heard their dad was going to a woman's meeting. So I just wondered if maybe I could come over here Thursday nights after the classes and sort of find out what you've learned."

Well, I was more than glad to help, but I thought he'd tire of it soon. Never figured a man would take to sewing. But I was wrong. In next to no time he was better at it than I was. I can do good plain sewing, but Jake had a touch. Things he made looked like something.

My girls were real jealous the next summer when Jake turned out his three youngest in yellow and pink and blue organdie dresses, with frills on them, and little frilled hats to match. Cute as a bug's ear they were. Several of the women in town borrowed Jake's pattern, that he had made up himself out of brown wrapping paper.

Things were going along well for the Hyatts by then. Not financially, I don't mean. That way they were always pretty close to the line, though Jake spun the money out so careful you'd hardly guess. But in the happiness they had they were almost like before Bertha went.

In fact, it was funny, but sometimes it seemed to me like she really hadn't gone. I'd be sitting in the kitchen talking to Jake, and the children would be playing around all over the house and out on the lawn; and I'd get the feeling that Bertha was there, too. Not right in the room with us, but somewhere in the house, in the next room, maybe, working along with Jake.

JAKE worked hard at being a mother, in little things, like always being there when the children got home from school, and always listening to their stories and troubles that were important to them, and sitting up late on the night before St. Valentine's, helping them to make up verses for their homemade valentines.

But he was firm, too. As soon as they were big enough they all had their

chores. And he taught all the girls to cook and sew.

"Your mother and I want you to grow up to have happy homes of your own," he'd tell them, "and being a good housekeeper's a good start."

Things didn't always go smooth, of course. It was a terrible blow for Jake when young Bill got in that trouble.

Hilton isn't a big town, just big enough to have quite a few boys and not much for them to do. They'd get together in the evenings and hang around the drugstore or the pool hall.

The Hyatts' farm was just a couple of miles out of town, and after he'd done his chores young Bill used to go down to the highway and catch a ride in. Not in a wagon or a buggy. He'd wait for a car every time.

Bill was fifteen then, and crazy about cars. There were quite a few of them around by that time, but of course the Hyatts didn't have one, and it was a car Bill wanted more than anything.

One night he went into town and was fooling around the drugstore with a couple of other boys when Jack Hallet parked his car in front of the place. They saw him go along to the pool hall, and they knew he'd be there for a good long time and they went out to have a look at the car.

They didn't mean to steal it. We all knew that. But I guess they thought Jack wouldn't miss it for a while if they took a little spin. And then on the highway they got going faster and faster, and they didn't know very much about driving, and they hit the ditch.

It was an awful shock because nothing like that had happened in Hilton for a long time. The boys weren't hurt, just shook up, and the car wasn't badly damaged, but it was the idea of the thing.

Jack Hallet didn't call the police or anything. He knew the boys and their families, and was friends with them, and he knew the parents would make good the damage.

Jake didn't say much when the telephone operator called up to tell him what had happened. He just took his buggy into town and paid Hallet what he owed him, and brought Bill home.

But the next day he took the wagon out to where Henry was pulling down an old barn and paid him \$50 for the lumber and took it down to the flats near the creek just out of town and dumped it. Then he sent word to the school that he'd like the high-school boys to meet him at the creek after school.

When they got there Jake was sitting on a keg of nails beside his carpentry kit.

"That's lumber," he told them. "Build yourselves a clubhouse. And if you dammed up that creek it would make a swimming hole in summer and a hockey rink in winter."

Then he got in his wagon and went home.

The boys painted their clubhouse barn-red after they finished it, and that winter they beat Barton at hockey. We never did have any more juvenile delinquency in Hilton.

And that fall Jake saved the money from the hogs and bought a car. It was pretty old and run-down. But it was a car.

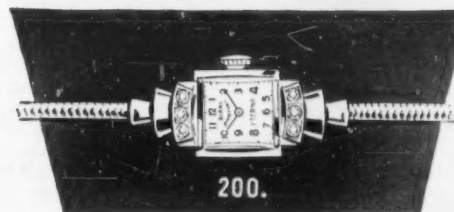
THE FIRST young one to leave Jake's farm was Esther. She met Syd Crofton from Crystal Creek at a barn dance, and she fell in love with him. She was eighteen by that time, and a big help to Jake with the younger children; and although she was pretty unhappy about it she told me she was going to wait to get married till Jake didn't need her any more. I thought that was right and proper.

But Jake didn't when he found out.

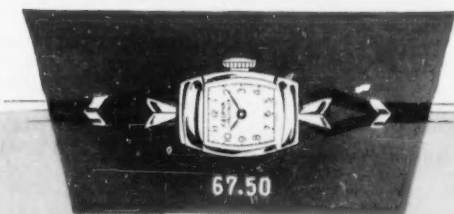
"It's from Birks"

Challenger

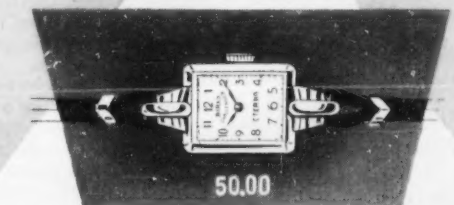
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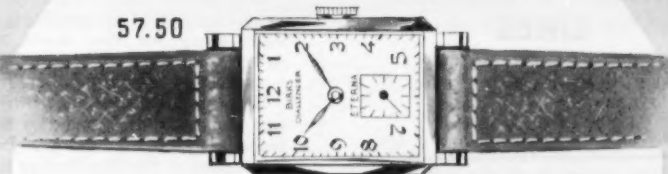
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He was mad. He was real mad.

"Esther Hyatt," he said, bristling up like a little Bantam cock, "these here children are mine and Bertha's. You go and have some of your own."

He sat up nights making her wedding dress. It took three weeks.

It was the most beautiful dress. It was made of white satin with a little pointed collar, all hand-tucked, and a pointed train just like it, hand-tucked too. Esther wore her mother's veil with it, and her mother's orange blossoms, that Jake had been saving all those years in his trunk.

Jake gave her away at the wedding, and he was shining with pride for her; if he felt sad to see her go he shut it up inside himself. Jake was odd about his children. He loved them like they was his whole life, but he wouldn't hang onto them, not like I and other mothers do.

When I mentioned that he just said, "Bertha and I didn't bring them up for us. We brought them up for themselves." He always spoke about Bertha that way, as if she were standing right there at his elbow.

And what he said was the way it was. He and Bertha brought up those nine children, and when they were grown they let them go.

WHEN Cass was twenty-two, and wanted to marry Beth Hansard, Jake put a mortgage on the farm and helped them to buy the Henderson place because he thought they ought to have their own farm. Cass was a good worker. He paid that mortgage off in two years.

And when Johnny wanted to go to agriculture college and learn the scientific things about farming, like that pig palace, Cass helped his dad to send him, and then took Johnny into partnership. They work well together, those two.

Bill never wanted much out of life, except cars, and he got that, after he went away for five years with the Army. He used his gratuities to buy a garage at Bayer's Lake.

Sam and Peter went away to the war, too. They joined the Air Force together. I remember the last night they spent at the farm before they went overseas. I went up to say good-by, but when I got there I didn't go in. They hadn't drawn the blind, and I could see into the front room, and Jake was sitting at the piano, playing and singing and the boys were harmonizing with him, like they always used to when they were little boys.

They were singing "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." That's supposed to be a funny song, isn't it? I sat down on their front steps and had a little cry, and then I went home.

Jake sent them parcels every two weeks while they were overseas. He baked fruit cake and cookies, and he canned turkey. He always put a wishbone in the top of each can of turkey. Just for luck.

I guess he was doing about as much baking then as he ever did, because he was sending parcels to Julie, too—she was in training for a nurse—and to Jessie. Jessie was going to art school in the city.

He let 'em all go; and when their trains pulled out he was always there on the platform, waving and smiling. Even though the smile went quick when the train was gone.

I wonder sometimes if that's why they all come back. Because they do. Whenever they get the chance.

If it's slow season on the farm, and Cass and Johnny could take a run up to the city for a week end, they don't; they drive over to Jake's. If Peter's got a day off from interning, or Sam's doctor will give him leave from the

hospital where he's learning to walk again, or Jessie has a little holiday, I see them going past on the road to the old farm—all nine of them.

ON THIS particular day, it's Mother's Day, of course. I guess Jake Hyatt and the kids like to get together and remember Bertha.

And today they go past, one by one, waving at my kitchen window, or putting their heads through the door for a quick hello. All of them, and all wearing red carnations.

It used to be Jake's geraniums when they were little and didn't have any money for boughten flowers. But it was always red.

I asked Esther about that once, when she was a grown woman and the question couldn't hurt any more. I said, "It's usual, you know, for children to wear white flowers when their mother isn't with them any more."

She looked at me gently. "It's all right, Aunt Lil," she told me. "My mother didn't die. My dad just loved us twice as hard, for both of them." ★

CANADIAN ECDOTE

When Camels Roamed the Cariboo



UP THE narrow, rocky trail the prospector struggled. He conquered the ascent and paused for breath, then stared aghast. A number of camels were coming up the trail toward him. Camels in British Columbia! He must be seeing things! He had been too long alone in the mountains. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. The camels were still there. He turned about, half-expecting to see the black tents of Bedouins and shimmering desert sand, but there was only the familiar scenery of the Cariboo Trail.

In 1862 Frank Laumeister, a prominent merchant and packer of the Cariboo District, conceived the idea of using camels as pack animals. He formed a syndicate and for \$6,000 bought 23 camels from Otto Esche of San Francisco, who had originally brought them from Mongolia. The camels were shipped to Victoria on the ship "Hermann."

One camel died at sea and a female with calf was left to wander at will around Victoria, startling upway residents. The rest were loaded on a barge and towed into the harbor of New Westminster by the "Flying Dutchman." By the time they reached Lillooet, via the Harrison-Lillooet Trail, their owners valued them at \$450 each.

The syndicate encountered opposition. Apprehensive settlers appealed to Premier Douglas to quash the "Dromedary Express," but nothing came of it.

Mr. Laumeister and his friends believed that these Mongolian camels could make 35 miles a day, carrying 800 lbs., but, as the animals were not yet in good condition, they restricted the first load to 350 lbs.

Trouble soon came. The camels,

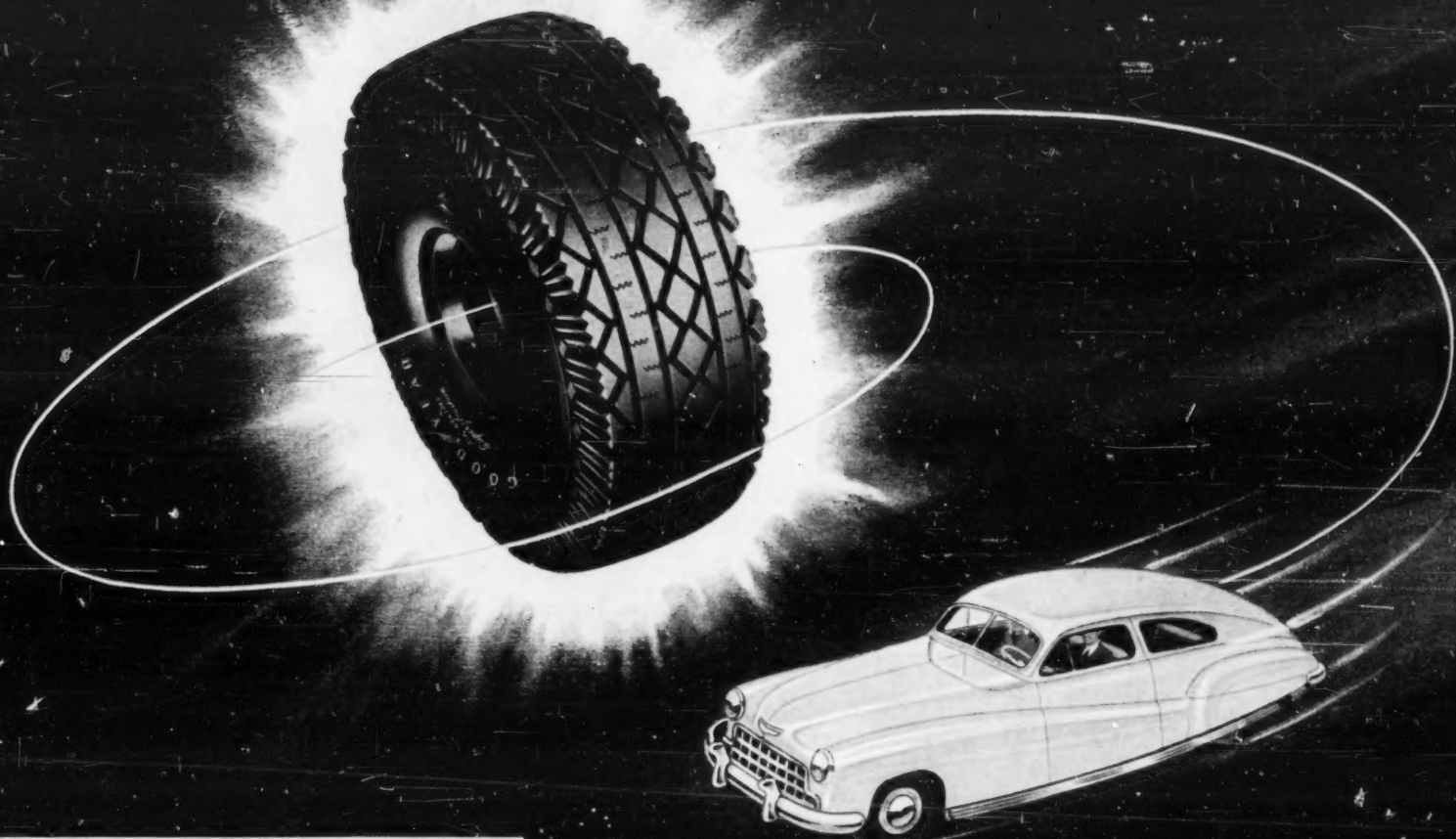
unused to rough, rocky trails, developed foot ailments, including fallen arches. Boots of thick canvas or rawhide were tried, but didn't work. The sight of the ungainly, two-humped creatures made every well-brought-up horse lose his head and bolt, so owners of conventional pack trains sued the camel owners for damages, regularly and often, and wrecked buggies, the result of runaways, were a common sight on the Lillooet Trail.

At the end of the year everyone wished the camels back in Mongolia, or farther, so most of the surviving Bactrians were returned to the United States. Some must have been overlooked for a hunter shot one in Grande Prairie, between Kamloops and Vernon, in 1894. (The discovery of his unusual bag so unnerved the man that he was unable to sleep for a week.)

The camel experiment was costly and old pioneers referred to it as "Laumeister's Folly." But it taught everybody a lesson—nobody ever imported pack elephants.—I. S. Knight.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

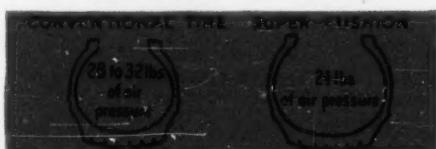
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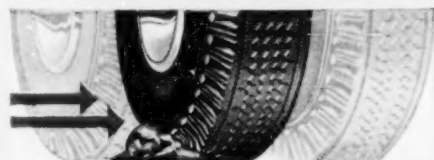
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It Should Happen to a Sick Dog

Continued from page 17

noticed that Dr. Secord has adopted the terminology of the human hospital holus-bolus: surgery, X-ray, dispensary. Along here are the wards: observation, surgery, general, the cat ward and, up on the roof, there's an isolation ward. No, no maternity. Expectant mothers are put in the surgery ward.

Maybe you weren't aware of it, but you've lowered your voice to a hospital pitch and you're walking on tiptoe. You're acting as though you were in a place for sick people. The reason you don't hear the dogs barking and the cats miaowing, incidentally, is because their wards are soundproof.

Through here is the room that serves as kitchen and bathroom. The meals they prepare here are mostly canned dog food, but they pep up its nutritional value by adding fats. The vet recommends you do the same at home. Canned dog food is good but some of it is deficient in fats.

That bath over there—yes, it's just like the tub at home except it's raised off the ground—is where they dip the dogs in a solution of rotenone to kill fleas. Later they are put in a cage to dry. Hot air blows up through openings in the floor. It's a waste of time, incidentally, to have your dog dipped for fleas unless you spray DDT around the house while your dog's in hospital. Fleas spend only half their time on the dog.

This is a kind of beauty parlor in here, too. If your dog—you say his name is Carlo?—well, if Carlo were one of those fancy poodles instead of a cocker they'd fix him up here, if you wished, with what they call a personality hair trim.

Now, you'd like to see your dog. He's in here, in observation. Sure he's in a cage. You didn't expect to find him in bed! That's one thing the vet finds disconcerting, too. But let Dr. J. G. MacKay, of Toronto's Eglinton Veterinary Hospital, tell it: "The fact that we can't immobilize the patient, or couldn't expect to be obeyed if we told a dog to walk around with one foot off the ground, is one of the big sticklers in healing fractures."

To avoid exciting him you should leave your dog now. You may phone tomorrow between 11 and 1 in the morning or 7.30 and 8.30 in the evening for a progress report.

When you do phone the following day Dr. Secord informs you they have located the trouble. The blood and urine analyses produced no clue. Neither did an examination of your dog's saliva under the microscope. But the X-ray turned the trick. He's swallowed something. There's a foreign body lodged in his stomach. They'll have to operate to remove it, but first your dog's resistance will have to be built up by intravenous feeding.

Has the doctor your permission to operate? Yes, certainly, you say. (Perhaps because of your concern you haven't noted the way in which the doctor refers to your dog. It may please you to know that he has called him "Carlo," "he," or, if you please, "the patient," but never once "it.")

You are not going to see the actual operation, but you may as well know that Carlo is going to experience just about the same things you experienced when you had your appendix out that time. Only Carlo is not going to go around bragging about it later. He'll leave it to you to tell the boys at the next poker session.

Because it is a major operation the time for it will be set in the early

morning or in the evening when the doctor can depend on the maximum degree of quietness. Don't forget, they took your appendix out in the morning.

The operating room is superbly equipped. The instruments, which glisten in the glass surgical cabinet, are, with one or two exceptions, identical with those your doctor used to snip out your appendix. The operating table is a little different; it's designed specially for veterinary work, but to a layman such as you it's substantially the same.

What Dogs Swallow

Every precaution will be taken to guard against infection. The instruments will all be sterilized in a gadget called an autoclave. You've seen one—it looks like a pressure cooker resting on its side—in your own doctor's office. The doctor and his assistants will all wear sterilized gowns, gloves and masks.

As for Carlo, once they place that cup over his nose and give him a whiff of ether he'll be out of this world. They'll cover him with a shroud and there will be an opening in it just over the spot where Dr. Secord intends to make his incision.

What happens then is pretty technical. Roughly, they'll open him up and remove whatever it is he has in his stomach, sew him up and return him to his cage in the surgery ward. When he comes out of the ether he'll suffer nausea, as does a human.

You'll probably never guess what it was that gave Carlo the misery. By the way, you are a plumber, aren't you? Dr. Secord thought as much. Well, your dog swallowed the handle off a water tap.

This isn't as unusual as you may think. Dr. Secord has removed rubber balls, imitation rubber bones, corncocks, beer-bottle tops, nylon stockings, flashlight batteries and a wide assortment of other bric-a-brac from the insides of dogs. One dog, a retriever, swallowed six stones. "He rattled like dice in a cup," says the doctor. Once he recovered 24 poker chips from another retriever who a few nights previously had attended his master's stag party. "That helped settle an argument," Dr. Secord recalls. The record corncock catch is generally credited to Dr. Claude Keeley of Ottawa, who removed 14 cobs from a pup's stomach.

Just in passing, if you have a child in your home keep his small toys away from the dog (especially rubber balls) and also watch he doesn't put an elastic band around your dog's leg. Lots of kids do that and then forget about it. The band works in under the skin, the skin grows over it and a nasty and dangerous abscess forms. There's hardly a vet who hasn't run across a case like that.

But you're more concerned about your dog and the treatment he's going to get now the operation is over. If he should need it, they'll give him a blood transfusion or even administer oxygen. In Toronto blood transfusions have become so common the vets are getting together to set up a central blood bank.

It has probably occurred to you that the vet has that professional, confident manner which is typical of your own doctor. The vet is no "horse doctor" in the derogatory sense of the term. (He is capable of caring for horses, however.) He's a university-trained professional.

In Canada he may go to one of two veterinary colleges, one at Guelph, Ont., and the other at St. Hyacinthe, Que., where the instruction is in French. At the Ontario Veterinary

Continued on page 40



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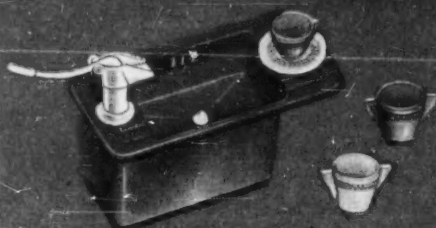
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Continued from page 38

College at Guelph, which is a department of the University of Toronto, the course has recently been extended from four to five years. The degree of doctor of veterinary medicine is conferred on graduates.

The veterinarian serves an internship and often does postgraduate work. Dr. Secord, for instance, is a doctor of veterinary science and has a master of science degree from Ohio State University.

The vet makes a specialty of orthopedic surgery—bonesetting. Many of the bonesetting techniques developed by the veterinary profession have later been adapted to human use.

Conversely, when the surgeon comes up with something new in human bonesetting the vet wastes little time in trying to make use of it in his practice. One method the vets picked up recently is called intramedullary pinning. It was developed by a German doctor during the war. The idea is to drive a metal rod lengthwise through the centre of the bone. In that way the rod unites the two parts of the broken bone, serving as a splint. One reason the vets like pinning is because it allows the dog to hobble around without too much trouble and the set bone stays pretty well in place. Dogs chew off plaster casts and wooden splints.

In Canada one of the first vets to use pinning was Dr. J. G. MacKay of Toronto. Dr. MacKay heard about the method from Canadian soldiers who had had fractures set in German prison hospitals. He tried it first on a tiny kitten that was brought to him with a broken pelvis. The kitten was too small for the use of any ordinary type of splint, so Dr. MacKay experimented and was successful. The woman who owned the kitten was glad he did. Otherwise the animal would have had to be destroyed.

They Love Dogs

Caesarean operations are performed on female dogs when a normal birth is impossible. It may be necessary, for instance, when the dog has a broken pelvis. But most often, Caesareans are performed on Boston bulls. That's because the Boston has such a large head and unusually small hips. Or it may be necessary to operate when the pups are known to be the mongrel progeny of an extraordinarily small female and a large male. Of course, some people bring their dogs to hospital when a birth is impending simply to avoid bothering with it themselves.

Dogs usually pick the doggonest hours at which to have pups. "Usually two in the morning," according to Dr. Audrey Fyvie, of Toronto. She knows because she's the one who rolls out of bed to officiate.

When people visit their dogs in hospital they often bring them specially prepared foods, such as boneless chicken, and occasionally they bring flowers and ice cream. Some send get-well cards.

The vets understands your concern for your dog for, almost invariably, he is a dog lover himself with a dog of his own.

Dr. Secord will tell you this himself: "People shouldn't be ashamed or sheepish about disclosing the affection they hold for their pets. Dogs are wonderful, truly man's best friend."

Dr. Secord recalls when a dog owned by a member of the Ontario Legislature lay hovering between life and death in his hospital. The M.P.P. simply couldn't stay away from his pet. One evening Dr. Secord surprised him in the ward as he knelt by the dog's cage, imploring the animal in baby talk to please get well. The man flushed and

got quickly to his feet on noticing the doctor and stammered, "I guess you think I'm a fool." "Not at all," Dr. Secord replied. Then the man unfolded the whole story of his affection for the dog. "You know," the doctor recalls, "he used to read his speeches to that dog."

There is a surgeon—not a vet—in Toronto who often calls in a veterinary doctor to have a look at his two cocker spaniels. When the vet arrives the surgeon is invariably pacing back and forth with one of the dogs in his arms. While he paces he recites nursery rhymes to it.

Naturally some people carry this sort of thing too far. Take the case of the two women, a dowager and her daughter, who brought an ageing poodle to a Toronto hospital where it died of old age. It was 15, which is about 90 years by human standards. When the poodle died the two women upbraided the vet. The daughter, in tears, wailed, "I'd rather it had been my father." That was too much for the vet. He told them to get out.

Like Dog, Like Owner

Not many veterinarians could match the weird experience which befell Dr. Claude Keeley, of Ottawa, when he attended a sick dog at the home of an eccentric old maid. "After I'd taken care of the dog," Dr. Keeley recalls, with a shiver, "the woman invited me upstairs to see her other dogs. 'Upstairs' proved to be a cobwebby old attic. And the dogs turned out to be dead, stuffed and mounted. I got out of there fast."

The vet says that he can usually discern the character and personality of the dog's master by observing the dog. Dogs possess an individuality of temperament, have personalities of their own, but they also assume many of their owner's traits and are influenced by home environment.

Nine times out of 10, for instance, an old maid's dog will be crotchety, says Dr. Keeley.

One of the nastier bits of dog flesh that was ever brought to him for treatment was a dog that lived in a home where the man and wife fought—yes, like a dog and cat. But a few months later, when the dog again appeared at his hospital, Dr. Keeley could hardly believe it was the same dog. He was so friendly. The man and wife had separated and the dog was taken to stay with the wife's sister, who led a peaceful, happy life.

Dogs can become neurotic. People who tease their dogs by making them beg for food, make them wear coats and jackets (Scotties, who are most often seen in tartan blankets, are one type of dog that does not need a blanket to keep warm), and talk baby talk to them make their dogs nervous and irritable.

Generally the cocker spaniel is considered to be the most neurotic dog, partly because of constant inbreeding. Says Dr. Devereux, of Toronto: "Cockers are very high-strung and they haven't the resistance most dogs have. When they get sick they very often can't throw it off."

Dr. Secord doesn't agree. He claims that you can't type dogs according to breed any more than you can type humans according to race. Each individual dog is different. Probably the reason the cocker has got his bad name is because, at present, there are far more cockers in Canada than there are dogs of any other breed so, naturally, he says, they outnumber other dogs in hospital. Other favorites with Canadians (though not necessarily in order of popularity) are collie, Boston terrier,

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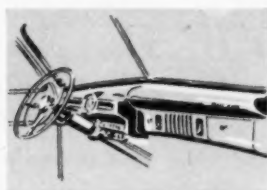
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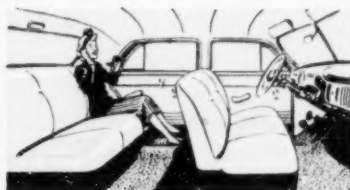
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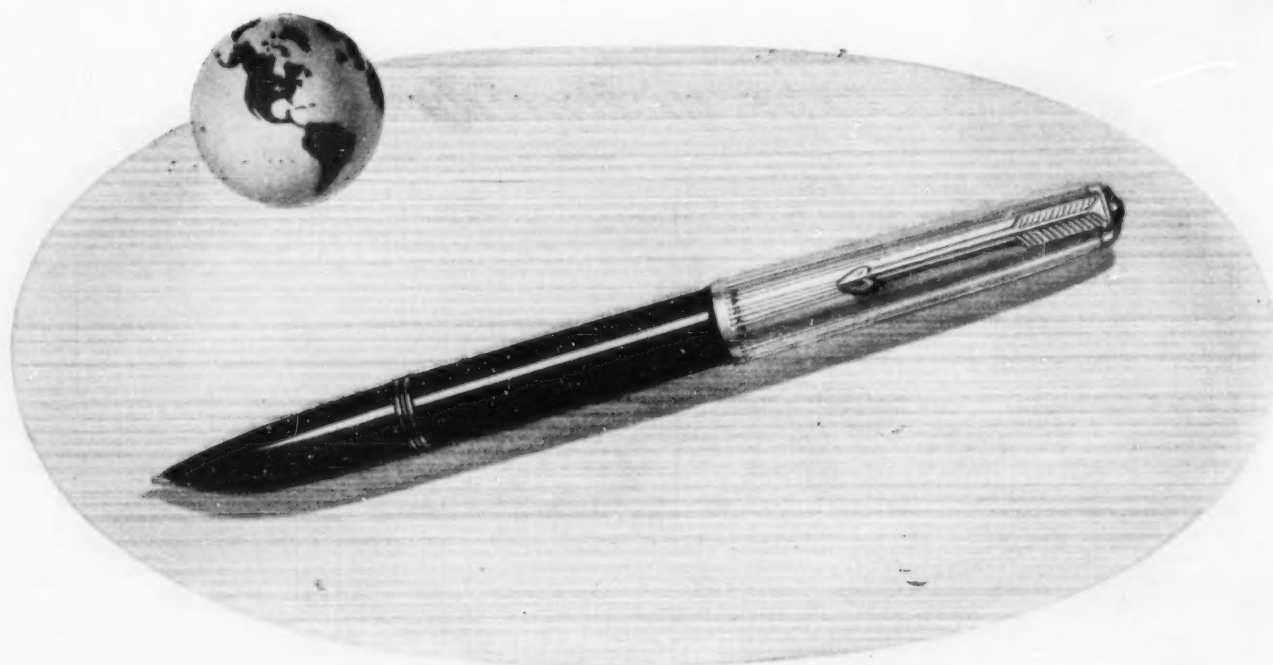


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So, when you set forth to buy a pen, bear this in mind: *miraculously and tremendously Man has changed*. From an earth-

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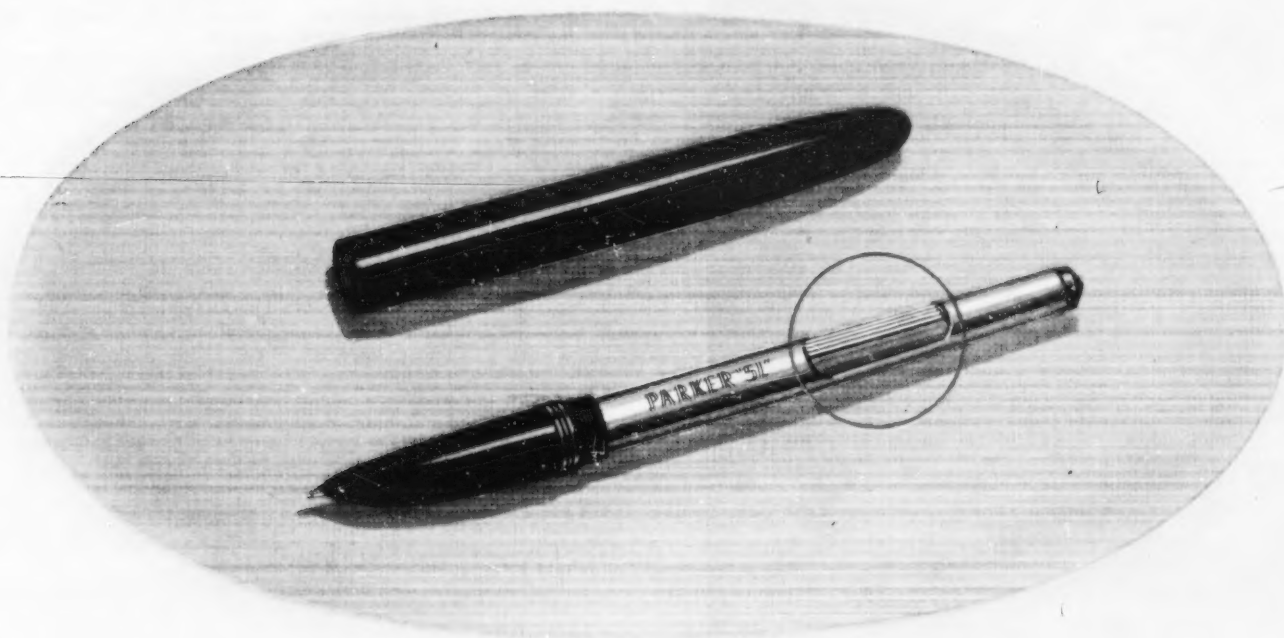
And, for him, Parker now provides a trustworthy flying companion, the Flight-Pen. Now Flight-Man can travel the skies at an altitude of 35,000 feet (a height never exceeded by commercial airlines) and feel assured that his NEW Parker "51" will not embarrass him by leaking.

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That's all! Your pen is filled!

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But there is an advancement even more remarkable and thrilling which PLI-GLASS brings to the NEW "51". Because of its unique and phenomenal character, PLI-GLASS enables Parker to adopt a principle of *filling action so simple that it is really startling!*

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YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER

Continued from page 40
boxer, springer spaniel, Labrador retriever, dachshund and the Pekingese. The Lassie pictures have helped popularize the collie, Dr. Secord comments.

Distemper is the most common and most deadly of all dog diseases rampant in Canada. (Rabies—hydrophobia—is prevalent in many parts of the United States but has been kept out of Canada by the mandatory inoculation of all dogs coming into the country.) Veterinarians are putting stress on preventive medicine, as is your own doctor, and have developed two highly effective methods of inoculation against distemper. They are not 100% effective, however.

The veterinarian advises early inoculation. Dogs most often contract distemper between the ages of three months and a year, though it is possible for older dogs to come down with it. One bout with distemper leaves a dog immune.

The complications of distemper are particularly bad. Pneumonia, epileptic convulsions and St. Vitus dance are quite common results. The vet fights some complications with penicillin and sulpha drugs, but he hasn't found a sure cure for distemper itself.

Dogs also get cancer, tonsillitis, skin diseases (notably eczema and ringworm), kidney stones, dysentery and often have to have their appendix removed to cure whipworm or have their teeth extracted because of abscesses.

Seldom do they suffer from tooth decay. The dog bolts his food without

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chewing, only uses his teeth to tear. Sometimes a dog will break a tooth and then the vet will call in a dentist to help him cap it with a gold crown, but this kind of work is rare. Dr. Secord and a dentist friend crowned a show dog's tooth with gold and, from then on, whenever he was exhibited, the dog curled his lip to show it off. Perhaps he hoped to influence the judges.

The vets' charges vary a great deal, almost as much as do the medical doctors'. A spaying operation which, incidentally, is one of the most common operations in the vet's book—it renders female dogs sterile—may cost anywhere from \$5 to \$15. A Caesarean is likely to run as high as \$50, when X-ray and hospital charges are included. A difficult surgery case may cost as much as \$200.

The vet does not collect all of his bills and sometimes does not importune people when he has a feeling they can't afford to pay.

Dr. Secord says this: "Nearly all of us do some charity work. No vet would turn away a small boy with his sick mongrel mutt because the boy couldn't pay." On the other hand people often pick up a strange dog they have seen hit by a car, bring it to the hospital and tell the vet they will be responsible for the bill if the owner is not located.

The vet doesn't care whether your dog is a lowly mongrel or an aristocrat with a pedigree as long as a dachshund's body. The vet makes no class distinctions and doesn't discriminate in regard to color or breed. The dog hospital is open to all. ★

An Old Chinatown Custom

Continued from page 22

"Practicing for the Canton maid?" asked Mary.

Bill said, "So you heard about that?" Mary nodded. "And what happened?"

"I just said 'no.' He had everything figured out, up to that point. I go Chinaside, marry, have ancestor-worshipping children, plenty, so that their prayers take care of my grandfather above, and add to his face here. But he forgot just one thing. I love you."

"Ah," said Mary; and now everything was wonderful. She raced on, "I ran out of our apartment when I heard about it. Grandfather's furious. Oh, Bill, is it going to be all right?"

"When grandfather gets it through his head that there's no soap, he'll give in. I'm his only grandson. He doesn't dare go to heaven unless I'm on the job burning sacred papers which'll send up smoke so he knows I'm praying for him. He could yell when I said, 'Mary or nobody,' but he'll come around."

Mary agreed. Between a disowned grandson, which meant none at all, and a grandson whose wife might be derelict in teaching children the ancient customs, she was positive that Sheng Wi'i had no choice.

THE waiter brushed the curtain aside, bringing tea and bowls. Bill ordered what Mary liked. Black mushroom soup, chicken and water chestnuts, pork with chard; and Mary rinsed the bowls with tea, warming them, before pouring.

They sat long over a final cigarette. It was, in the booth, as if they were far from Chinatown, customs, problems. They were alone.

The restaurant was crowded when they threaded their way out between the close tables. Bill Sheng had to wait until other diners paid their bills at the counter where the owner stood; at last Bill said, "That was excellent food.

Please add the cost to our family account."

"Pay now," said the owner.

Bill stared at the older man. "Are you crazy?" he demanded. "When the head of my family hears how you have insulted me do you think he will appreciate such an attempt to take away my face?"

The owner shrugged. "Sheng Wi'i sits in the corner behind you," he said. "And now I am waiting for the money."

Mary knew somehow that the restaurant had become silent. No one spoke. Clicking chopsticks were held poised.

The implication was clear to her, as it must have been to Bill. Sheng Wi'i had told the owner what to do. She saw how Bill's hand started toward his pocket, and stopped. Oh, darling, darling, she thought, suffering because of the obviousness of the arrested movement, the proof that Bill, like Chinatown's young men, was held in check, kept subservient, by being given only dimes, quarters, by the grandfathers.

If she had been the sort of Chinese maid whom Grandfather Sheng Wi'i desired as the mother of his grandsons, Mary would have done nothing. Instead, she reached inside her bag for money.

"What is mine is yours," she said proudly, in English; and by this Mary Liang meant all things.

Jeering laughter filled the vacuum of silence when Bill took the currency. He held it for a moment, swallowing bitterness, finally dropping it to the counter as if his fingers refused to retain it.

Mary turned, facing the Chinese in the restaurant. Their mockingly cruel eyes, the amusement on their faces, seemed to press her and Bill back against the wood of the counter. Only one person in the place was not watching, not sucking enjoyment from the scene. That person was Sheng Wi'i, in holiday black silk. He went on eating.

Continued on page 46

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Continued from page 44

now shoveling rice into his mouth, now moistening the mouthful with moist *gai lan* cabbage, now searching for a bit of crisp duck skin . . .

Forces, one ancient, one newly activated, struggled within the girl. One urged respect for old men, particularly for the old man who was the head of her beloved's family. A grandfather. Sheng Wi'i. The other was a compelling desire to tell a cruel old man that he was heartless.

Bill's lax hand had found her arm, tightening there as if her warmth, the fury in her, flowed to him. Mary let him turn her. She started with him for the stairs to the street. Her throat was beginning to ache, her eyes to blur.

ON THE street she said unsteadily, "Oh, Bill." Then she pleaded, "We needn't wait. Let's be married."

A streetcar passed. The lights of a machine, rounding the corner and angling down, where the sidewalks were again crowded with Chinatown's people, showed Mary the miserably set face of her companion.

"My own grandfather did that," Bill Sheng said unhappily, "as a warning to me. It was okay for him to do it, according to custom. I hate their customs! I—"

"Marry me now. Nothing else counts."

Bill Sheng said roughly, "How? Custom demands that we live with my family. If grandfather says 'no,' that settles it. His long arm would keep anyone in Chinatown from renting to us. Even if I had money."

"We'll live somewhere else. I've got my job—"

"Don't you think I've tried to get one?" blurted Bill. "Think I want to be a China-fashion scholar? Grandfather's intention is to get me all filled up on devotions to ancestors so that his only grandson will know how to do plenty of number one praying for him. Think that's what a fellow wants?"

Mary knew that it wasn't.

"I've never tried to get a job in Chinatown," Bill said savagely, "because no Chinese would risk Sheng Wi'i's disapproval. But when I've been supposed to be memorizing the guff about old customs I've looked for a job. A Chinatown guy hasn't got a chance unless he knows something. All I know is the army. When I'm asked about my experience I know I'm licked."

"You could look for a job after we're married," said Mary.

Bill said, "You're pretty swell," and some of the misery left his face. Mary slipped her hand to his arm.

Old men cackled their disgust at this violation of custom. And because the two had been walking slowly, aimlessly, there had been time for other old men, who had been in the restaurant, to catch up with them; and what they said, intended to be overheard by everyone in the street, again brought flame to Mary's cheeks. The ribaldry shocked her speechless.

"Hear what you are?" grated Bill. "Hear what I am?"

Mary sought to react like a modern girl. She managed to gasp, "You can make an honest woman out of me."

"That sort of talk would be thrown at us all our lives." The frustration, the lack of weapons with which to fight back, the despair turning into finality, made him mutter, "We've got to forget it."

"Of course," said Mary. "We know better."

BUT then she knew that Bill hadn't meant forgetting the nastiness of the old men. He meant that they had to forget their love, their dreams, their future. Her store of courage was

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running out. If she wanted anything, this moment, it was to hide, from Bill, from customs, from life.

And yet, with clarity, she recognized what they would face married. Mary had not been afraid of this before; she was not afraid of it now. Somehow, somewhere, they could make a home. One way or another. Of course there would be children later. She would have a fine life. Nothing mattered but Bill. But—what of him? What about a man? A man who, in Chinatown, would be accorded no respect, no honor? A man who, having no face, would have no friends?

Mary didn't say, "I love you too terribly to hurt you, darling," but, instead, shivering, "Yes. We'll forget it."

Bill Sheng stopped walking, so abruptly that old Chinese behind bumped against man and girl. Completely illogical as it was, he said, "You, too?"

"Me, Bill?"

"You, too," Bill repeated, and all the bitterness in the world was compressed in the accusation.

If this is how it must be, thought Mary, I mustn't explain. Oh, darling, you talked yourself into giving up because you couldn't find a way out for us. Neither can I. Perhaps a boy and a girl can defy customs in other places, but they can't do it in Chinatown.

"Good-by, Bill," said Mary.

She saw him bite down words; but whether they would have been ugly ones about a girl who ran out on a boy, or an appeal, she had no way of knowing. She did see a twitching, uncontrollable, of his lips, until he said monotonously, "Customs." He said next, "*Chang a chang*," and the farewell, in Cantonese, was to Mary as if Bill were returning, beaten, to all which was traditional.

She cried herself to sleep that night.

AT MORNING rice Mary learned from Grandfather Liang Kung that Sheng Wi'i had brought his rebellious grandson to his senses. It was stupid of the young fool to have attempted to match wits with Sheng Wi'i, who knew Chinese customs and exactly how to apply them. Sheng Wi'i was a fox.

"Now that the grandson understands what can happen to him," said Liang Kung, "he will go to China and marry according to Sheng Wi'i's order."

Mary had to ask, "What can happen to him?"

"Ho! If the grandson proves disobedient Sheng Wi'i has formally announced his intention of sending adoption presents, money, incense, and a red rooster to the family of a distant Sheng young man. This young man will take the place of the undutiful grandson. He will worship at the family shrine."

It was Mary's mother who asked tremulously, "Does the grandson continue in his disobedience, Father Liang Kung?"

"He was stubborn," Liang Kung admitted. He shot a grim glance at Mary's little mother. "When he was told by Sheng Wi'i that the mother who bore him, after an adoption, would be sent to the kitchen in disgrace, he bowed his head. But he insisted upon proof. Sheng Wi'i was forced to show the custom to him, to read it from the Book of Customs, the great *Chi Ch'eng*."

Mary said, "Oh."

This drew Liang Kung's attention to her. He said, "You were guilty of taking the grandson's mind from his studies, or he would have known it. Who will want you as a wife for a grandson?"

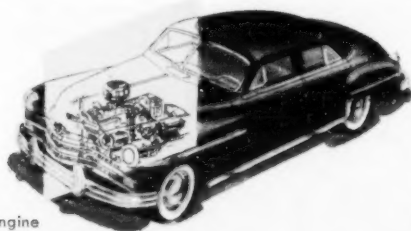
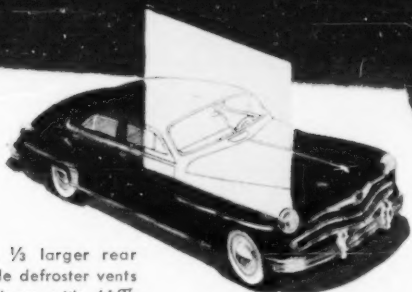
Continued on page 49

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Continued from page 46

"I don't want to be anyone's wife," said Mary; then, seeing that a storm was about to break, she said, "I bow before your superior wisdom." She further pleased Liang Kung by asking his permission to depart.

CHINATOWN could be dreary in the early morning. Girls like Mary Liang hurried to work on sidewalks barely passable; crates of chickens and vegetables and oblong boxes of iced fish waited on the pavement until carried into the food shops. Tins full of water, and edible black snails, had already been brought out of dark basements. Squid tentacles, like long dead fingers, lay limply outside baskets; and it all smelled. Nothing was covered, at this hour, by incense.

Wires on a crate's edge could mean a ruined stocking. Mary walked carefully, her thoughts dreary as the foggy morning. She knew clearly now that marriage was impossible.

Old men, she was thinking, could be devils. They could be as malicious as the evil spirits in whom they believed, especially when traditions were involved. And they had everything on their side. The purse strings. Chinatown opinion. Ability to thwart what young people tried to do. Everything. There was always some custom to back up what the grandfathers wanted. Nor could young people fight fire with fire. The customs were designed to benefit the old men.

Mary did not glance sideways when she passed one of the shops owned by the Sheng family, the one where old Sheng Wi'i often sat as if half-asleep behind a bare counter. Yet somehow she felt as if the head of Bill's family were looking out at her, and that after she passed he would return to his newspaper, or click away at his abacus, or light a cigarette. But before he did any of these things, he would make some typically Chinese remark, which would concern the manners of barbarian maids, or jackets which did not button up to the neck, or anything un-Chinese. Custom . . . custom . . . it was Chinatown law.

The feeling that she had been scrutinized whitened her cheeks; they became cold as clay when she saw Bill standing at the next corner. He said, "Mary," and walked with her. She could not so much as nod.

WHEN they were out of Chinatown, away from amused eyes which never seemed to be really watching them, Bill Sheng said, "If you haven't heard, grandfather threw the book at me. The custom permitting him to adopt a grandson was okay with me. I told him he could adopt a dozen. But—"

"I heard it all," said Mary. She added, each word like a turned knife, "All. I heard what would happen to your mother."

Bill said, "The old men who originated the customs didn't forget anything. In the six thousand volumes of the *T'u Shu Chi Ch'eng* every custom is for the benefit of old men."

To Mary Liang, as she nodded, Grandfather Sheng Wi'i was the symbol of all old men, who intended to be worshipped traditionally, to control their families not only when living but when dead. Grandfather Sheng Wi'i. Austere. Ruthless. Wealth and custom stood behind him.

Yet her heart beat with unreasonable hope when Bill said savagely, "I'd like to give the old men a bellyful of custom!"

She waited for him to continue; but when he said, "But how can I?" Mary Liang knew what she herself had to do.

"Bill," Mary said, "we were right

last night. Yes. Even if we didn't know then what Sheng Wi'i could do to your mother. This is it, Bill. Don't wait for me again. Every custom is against us. And don't try to do anything which might make Grandfather Sheng Wi'i angry. We just can't win. I know I'm right."

She saw his shoulders droop.

"I'm right," said Mary.

She heard Bill quote, "The wisest must in six thousand times be once mistaken, the most foolish in six thousand times must be once right."

"I've got to make it final, thought Mary; and, with this in mind, she said, "I know I'm a fool. You sound just like your grandfather."

She flashed off; and how she got to the office, and through the day, she didn't know. She had accomplished what she wanted, or rather what she was sure was necessary. But somehow Bill shouldn't have admitted that she was right. He should have fought against her correct reasoning. He couldn't have meant that she was mistaken this one time. He would have laughed, would have looked at her, if that had been what he meant.

AS THE days and the evenings for gossip passed, she learned how successfully final it really was. Girls in Chinatown gave Mary to understand that Bill, bowing to his grandfather's wishes, was studying constantly in the *Chi Ch'eng*, not only to become a scholar, but with the intention of making a good husband for the maid in Canton who would expect traditional husbandly behavior. Grandfather Sheng Wi'i was so delighted that he had bought the finest of fitted bags for Bill to carry when he went to marry the maid, and increased Bill's allowance, and bragged about him in the restaurants.

Mary learned also that the Canton maid was singularly beautiful, according to Chinatown gossip. The Canton maid had moth eyebrows, peach-blossom skin, a voice like the wind of spring. She was graceful as a willow.

Pride kept Mary's head high, but she could not stop her ears against comments of cruel old men, nor was it easy to see Bill several times, and to say, "Hi," as she had done before. Nor could she bolster her pride by thinking that it was she herself who had driven Bill into the Canton maid's arms. She hadn't done it. Custom had done it. There had been no choice for her.

Somehow Bill seemed to have acquired something of his grandfather's grimness and austerity. He did spend long hours poring over the *Chi Ch'eng*, the Great Book of Customs; and his grandfather began gaining importance and face because a grandson could answer traditional questions even better than some of the old men. Sheng Wi'i was now being envied by the very people who had laughed at a family head once defied by a grandson. And at times, when Bill would say, "Yes, now we do this, but according to strict custom we should do differently," old Sheng Wi'i was so pleased that he would shake hands with himself.

It was as a scholar, and one with tired eyes, that Bill approached Sheng Wi'i a week before the time to leave for China.

"Grandfather," he said, "when a man goes away, and leaves behind a maid whom it was believed he might have married, her family loses face. I—"

"A small money payment will give Liang Kung back whatever face he loses," Sheng Wi'i smiled. "The days of blood payments are over."

Bill bowed gravely. "I have read in the *Chi Ch'eng* that it is customary for the family of the discarded maid to

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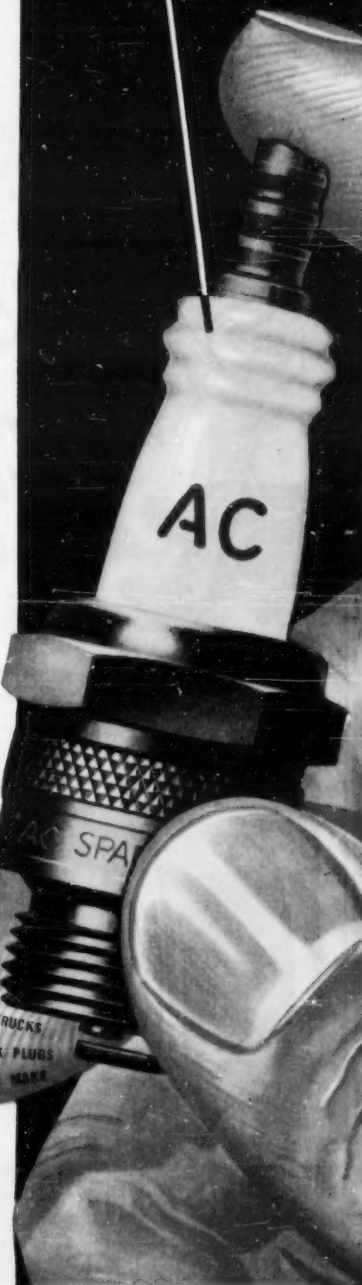
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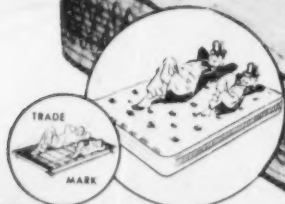
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give a feast to the departing man, showing that no wish for vengeance exists. If this were given me by the Liang family, and paid for by the same money you would give Liang Kung for his lost face, Chinatown would be aware that the two families remain friendly."

"I have never heard of it being done in that manner," said Sheng Wi'i, "but I have not studied the Book of Customs as you have." He scratched his chin. "It will be an excellent thing for Chinatown to have this further demonstration of your new knowledge." Sheng Wi'i smiled, thinking how men would praise him for it. "I agree. Go to Liang Kung and say I will buy a feast, and attend it with my family. Arrange for it at the best restaurant."

"It is written that a travel feast in a restaurant is unlucky," said Bill. "I find that it should be given in the house of the discarded maid's family."

Sheng Wi'i nodded. "I am pleased that you have ended your youthful foolishness about the Liang girl. Each time you say 'discarded maid' I am happy. However, I do not wish you to carry this business of 'discarding maids' too far. I expect great-grandchildren who will burn sacred papers at the ancestral shrine."

WHEN Grandfather Liang told his family about the feast, Mary had to put a hand to her throat; how could Bill do this to her? Had he reverted so far that he wanted revenge because she had refused to marry him?

Equally horrible to Mary was listening to Liang Kung's orders concerning what was to be served at the feast. While he talked about a banquet which all Chinatown would drool over, when hearing about it, Mary choked. Glazed pheasant, crab curry, sliced pigeon in apricot jam, chicken stewed in fermented rice liquor, sweet lotus soup, cassia mushrooms, the crispest of pork...

It will be my heart which will be eaten, thought Mary.

THE Liang family was waiting ceremoniously, in Chinese attire, when Sheng Wi'i appeared, similarly dressed, at the head of his own family. Men and women packed the apartment so tightly that the ceremonial flowers had to be carried to the outer hall, and the jackets and trousers of the Sheng and Liang women blended to the hues of changeable silk, blue, green, lavender, silver, scarlet.

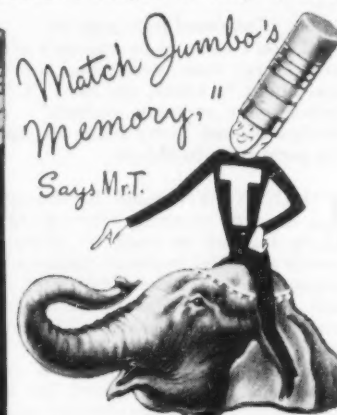
When the two old men had shaken hands with themselves, Sheng Wi'i said, "My grandson will come shortly." Mary, approaching with a tray, heard him add above the babble of voices, "It is written in the *Chi Ch'eng* that a man about to leave his family must make nightly and solitary devotions before the tablets of his ancestors. This he is now doing."

Not wanting to show ignorance, Liang Kung said, "Excellent. Yes, I, myself, a long time ago, did the same thing when I left China."

Mary's cheeks were pale as she offered the bowls of *ng' ka' pi* on her tray to the guest-grandfather. After he had taken it, and held it cupped in one hand, he smiled; he could afford now to be courteous. Magnanimous.

He handed Mary a customary dinner gift, and said to Liang Kung, "I give it to her instead of to you since she is the cause of our feast. In addition," said Sheng Wi'i, "my grandson sends her a small present."

What he put in Mary's icy hand could be only one thing. Inside the long envelope must be currency. The envelope was not big enough to contain a rice-paper volume of verse, nor a hand-painted good-luck card, nor a



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length of ancient silk. In the envelope must be money. Money! From Bill! A common enough gift in Chinatown, but, to Mary Liang, an insult. Money in return for the happy clasp of hands. Money for her kisses. Money for dreams. Money for a discarded maid.

If Mary could have moved her hands, she might have torn the envelope to pieces. Somehow her feet took her out of the crowded room and to her own. There, in misery, she turned the envelope over, looking with her burning eyes at the red seal of the Sheng family.

Chaotically she thought, *How could he! Oh, no, no, no . . .*

Her fingers opened the envelope. She found a blank sheet; but there was no money folded inside. There was another sheet of paper, folded, and on it she read, in English, "Grandfather is a fox, but he won't suspect that I'm using him as a messenger. He is so smart that I had to fool you about what I have been doing. He had to be sure that you were unhappy. I had to let you believe that I was a heel. Now, we will use the Book of Customs. It will work for us."

As she read, she said aloud, "Oh, no!" but that was because she was fearful and hopeful, both at once. What could she do about this thing Bill had planned? She couldn't refuse. She didn't want to refuse, afraid as she was. Most important, he loved her! He had never stopped loving her!

WHEN she returned to the others, she bent once and touched the cheek of one of her sisters, and Little Sister's skin felt hot and feverish. But it was really Mary's fingers which were frost-cold.

Can I go through with it? she kept asking herself.

Grandfather Sheng Wi'i, nostrils dilating at the smell of good food waiting to be devoured, remarked that even a grandson's filial devotions could be overdone. A full ten minutes passed before there was a pounding on the outer door.

Mary cried, "Who is there?"
"William Sheng."

If Mary heard both grandfathers ordering that the door be opened, she did not move. She dare not make a mistake now. She had to remember every word in Bill's letter; and, although she was trembling all over, her voice was steady and clear.

"Do you wish to come into this house and live with me?" called Mary Liang. "Is that why you knock and give your name?"

His "Yes!" came instantly.

Mary's silks hissed as she walked jerkily to the door. She knew that she must have opened it, because Bill was

inside and leading her back into the apartment.

As from a long way off Mary heard Bill say in Cantonese, "In the presence of the family heads, who made no protest, this woman has admitted me after I announced my intention of making her my wife. Thus we are pledged." Bill Sheng paused a long moment. Then he said, "It is the custom."

Grandfather Sheng's mouth was as thin as wire, his voice like wires in a typhoon. "You found this custom in the *Chi Ch'eng*? Swear!"

"The custom is out of the book," said Bill.

It was so quiet in the room that the rasping of streetcar brakes was like thunder, like warning of lightning.

Mary saw the little flicker in Sheng Wi'i's agate eyes. She could almost read his thoughts. If he insisted on proof, and his grandson presented it, Sheng Wi'i would appear as an ignorant man. But if the custom were fraudulent, the attempt to invoke it, although stopped by Sheng Wi'i, would bring howls of laughter in Chinatown. Sheng Wi'i was trapped. Either way he lost face.

Mary's heart was pounding. Was Sheng Wi'i thinking of the days and nights when the grandson he believed to be studying had actually been searching for some custom which would allow young people to marry? Did Sheng Wi'i guess that when Bill could not find one, as he had told Mary in the letter, he invented one?

"There is a custom which is the same now as it was ten thousand years ago," the old man said abruptly. "Men desire maids." He said, "A man has no need of studying in the *T'u Shu Chi Ch'eng* . . . or falling asleep over the books, for all I know . . . to be aware of this fact."

Was there admiration in his eyes as he continued staring at his grandson? Next he examined Mary, from shining unornamented hair to embroidered slippers.

"Granddaughter of Liang Kung," he said grimly, "you understand that I expect great-grandsons?"

"Yes, Sheng Wi'i," whispered Mary. "Address me as Grandfather Sheng," snapped Sheng Wi'i. "Do you know what to do when you bring me the red bowl of betrothal wine?"

Mary said, "I kneel while you drink it."

But while this was the custom, according to the *Chi Ch'eng*, it was not written there that the man to whom a maid was betrothed should go with her to fill the red bowl. Bill did. Nor is there mention of kissing in the Book of Customs, not in any one of the six thousand volumes. ★

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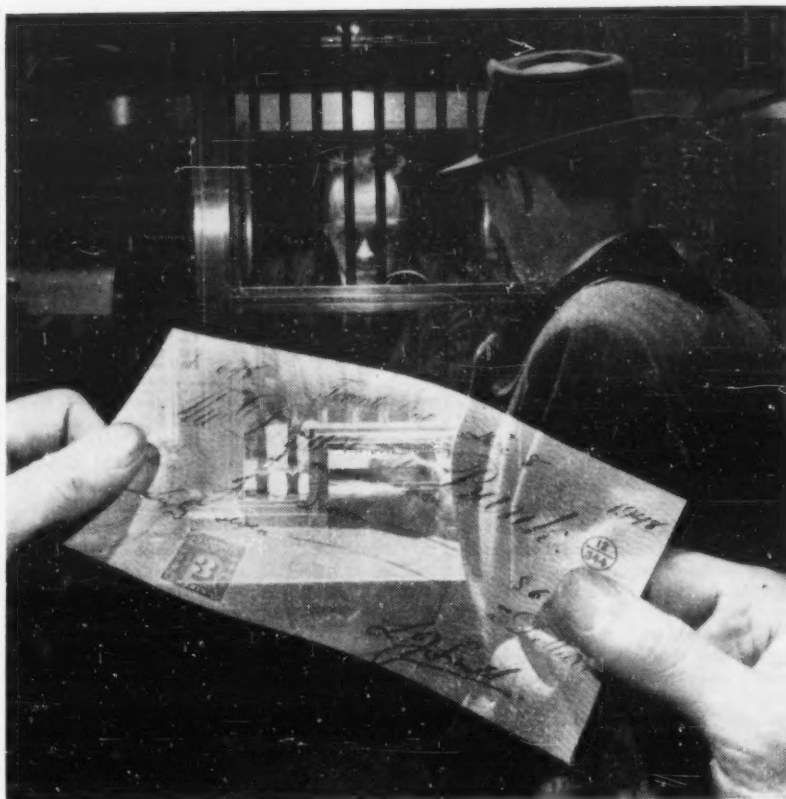
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PANDA

I'LL WRITE YOU A CHEQUE

By POWELL SMILY

A HALIFAX housewife, whom we can call Mrs. R., recently signed an affidavit that she had failed to receive her family-allowance cheque.

Her statement was forwarded to the Department of Health and Welfare in Ottawa and in due course a substitute cheque was issued.

Soon after, Mrs. R. was visited by a member of the RCMP Criminal Investigation Bureau. The CIB man showed her a family-allowance cheque made payable to Mrs. R. and so endorsed.

"That's not my writing!" she declared, indicating the endorsement. "Someone must have stolen the cheque from the mail and signed my name on the back."

"Our document examiner," the plainclothes man informed her unemotionally, "is prepared to testify that the person who endorsed this cheque is the same one who signed the affidavit you filed. He has compared the handwriting at the police laboratory. It looks to us, Mrs. R., very much as though you *did* receive your regular July cheque. What's more, you cashed it."

Mrs. R. thereupon burst into tears and confessed. Her husband (who had known nothing about it) made restitution and she was placed on probation.

The issuing of cheques has become so important a part of the Canadian economic system that the opportunity for dishonesty inevitably must arise. All sorts and conditions of men and women discharge their obligations by cheque—from the Montreal broker who underwrote an entire municipal bond issue and gave the city his cheque for \$25 millions to cover the transaction, to the citizen of Saskatoon who sent the Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit Co. a cheque for five cents (to

clear his conscience for having taken a free subway ride while visiting New York).

About 87% of Canada's domestic commerce is handled by means of cheques.

Permitting personal cheques to develop any of the properties of rubber is not considered good social practice. However, the issuing of an NSF cheque need not be a criminal offense.

"Intent must be proved for a conviction," says Inspector F. A. Regan, Assistant Director of the RCMP Criminal Investigation Department.

"Writing a cheque for \$25 when you only have 24 in the bank is unquestionably careless, but it's not necessarily criminal. But if someone deliberately issued half a dozen cheques on an account which had a balance of no more than a dollar or two, it would obviously be his intent to obtain money under false pretenses."

Banks take a dim view of NSF cheques and charge the depositor 50 cents for each "bouncer." At the same time, any bank manager has the authority to permit such a cheque to assume the much more respectable status of "overdraft."

"It's really a loan," explained one manager. "Under certain circumstances I'll let a customer carry a debit balance for a short period and charge him interest on the amount owing. Naturally, we don't make a general practice of it, but sometimes we feel justified."

**Burglars are minor
leaguers beside
the artists of the
bouncing cheque**

"For example, one of our depositors recently needed a lot of papering and painting done on his house. He came to me and said, 'I've just issued cheques totaling \$600. That's about \$400 more than I have in my account. I hope you'll take care of it.'"

"I did take care of it. The man has been a depositor for years. He probably could have arranged terms with the decorator, but it would have cost him a lot more than the interest on his overdraft. I don't mind exercising a little discretion for people like that. But on the other hand," the manager concluded, "I've sent cheques back marked NSF that were as little as 15 cents over the account balance."

Cheques to the approximate value of \$240 millions are written in Canada every day. All but a very small fraction are in every respect legitimate. Nevertheless, enough bad cheques are written to make crimes of that nature more numerous than the shopbreaking and burglary totals combined.

One of the most common variations of fraudulent cheque writing is issuing one, or several cheques, on a nonexistent account.

Parmalee Had a Memory

Forgery is a different proposition. Issuing a false cheque, "knowing it to be false, with the intention that it shall in any way be used or acted upon as genuine," can bring a life sentence.

The law also provides that the person who passes a forged cheque shall be penalized just as severely as the one who does the actual forging. "Uttering" is the name given to that crime; it, too, has a maximum punishment of life imprisonment.

Altering any part of a cheque, even the date, is forgery. A man in Regina gave a salesman a postdated cheque. The salesman, short of expense money, changed the date and cashed it. He was charged with forgery.

"There are several ways of copying a signature," a detective pointed out. "You can turn it upside down and draw it, just as an artist draws a sketch. Or you can place it over a piece of glass, put an electric light under the glass and trace the signature onto a blank cheque."

Lucius Albert ("Christmas") Parmalee, sometimes known as "The Parson," needed no such artificial aids. Endowed with a photographic memory, he has forged a signature perfectly after having seen the owner write it just once.

Early summer, 1947, Parmalee cashed four cheques on four different Ottawa banks. With \$17,400 in bills in a brief case, he took a taxi to a village outside the capital, where he planned to catch a train to Montreal.

The banks discovered the forgeries shortly after Parmalee's departure and the Ottawa police checked the railroad stations, bus depots, and cab companies. Out-of-town fares being uncommon, the taxi driver remembered Parmalee. A squad car was dispatched to the village and "The Parson" was found in the station waiting room. He is now serving 12 years in penitentiary.

Parmalee boasted that he never forged a cheque for less than \$3,000, but most Canadian cheque artists are less ambitious. Take the case of Robert Burgess James, alias Robert Snazel. Representing himself as an agent of a Toronto advertising firm, he unloaded 11 worthless cheques on merchants in York County.

With a description of "Snazel" and his technique, the RCMP in Ottawa chose three photographs of suspects from their files. From these the forger's victims identified him.

As a result Robert James was

arrested at Tweed, Ont., and altogether 25 "bum-cheque" cases in Ontario were solved.

Forgers use devious methods to obtain a bona fide signature to copy. "Christmas" Parmalee's cheques all bore the initials of either the accountant or the assistant manager of each bank he victimized. He got them by writing the bank on some pretext or other and receiving an answer signed by the official in question.

Assist by Cupid

A forger named Benny Schwartz, who started his career in Western Canada, moved to New York and developed a production-line plan. He employed young boys to snatch the purses of prosperous-looking female shoppers. Frequently the purses contained bank books and identification cards. Schwartz used the signature on the identification card as his forgery model.

He was caught with the vicarious assistance of Cupid trying to cash a cheque signed "Viola M. Anderson." The teller looked at the cheque, then pressed his knee against the alarm button.

"I knew there was something wrong with the cheque," the teller afterward divulged, "because it's dated yesterday and Miss Anderson was married last week."

Hotels are the most frequent targets for bad-cheque passers. For that reason it's most difficult to get a cheque passed at a hotel, unless you're personally known.

As the Criminal Code recognizes, there are a number of ways of forging a cheque. The signature and the endorsement are the most obvious points of attack but there have been cases where everything except the signature was altered.

"Liquid bleaching agents will remove ink from a cheque," said an inspector of detectives. "Fifteen or 20 years ago, firms which issued a large number of cheques were plagued with 'raisers.'"

That sort of thing has been eliminated by safety paper and cheque-writing machines. The paper is so treated that its surface reveals the smallest break by any type of erasing agent. Some "protected" cheques disclose the word "VOID" at the point where the erasure was made; others break out in green, or red, or purple spots.

An Imposing Cheque

A cheque-writing machine produces on a cheque a semiperforation in colored ink. Tampering with its product is tantamount to tripping a burglar alarm.

The Dominion Government is the largest single disburser of cheques in Canada. The treasury issues 105,000 salary cheques every month to civil servants. Then there are pensions, gratuities, dependents' allowances, annuities and so forth; they bring the monthly total to about 300,000. A million and a half family-allowance cheques are distributed every four weeks. Departmental accounts, traveling expenses and other miscellaneous expenses are paid by cheque. Altogether, the preparing of cheques costs the Government about \$50,000 a year.

Few cheques are so imposing as the \$5 millions one on display in the Sun Life Building in Montreal a few years ago. Representing the sum paid by Sun Life for the purchase of another company, that cheque's interest (about eight cents a second) was—for publicity purposes—calculated with a stop watch. ★



SPRING ACCESSORIES

Your car needs "Spring Cleaning," too! And it's so easy, so economical to make it look, run and "feel" like new with these Genuine Ford Accessories offered by your Ford of Canada Dealer. "Tailored-to-measure" for Ford of Canada cars, they offer quality that means satisfaction... value that means you save!

RADIATOR KIT



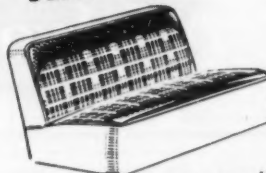
Ford Cooling System Cleaner helps loosen and remove rust and scale... acts like a "Spring tonic" to clogged, corroded radiators. After cleaning and flushing, add Ford Rust Inhibitor to keep the cooling system free from rust.

BEAUTY PROTECTION



Liquid Glaze Cleaner and Liquid Glaze Sealer are made to a new, modern formula—clean and protect against traffic grime, sun rays, dew and fog stains and salt air—much easier to apply. Ford Chrome Cleaner quickly removes rust and film.

SEAT COVERS



For all Ford of Canada products... tailored to fit right—styled to look smarter—quality-made to last longer. Nylon, Rayon and Plasticized Fibre—easier to clean, and keep clean.

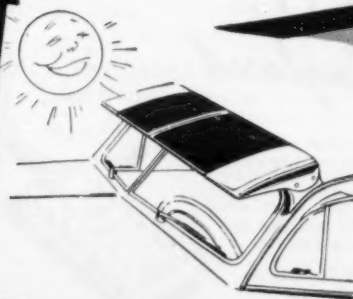
CUSTOM RADIOS

New, '49 Custom Radios engineered for all 1949 Ford of Canada cars, featuring Top Cowl Antenna for finer performance. New luxury tone quality—push-button tuning—selective tone control.



EXTERIOR VISOR

Gives greater year-round driving pleasure and driving comfort... shields driver's eyes against sun rays. Reduces hazard of sleet and snow.



AT ALL
FORD OF
CANADA DEALERS
EVERYWHERE





Fortunate indeed is the happy bride who owns this "Remembrance" pattern, one of 1847 Rogers Brothers' newest designs. The International Silver Company, who created this lovely service, recommend keeping it lustrous for a lifetime with gentle Silvo care. For Silvo Liquid Polish smooths away all dullness, tarnish or stain... so quickly, so easily.



*Quality counts
the whole world over*
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Some of the delicious kinds now available
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My 24 Years With Claire Wallace

Continued from page 8

or lonely at our house because Claire Wallace travels for the Canadian housewife who can't leave home.

Listener-survey ratings show that Mother's thrice-weekly Trans-Canada network broadcast "They Tell Me..." runs second in daytime popularity to only one Canadian program, the daily Happy Gang. Over the last three years approximately 17.4% of the radio sets in use at the right hour have been tuned to the Happy Gang, compared with 14.4% for Mother. Next Canadian daytime program is "What's Your Beef?" at 12.3.

Mother's listeners are won by stories they can't hear elsewhere. Rather than give her estimated 100,000 homes full of fans a story they could read in newspapers, she exerts a forceful but gracious personality to get what she terms "the story behind the story."

It was she who told officials of Toronto's Union Station that more people entered their depot on Good Friday to take a bath than to take a train. Claire drew from Dale Carnegie a confession that he couldn't influence or make friends with his ex-wife; from former Salvation Army General Evangeline Booth the admission that she swam every morning in long, black tights; from an Indian ambassador the confession that he wore an invisible beard veil.

Afternoon With a Fan

She has interviewed so many movie stars that both Frank Sinatra and Charles Boyer call her "dear." Such activities mean nothing to Mother, but imagine how I feel when I answer the phone to hear the long-distance operator say, "Here's the reply on Claire Wallace's call to Hollywood," and suddenly a voice breaks in to say: "This is Lana Turner. Did somebody there wish to speak to me?"

Some years ago I made my schoolmates envious by boasting of the afternoon I spent in Sally Rand's dressing room while my mother interviewed the world-famous bubble dancer. Actually, the afternoon was uncomfortable because my mother kept telling me it was rude to stare.

In her 13 broadcasting years my mother has high-pressured intimacies out of many of the world's public figures, such as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Emily Post, Elizabeth Arden, Yousuf Karsh, Eleanor Roosevelt and General Eisenhower. The General said her lengthy, precise question on how people can preserve peace was the most vital and comprehensive he was ever asked. Publications throughout the world quoted both Claire's question and the General's answer, which ended with: "It is not enough for us to be local patriots any more. Each of us should concern ourselves with international affairs."

Occasionally celebrities visited our house. Our visitors ranged from quiet, earnest Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., who seemed almost ashamed of his inherited fortune, to the husky female department-store detective, who leaned back from the dinner table and whooped innumerable choruses of "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

The variety of guests Mother brought to her microphone were more unusual. They include cats, a "talking" dog, a snake, a deer, an eagle, Gene Autry's horse, a trained seal and many talking budgerigar birds.

This microphone menagerie left its mark on our home life. For months

on end I had to be cautious with my enunciation for fear that our talking budgie might hear me and gain poor speech habits. As it was, the budgie just had to say "Awrrrk" or "Geelk" and Mother would say excitedly: "Did you hear that? He said 'Hello, Claire.'" A pet parrot, being trained for radio, died and made Mother so sad she forgot she had fallen downstairs earlier the same day.

When Mother was confined to bed once, and broadcasting by remote control, our grey Persian kitten began to "mee-oww" throughout the broadcasts. We were annoyed and the cat was in the proverbial doghouse until letters began to pour in from fans who wanted the cat to have a star billing. It became my job to hold meat over the kitten's head to tempt her into talking into the microphone, but I must have overdone it—thousands of letters accused us of pinching.

No Radio in Her Dreams

A national contest chose the name "Pussy Willow" for the kitten and Canada's cat lovers filled our house with parcels of cat food, catnip, toys, tiny garments and scratching posts. Huntsville, Ont., invited Pussy Willow to be guest of honor at its winter carnival and backed up the invitation with a special pair of cat-sized skis, skates and a winter issue of cat clothing.

Even today, if Mother ever dares boast of the 12,000 fan letters she receives annually, I can say, "Considering how long she broadcast, Pussy Willow did better." Or, if Mother muffs one of the 3,000 words in a broadcast, I say solemnly, "Pussy Willow wouldn't have done that." But wisecracks just bounce off Mother for she recalls a day when she was too timid even to miaow into a microphone.

She was so shy as a schoolgirl that she would burst into tears when asked to address the class, and howl to be taken home. "In those days," Mother says, "nobody even knew I could speak. People often phone me to say, 'Surely you can't be the same Claire Wallace that I went to school with?'"

A gangling girl, who felt shame for her five feet and 10 inches, she slunk from Toronto's St. Margaret's College and Branksome Hall to her Rosedale home. She says, "I spent most of my time reading and dreaming two dreams: to be independent and to have a son. The last thing in the world I wanted to do was broadcast."

But Mother always had drive. She recalls that she would sit down and knit without interruption through the night to produce a new outfit to wear at a skating or sailing date the next day. Even today she says: "I'd like to have about three businesses of my own—just for the activity they'd give me."

When she graduated from high school she labeled herself progressive, if not radical, by entering a rapid sequence of cooking, sewing, writing, shorthand and business courses. She was once the only girl in a motor-mechanics class of 40 boys.

It's strictly hearsay, but I understand that I entered the picture only one year after my mother married a young lawyer named Joseph Belfry. I timed my entrance poorly, for my father was struggling to establish a law practice and a home.

Mother tried to help with the family finance by clipping many metropolitan newspapers for brief items of a happy nature, rewriting them and sending them to smaller papers throughout Canada. The price was one dollar each. The editors seemed to like the rewritten stories so Mother doubled the

price. Every editor dropped the service, effective the week the price went up.

Before she had a chance to be discouraged about her first try at making money, Mother was left a widow in the early '30's, and I was still a child. It was natural that she should turn to newspaper work. Her father, the late William Wallace, had been a Toronto editor and a publisher in Orangeville, Ont. His father had been an editor in Ireland. Claire's mother also contributed items to weekly newspapers. Claire's elder brother, the late William Wallace, Jr., became advertising manager of the Toronto Star, and her younger brother, Clifford Wallace, is a former Edmonton Journal editor, now with a Toronto advertising agency.

Such intimate newspaper connections served only to familiarize my mother with the industry's shoptalk and not to get her a job. To prove herself worthy of employment, Mum worked as a free-lance writer. This involved getting an idea for a story before any editor in town thought of it; interviewing and researching throughout the day and evening; and spending the night typing with fingers crossed in hope that an editor would buy it.

Mother's free-lance writing succeeded in (a) proving her ability, and (b) baffling me. As a child, I couldn't understand why Mother spent days trailing department-store detectives or why she worked briefly as a woman taxi driver, or why she worked as somebody's maid for three days. I was still more baffled by the 325 replies she received to a phony advertisement for a gigolo.

But editors understood her actions when they read the resultant stories. So in 1930 she sacrificed an uncertain \$40 average weekly income for a steady \$25 from the Toronto Star. She apprenticed by writing society-page stories of clubs and weddings and later founded a column called "Over the Tea Cups" which continues today without her. Her next step up was to become a featured writer assigned to cover all stories from the women's viewpoint. Newsmen call such women writers "sob sisters" and measure their success by the number of murderers' wives that cry their sorrows on the reporter's shoulders.

The necessity of supporting me must have robbed my mother of any ability to be content with her lot. She quit the Star, left me with her parents, and went overseas to write for British periodicals. One year in London and Paris gave her invaluable experience, homesickness, and an allergy to Brussels sprouts. Of that year, Mother says: "It was a very lonely year, but I felt it was a necessary part of my training—gave me a broader outlook."

A Novel a Fortnight

She almost turned back to England when she saw what awaited her arrival in Canada: it was an offer to sign on as a radio broadcaster. She trembled and thought of her schoolgirl tears and howls to be taken home when asked to address the class. Then she thought of another more needy child—me. I was then 12 years old and wearing out trouser seats often. She signed.

At first the script had to be glued to cardboard so her shaking hands would not rattle the papers into the microphone, making noises like a faraway forest fire. Today, 13 years later, Claire is at utter ease in front of a microphone and has developed the fastest style of delivery this side of Winchell.

On her 10th anniversary in radio she counted more than 2,500 broadcasts

for a total of more than 7,500,000 words. On that basis, Mum figures she speaks a full-length novel every two weeks. Many listeners say the 3,000 words, or more than three newspaper columns, that comprise each broadcast are highlighted for them by "her lovely lilting laugh."

Claire probably holds the world's record for the amount of laughter in one 15-minute program. Some years ago she told the story of a circus acrobat wearing pink tights who fell from a trapeze into a huge vat of lemonade and thus originated "pink lemonade." Mother and erstwhile announcer Lloyd Moore, now manager of CFRB in Toronto, were so overwhelmed by the story that they laughed into the microphone for 11 minutes. They only sobered up in time to say: "That's all for today."

Sometimes broadcasting is no laughing matter. Elwood Glover, Mother's announcer for the last five years, once gave his script a prebroadcast check-over in too great a hurry and dropped it. His 15 pages fluttered down to all corners of the studio just as the CBC's little red light flashed on to show that they were "on the air." Elwood and the program's producer scrambled on the floor picking up script, but they snatched 14 pages before they found the first one.

A Calculated Cinch

The factory that produces these scripts is a natty, pastel-colored, three-room suite on the sixth floor of a Toronto office building occupied almost entirely by dentists. In this office Mother is a demanding executive. She has been assisted in news-gathering and editorial duties for 12 years by plump, clowning, ex-newspaperwoman Florence Craig, whose broad experience includes even the traditionally masculine task of editing a northern mining journal. Mother and Florence often spend a painstaking 20 hours research and four hours script writing on a story that is broadcast in seven minutes. They interview many authorities, compare several reference and history volumes on topics ranging from the future of the northern lights to the history of the South Pole. When they wanted the story of a steeple jack known only as "Pop" they set out to rap on doors until they found him. It took 30 minutes. When they wanted to translate the European Recovery Program into terms significant to Canada, they had to organize and execute a lengthy telephone conversation with three members of General Marshall's Washington staff, each on a different phone extension of the same line. The three E.R.P. experts contributed parts of the answer to each question.

Despite the tension of news-gathering, the script must sound bright and relaxed and suggest that Mother has only random notes to remind her of topics. The success of this hoax brings two results: many are disillusioned to learn that she (like all broadcasters) uses a script; and thousands write to say "Claire Wallace has such an easy job—all she does is talk into a microphone for 15 minutes three times a week."

Letters, money matters and other aspects of office administration are handled by slim, bustling Lillian Spencer, who traded the peace of her own suburban flower-growing business for this rushed existence. The staff has a keen camaraderie which makes after-hour joking as intense as the job itself. Mother was recently elected one of Canada's 10 best-dressed women for the second consecutive year but her office companions knew that most of



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Best Recipe Wins \$100.00

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: The absent-minded professor and I have much in common—meant to tell you months ago about a plan that pays off at our house and might be useful to you. It's a special shelf in the basement marked "Cottage" and onto it all winter long, week after week, goes a jar of this and a tin of that. Bought with the weekly marketing, we avoid a budget-breaking expenditure as well as a last-minute scramble for suitable foods to take along when the weather says: "Hurry! time to open the cottage." And how thrilling it is to watch this hoard grow: tinned meats and stews, vegetables and fruits, soups and juices, sauces, jams and jellies—never-fail items when it's a good many miles to the "corner grocery."

Backed by this ample supply at the cottage, we can press the most unexpected guests to "stay to supper, do!"—with an old-fashioned warmth that would do justice to grandma. What's more, we know many ways to serve these handy foods economically and attractively—thanks to you, good friends, and the dietitians here in our test kitchens. Latest addition to this ever-growing list is our February "York" Bologna prize-winning recipe—for which we say

"Thank you" and Hearty Congratulations to:

MRS. D. H. CREECH,

Apt. 4, 4570 Ridgevale Ave., Montreal, Quebec.

for a dish that made us smack our lips and say "m-m that's good!" Here's how Mrs. Creech prepares

"YORK" BOLOGNA SCALLOP

½ cup raw rice	1 teaspoon curry powder
3 tablespoons "Domestic" Shortening	½ teaspoon powdered ginger
½ cup finely chopped onion	½ cup "York" tomato juice
¼ cup flour	2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt	1 tin "York" Bologna, cubed
1 teaspoon sugar	1 hard-cooked egg, sliced

Cook the rice in boilingsalted water, to which one tablespoon of vinegar has been added. Rinse with cold water when cooked. Melt the shortening and fry the onion in the double boiler top (over direct heat). When the onion is lightly browned, stir in the flour, salt, sugar, curry powder, ginger, tomato juice and milk. Place over hot water and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. When the sauce is smooth and thick, add the cubed Bologna, egg slices and cooked rice. Heat thoroughly. Six servings.

THIS MONTH, WE OFFER ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe using "MAPLE LEAF" TENDERFLAKE LARD.

After you've made that flaky, mouth-watering Tenderflake pastry, what is *your* specialty in a delicious pie or tart filling? Or maybe you turn out a turnover that rates high with papa and the boys—these are the recipes I'm looking for this month—so won't you drop me a note giving me your "pet" Tenderflake recipe? Best one gets the \$100.00 prize!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for 1 lb. of "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for First Prize—but we promise only ONE Voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize—as well as the Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, May 31st, 1949. First Prize Winner will be announced in my August magazine column. Look for it, won't you?

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2206 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

TINY TEMPTERS to accompany a pre-dinner spiced tomato juice cocktail are crackers spread with this mixture: One package "Maple Leaf" Nippy Cheese, one tablespoon mayonnaise, one small finely minced onion. Are they good? They are!

SOMETHING EXTRA is added to tomato soup when you sprinkle each bowlful with parsley just before serving. 'Tis the little things in life that count.

SOCIAL NOTE: You don't have to have a

cake when you give a birthday luncheon for Sarah. Surprise the dieting gals with a dessert of individual fruit cups, each centred with a tiny, glowing candle in a holder. Let the gals blow them out, one by one, with a birthday wish for the guest of honour—that'll show 'em!

DEVILISH: Just for a change, try mixing the yolks for devilled eggs with mayonnaise and "York" Devilled Ham Sandwich Spread. One teaspoon mayonnaise and one tablespoon of the spread for each yolk.

And here we are at the end—with just space enough to remind you that I'll be looking for your recipes using "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard—and don't forget to post them before midnight, May 31st. Happy "24th" wherever you may be!

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

I'LL NEVER GET MY WORK DONE THE WAY I FEEL NOW

YES, TAKE SOME NOW

SAL HEPATICA? IT ACTS FAST OFTEN BRINGS RELIEF IN AN HOUR AND IT'S SO GENTLE

WONDERFUL WHAT IT CAN DO FOR YOU!

ANYTIME you suffer from irregularity—headaches—colds—liver upset—constipation... take sparkling Sal Hepatica for gentle, quick relief. It usually works within an hour... leaves you feeling so right because Sal Hepatica also combats excess gastric acidity... makes sour stomachs sweet again. When you want relief—you want it fast. So keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy.

DAY OR NIGHT GET FEELING RIGHT WITH GENTLE, SPARKLING SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

her clothes were make-overs and promptly labeled her "The Well-Dressed Frump."

Maintenance of an office, staff and other business expenses takes half to two thirds of her sponsor's weekly cheque (which I guess to be \$300), thus making it difficult for her to dress as well as public life demands. She accomplishes sartorial miracles through a wardrobe based on three suits (grey, brown and blue) with three plain and three flowered hats, all so small that they can be packed into one hatbox on her many trips. Her oldest hat, aged six, has been successively royal blue, black, pale blue, pink and magenta.

But "best-dressed" is a much truer description of Mother than that of most listeners who invariably write to say they "just know she's small, dark and cuddly." Actually, Claire Wallace is a five-foot-ten-inch (without high heels), blue-eyed, distinctive blonde, whose long facial features are usually lifted into a smile that seems to flatter whoever she addresses. In conversation she alternates between rapid, laughing chatter and keen, interested listening, usually with reporters' notepad in hand.

The greatest demonstration of poise I ever saw was Mother's initiation as Indian Princess Gaw-go-wen-na-garya-ne, meaning "Loud Voice Heard Over the Land." She was obliged to imitate a chieftain's high-stepping, accelerated tom-tom dance around a raised platform while Indians watched with sober faces and others guffawed. Despite high heels, tight skirt and war whoops, Mum followed the dance perfectly and wore a gentle smile befitting a princess in a serious ceremony.

Mother seldom makes a *faux pas*, for she's the author of a weekly etiquette column syndicated for Canadian newspapers and is compiling a book on the subject. The standing family joke is that we may as well tease her about the book now, for we'll have to toe the line when she reaches the chapter on table manners.

At home, Mother is usually sweet and charming, but has trouble shaking off a tenseness that she brings home from the office. I used to make an exaggerated complaint to her that if I asked a question she would bustle away thinking half about my question and half about her work and would probably be in the basement or attic before she answered. Her reply, of course, would be in an empty room.

"Cats Are My Passion"

Up until this year her nerves were taut from a fanatical devotion to the job that occupied all her waking hours. She used to spend 60 daytime hours in her office each week and split her evenings between a typewriter in the office and one in the home. Every midnight she was in bed, scanning a pile of publications that might suggest a "story behind the story." She always had breakfast in bed—at 6.30 a.m.

Until this year most of our family believed that Mother had lost the ability to relax. She filled her rare scraps of spare time by churning into housekeeping details with the same high-powered drive that makes her office spin. Outside of occasional social functions made necessary by her business, and occasional visits with relatives, she had no social life.

Nowadays she has begun to use her eight-room, red brick house in Toronto's Moore Park residential district as a haven of rest. She has begun a collection of Canadian art comprising works by Emily Carr, R. York Wilson and A. Y. Jackson to date, owns the

best in best sellers, and has a collection of 150 china cats which range from less than one inch high to two feet.

Mother says: "Cats are my passion." She estimates that she has owned more than 50 and says her back yards have always been unofficial cemeteries for cats killed or died. Currently, the silent partners in the family organization are two mammoth semi-Persians named George Grey and Sam Black.

Mother's recent change of pace is a victory for my stepfather, manufacturers' agent James E. Stutt of Toronto and Hamilton, who married Claire in 1943 while he was an Army captain. Jim has succeeded in convincing her that evenings are for knitting, reading and laughing. He tap dances his way to the dinner table.

Mum is relieved to stay home. She says: "I hate to be recognized in public and treated like a celebrity." Her favorite joke is a variation on this and tells of the woman who gushed at her for five minutes and then said: "But I thought you'd look so intelligent!"

But she is rewarded for public life by the power of her broadcasts. Within 10 minutes after a Christmas-time interview with a deserted English war bride, six people phoned with invitations to entertain the lonely girl. Mother's story about the City of Toronto taking over Canada's historic castle, Casa Loma, resulted in adoption of the cast! by the Kiwanis Club of West Toronto. The Kiwanis made Claire and Sir Henry Pellatt, who built the palace, guests of honor at a banquet and referred to her as "the mother of Casa Loma." She has also had a child, a horse, a goat, many cats and a species of gladiolus named after her.

Such rewards keep Mother active. I think restlessness overtakes her about

once a week and makes her appreciate any temporary return to the fast-moving hubbub that was her constant habit. She and Jim were both reading in the living room on one recent evening when I noticed Mum getting restless. I was wondering if I should suggest a movie when a telegram boy arrived. I asked him to wait in the front hall in case Mother wanted to reply. The phone rang and Mother went to answer it, opening the telegram as she went. The person on the phone turned out to be replying to a long-distance call Mother had placed earlier, so Mum grabbed a pencil and started interviewing.

Mother was still on the phone five minutes later when Florence Craig arrived with a photographer and his assistant who wanted pictures of Claire Wallace - Spending - An - Evening - At-Home. Florence has a mild allergy to cats, and said so. The messenger boy, trying to chase the cats outside, started pursuing them in a seemingly endless circle through the dining room and kitchen, while the two photographers set grimly to work shooting pictures of Mother taking a telephone interview. Florence, assured that the cats were too busy to bother with her, was setting up her portable typewriter in the living room.

Mother was still on the phone but I could see that she was watching her home become an office again. Her eyes took on the happy twinkle that comes when she's very busy but not tired.

I had been standing with my mouth open, watching the sudden change come over the house. Jim came up beside me and said: "The excitement feels good, doesn't it?"

It did. It felt more like Life With Mother. ★

FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS



BILL & JEAN NEWTON

His Name Means Money

PLEASANT, cautious Graham Towers, Governor of the Bank of Canada and one of Canada's top financial wizards, doesn't often speak for publication, because a chance remark by him could easily mean a jump or a slump in a jittery stock market.

Towers does tell one story about himself. It involves the signature on the small denomination Bank of Canada bills. Towers' signature on these bills is actually a composite made up

of the best features of 12 of his signatures, all pieced together.

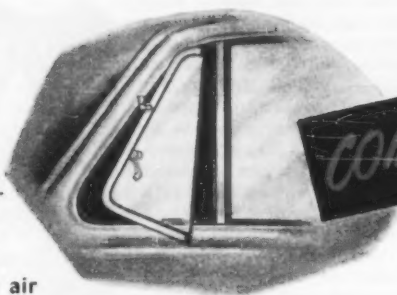
One day Towers tried to cash a cheque at a hotel in the Maritimes. The suspicious cashier asked him for identification. Towers had none. Then a thought struck him. He broke open his wallet, took out a \$1 bill and pointed to his signature.

The startled cashier stared at it, looked at Towers, and promptly gave him his money.

—Pierre Berton.

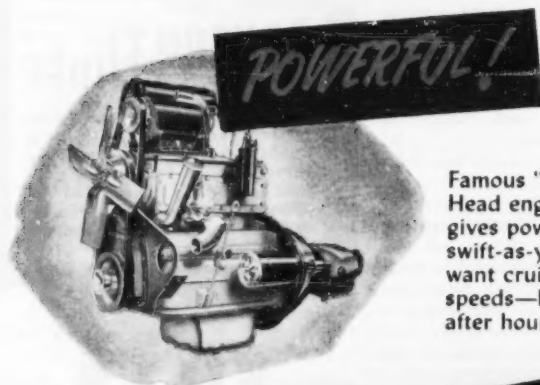
Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

No-draft ventilation with built-in air conditioning affords fresh air without drafts.



COMFORTABLE!

many more miles for much less cost!



POWERFUL!

Famous "L" Head engine gives power for swift-as-you-want cruising speeds—hour after hour.

This all-new HILLMAN MINX is styled for ultra smartness ... luxuriously finished inside for solid comfort. But most of all, it's a revelation in consistent, low-cost operation. It's precision-built by British craftsmanship ... for brilliant performance over the roads you ride on ... for maximum economies on upkeep, on tires and gasoline—up to 35 miles per gallon.

See and drive this completely modern car today.

Compare its new, big-car features ... new comforts ... new handling ease. You'll agree it's the finest car in its class—a real budget saver!



SPACIOUS!

Roomier in every way—even the trunk! Large enough to carry all the family's luggage.

THE *New* HILLMAN MINX *Magnificent*

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Make Way for Bold Brummell

Continued from page 13

probably couldn't ignore if he wanted to. Women, who make scented monkeys of themselves whenever some dress designer in the high-rent district of Paris waves his little pink finger at them, have the immortal crust to decide which clothes are becoming to their menfolk and which aren't. This, unless you're a hermit who hasn't been out of the woods since childhood, you don't need to be told. What may come as a surprise to you, however, is the percentage of men's clothes the nosy little creatures buy outright.

Take shirts. Experts have found that in small towns and cities, whose population runs from 2,500 to 25,000, women buy no less than 45% of all the men's shirts sold. In bigger places up to 100,000, the figure jumps to 50%, and in metropolises of half a million souls and over it reaches a horrifying 56%. Thus, you'll do well when planning your new spring or summer outfit to include some crafty scheme for bypassing your girl friend. If you don't, you can expect to wind up your shopping tour with pretty nearly anything except the set of threads you had your heart set on.

As a for instance, women are ganging up against the kind of very dark shirts the late great Mark Hellinger made famous, which before his day were known to vaudeville actors as "thousand-milers" because they could be worn that far on a tour without having to be sent to the laundry. Mark, who was one of the nicest guys who ever lived, would have been helpless. So will you be if you happen to like very dark shirts, too, and at the same time want to stay on the crest of the style wave. As one wistful shirtmaker said, "The gay, warm colors of the recent past may be giving way to softer tones." May-schmey, they are giving way—everywhere but in certain manifestations of the Bold Look, and you can thank women for it.

Socks Explode

Things in the sock business, unlike the pastel-ridden shirt industry, are zipping along with a positively African tendency to break out in loud, lusty and frequently overpowering color. I was shown, by the courteous director of a prominent Canadian sock foundry, a pair which had wide crosswise bands of scarlet, ice blue, and the screaming yellow of an RCAF collapsible dinghy. Another pair had a design that seemed to have been based on an explosion in a paint factory, as seen by an onlooker peering at the disaster through a stained-glass window. It seemed incredible to me, and I fancied to him too, that anyone could wear such socks without suffering second-degree burns. It turns out, however, that they're as popular as can be and consequently a feature of 1949 high fashion. So, if you like having noisy ankles, this is one year when you can let yourself go to your heart's content.

It will also be a big year if you aren't fussy about wearing garters, and go for those little anklet socks which stay up on their own. It appears possible that a bit more than half of all the 1949 sock crop will be of this type. This anklet thing, incidentally, is a Grade A trend, since according to one reliable estimate I was given they will be pulled on over at least 70% of all the male toes in eastern Canada this summer.

Now as to hats. There will be more colored ones than before, on account of the kaleidoscopic things that are hap-

pening to shirts and ties, and to some extent to suits also. Headgear will come in pastel shades of green, red, blue, wine and even yellow, as well as in darker and fiercer tones. The old familiar brown and grey felts won't disappear, needless to say, but they won't be as all-round serviceable as they once were. Don't go so well with the outburst of color in the rest of the outfits they'll be worn with.

If you're one of the no-hat brigade, 1949 looks like finding you among fewer and fewer other bareheads. I gathered from some of the retail hatters I talked to that this isn't due to the big advertising campaign which, as you may remember, was put on to make hatless men feel oafish and incomplete—a campaign which in their view laid a pretty sizeable egg. Maybe they are wrong, of course. Anyway, much to the delight of Canadian hatters, hat forecasters claim the nude noggin is definitely on its way out.

At this point, and before we move on to shoes and the Bold Look, I think I'll tell you about a men's style show I went to recently. At this moderately unbelievable clambake I saw all the foregoing fashions displayed by male models, who paraded out over the heads of the audience on a runway to soft music, moving rhythmically and showing their matchless teeth in the spotlight. Oh, brother!

The Vanishing-Vest

Well, I guess it's a living. The point is that these handsome brutes helped make clear to me a few things about 1949 styles I hadn't realized from the question-asking part of my investigation. The first was that some of the newer sports clothes, particularly those intended for golf, looked a whole lot like the rig dear old King Edward VII favored for his own sunny afternoons on the links. No fewer than two outfits were essentially nothing more or less than Norfolk jackets, complete with faintly skimpy breeches along the lines of plus fours but rather more on the minus-two side. They resembled, in fact, the knickerbockers of 1906, and didn't look quite right without a Gibson girl somewhere nearby.

This note of relatively recent antiquity cropped up again in some business clothes, and manifested itself chiefly in a rash of pockets. Quite a number of the suits had pockets with great wide seams (the Bold Look) and flaps set nearer the bottom of the coat than we've often seen them since the time of Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady. And these vast outstanding receptacles not infrequently had tiny little pockets, also with flaps and wide seams, directly above them—a 1949 version of the small dingus inside older-style pockets made from the same stuff as the lining and intended for keeping streetcar tickets and nickels and dimes in.

Another thing that struck me was the virtually total eclipse of the vest. It has just about disappeared even from single-breasted suits, and survives mostly as an odd backless affair to be worn with tails and dinner jackets—and occasionally, with a fine effect of having been snatched from a race-course tout when he wasn't looking, in contrasting color with business suits. More and more jackets are being made with two inside breast pockets rather than one. The assorted junk a man used to stash in waistcoat pockets can thus still be kept on his person—it being well-known that you never can tell when you're going to need the key to the cast-iron piggy bank Junior lost five years ago, or a 1921 dog license tag.

Okay, now it's time for the Bold Look; starting with a brief note for the

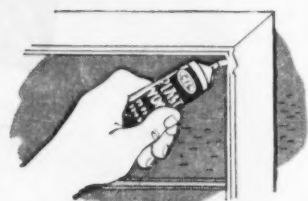
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archives. It was dreamed up by the five-man fashion council of a U. S. magazine around the end of 1947. The idea was to get American male styles out from under the dominance of the European tradition and introduce a note of pioneer ruggedness and virility. The council, having decided the general line it wanted to follow and worked out a good many details, appears to have gone underground and converted a number of leading U. S. clothing manufacturers to their breezy and spirited notion.

As it turned out, the Bold Look, being based on two things most men secretly crave—an air of prodigious virility and looser and more comfortable clothes—was as infectious as the seven-year itch. It was also misunderstood, being taken to mean mere flamboyant gaudiness when in fact it's hardly very gaudy at all.

The effect, which might better be called rugged than bold, comes principally from having everything wider and bigger, and by a much less inhibited employment of color while still avoiding extremes like the fantastic socks I told you about a while since. Seams that were formerly a quarter of an inch wide, for example, were made half an inch on handkerchiefs and shirts and suits of clothes. Polka dots on ties were blown up from pea size, as worn by President Truman, to the dimensions of a quarter and in some cases to those of a half buck—and got renamed "coin" or "doubloon" dots. The same went for stripes and patterns, whether for shirts or ties.

Hats got wider brims (and sometimes narrower ones), and tended to be noticeably bound around the edges. The result was fine and dashing on the right man, but some citizens with unobtrusive features had the appearance, when wearing Bold Look hats, of a stunted mouse peering out from under a toadstool—a thing to watch for if your own features aren't especially huge and horsy, or otherwise not clearly enough defined to stand comparison.

Shoes picked up more boldness on the whole, and did it faster, than anything else men wear except maybe advanced-type sports outfits. Canadian shoemakers haven't gone as far as their opposite numbers in the States (one official of the U. S. shoe manufacturers' trade association told me he had a pair in his New York office that weighed no less than three and a half pounds), but they haven't lagged

behind much either. You'll have no trouble finding Canadian-made shoes so massive that, as a man I know once said, they look as though they were still in the box.

There will be shoes with double and even triple soles, set back in tiers like the top floors of skyscrapers; shoes with huge brass buckles and shoes that are laced at the side by means of thongs of leather. There will be shoes in every shade of red from the old familiar ox-blood to the color of a new fire engine.

If you're one of the many fellows who regard suede shoes as strictly for our fancier male citizens, you'll have to start revising your views. More and more of them will turn up in 1949, on owners who are not unlikely to be right handy with their fists and constructed along the lines of a brick smokehouse. They won't all be the conventional grey or brown or black or white, either. All sorts of blue and green and red suede jobs will be available to go with snazzy pastel shirts and the last word in colored hats.

The Look has, as a matter of fact, had a wider influence than maybe you suspect. It has lengthened the tails of formal evening and morning clothes, for example, so that the current models are not unlike the sort of thing once worn chiefly by male adagio dancers in night clubs. It has also loosened these curious garments somewhat, thereby taking at least some of the curse of discomfort off ceremonial occasions. It has quite conceivably modified your shirt collar, even if you don't wear the Bold Look's own "Command" shape (wide and squarish, practically no points, and an opening like an upside-down V with its arms far apart). This shape has been proclaimed as the first genuinely North American neckwear design since our redskinned brothers quit wearing jabots made from white men's scalps.

Altogether this wouldn't be the yeasty year of change it is without the Look, and you wouldn't get nearly as big a kick out of buying your new clothes. It has even swollen cuff links and tie clips to about twice their normal size, until some of these gadgets are getting to resemble fittings which have dropped off the front end of the Queen Mary. It is virtually inescapable . . .

Well, run along and go on a shopping spree. There will never be a better time for it than this very spring of 1949, unless perhaps it's this summer, this fall, or this winter. ★



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By **PIERRE BERTON**

SURE I'm relaxed, Dr. Weischbaum. Very comfy. I like the dark. Now let's get started about these dreams of mine.

There was the time I took Joe Stalin on a cross-Canada lecture tour and he got tight on Scotch. Then I keep on running across King George. Oh, yes, and a stuffy old professor keeps tagging along . . .

What's that, doc? Start from the beginning? Okay, you're calling the plays. But first of all there's something I want to make clear to you. These dreams of mine are perfectly normal affairs—logical, well-developed, genuine incidents from real life.

Now you take these Hollywood movies about dreams where the main actor—let's call him Gregory Peck—has dreams which are psychoanalyzed by this lady doctor, whom I shall call Ingrid Bergman. Now this Peck's dreams are obvious phonies, invented by Salvador Dali, whom I personally believe has never had a genuine dream in his life. Whoever saw a flat plateau with lines coming to a point in a real-life dream? Whoever saw beaverboard cliffs?

I want to say here and now that you meet a better class of people in your dreams, as Fats Waller so aptly put it, and these people would laugh a beaverboard cliff right out of any one of half a dozen productions in which I have had a leading part recently. Cliffs in my dreams took just like ordinary cliffs and, believe me, when you fall off one you land just as hard.

Now there is another misconception I would like to clear up right away. There has been a lot of loose talk lately about people in dreams who fall off cliffs never landing at the bottom but always waking up halfway through, because if they land at the bottom they will never wake up, meaning they will die. Well, I have fallen off my share of cliffs between the hours of 2 a.m. and 6 and down a few wells, too, and off a couple of 50-story skyscrapers, and I have always landed up at the bottom except once, when I woke up briefly, drank a glass of water, went back to sleep and fell the rest of the way.

So you see, Dr. Weischbaum, my dreams are quite realistic. In fact, I might add that I belong to the harsh-realism school of dreamers, indulging in a fantasy only on the odd Saturday night, when I usually allow myself a double feature anyway. As a matter of fact, if a dream *isn't* good and realistic, the whole thing seems pretty silly.

The other night, during the course of a dream, I tested myself and I am gratified to say that the test was highly successful. In the middle of the dream I became somewhat suspicious, feeling that the whole thing mightn't be real at all, but just a dream. This was a matter of some importance to me at the time, as I had just taken refuge in the hold of a ship and the lynch mob was at that very moment trying to obtain permission from the first mate to come aboard.

"Perhaps the whole thing is just a bad dream," I told myself. To find out I went up to the canteen and bought an Oh Henry bar, knowing that if I

He slugs Scotch with Stalin, chats with kings. Once they cut his head off. His dreams keep getting better all the time



PHOOEY ON FREUD!

couldn't taste the Oh Henry bar it would be just a dream. Well, as a matter of fact, the Oh Henry bar was delicious.

The first mate allowed the leader of the lynch mob on board, but not the others because they would dirty up the decks. I pushed the leader over the side and an hour later I woke up. That's what I mean about realism.

I don't suppose there's been a night in my life since the age of five when I haven't had at least one full-length dream and an assortment of short subjects. On a good many occasions these dreams have been continued over to the next night. In one of these serials I was forced to hide in a swamp from the sheriff and his dogs, up to my neck in algae and entirely surrounded by bulrushes. I spent three days in

this swamp. Every morning I would wake up and go about my work and live a normal life, and every night I would go to bed, fall asleep, and go back to that blasted swamp. This was one of the dullest dreams I ever had, and since then I have tried to discourage serials.

It is a myth to insist, as some people do, that you cannot dream in Technicolor. I have had some fine Technicolor dreams, mostly short subjects. The first dream I ever had, at the age of five, was a very simple production in which a brilliantly scarlet devil sat at the edge of my bed and wagged a finger at me. At the age of seven I dreamed of Manitoba, which I had never seen, in green. Actually Manitoba is brown, except on some maps, but it was a beautiful dream.

Lately my dreams have been a riot of color, culminating in a lavish water-ballet dream in which the girls wore costumes of red and gold, and blue and green neon lights flashed in the background. If I had known the steps of the water ballet it would have been less

embarrassing, but it was a pretty dream.

As I remarked earlier, you meet a very fine type of people in your dreams and I have met my share, all the way from Bennett Cerf to D. C. Coleman, former president of the CPR.

Lately I have had some embarrassing meetings with King George, usually in the hallways of Buckingham Palace, but once or twice on Granville Street in Vancouver. During the war these meetings were quite simple: the King and I were both in uniform and I merely saluted and said "Sir," which I felt covered matters pretty well, and the King asked me what that ribbon was on my chest and I told him it was a CVSM and he congratulated me and strolled on. Now, however, I'm in civvies and the King is usually wearing baggy tweeds and I've never been able to call him "Your Majesty," so usually I pretend I don't see him and stare into a window or something, not knowing whether I should curtsy or bow or what.

My relations with Joe Stalin were far

Continued on page 62



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THE ROYAL BANK
OF CANADA

Continued from page 60
more cordial. In one long dream I took Joe on a cross-Canada lecture tour, which was very unsuccessful from the lecture point of view, but good fun. Stalin kept insisting on drinking Scotch whisky right up until the time he was supposed to deliver the lecture, at which point he was in no condition to lecture anybody. He kept saying that the whole idea was silly anyway, and that lectures were dull. He would end up pleading for another bottle of Scotch.

In one wartime dream I was surprised to get a phone call from General Joe Stilwell. I was at that time struggling through an officers' training school, and Stilwell had apparently heard of this because he told me on the phone that he wanted me to make a military appreciation of a tactical situation. I replied I would be glad to, but would have to ask my mother first. Stilwell appeared later in a low black car and we drove off, whereupon Vinegar Joe leaned over and whispered: "Forget the military stuff—I just wanted an excuse to get out of the office and down to the Licensed Premises for a while."

I Was a Nazi Prisoner

My relations with D. C. Coleman were less cordial. During the war army men were given meal tickets for traveling on trains. On the backs of these tickets was a printed note pointing out that they were good only for 30 days from date of issue. In this dream I got on a train with this one meal ticket. I was about to order a meal when I noticed to my horror that the meal ticket was 31 days old. The waiter agreed to ignore the extra day and had just handed me a menu when D. C. Coleman, president of the CPR, leaned over my shoulder, produced a large scissors and cut the table d'hôte section neatly out of the centre of the bill of fare.

"You used a ticket 31 days old," D. C. Coleman snarled, his pince-nez clouding up. Two henchmen appeared. "Put this man in irons and throw him in the hold," D. C. Coleman, president of the CPR, shouted. After that everything went black.

Oh, the misconceptions that people have about dreams. Dr. Weischbaum! Time and again I have heard learned scientists argue that you cannot die or be killed in a dream. Leading scientists, mind you—the same men who make those cigarette tests. Fools!

Take the Escaped Nazi Prisoner Dream, for example, in which I was the escaped Nazi prisoner. A blond girl spy helped me escape from the barbed wire and I fled across a stubble field to a beach where a boat was waiting for us. The Professor and I (don't ask me how he got into this) boarded the boat and headed out to sea only to find the entire British fleet waiting for us outside the bay. "Turn back—we're trapped!" the Professor shouted, rather unnecessarily, I thought.

I was getting awfully tired of the Professor anyway, so I threw him overboard to hasten my own escape. But it was no use. I had scarcely reached a sandy beach when the dogs, whose moody howling had set the tenor of the whole episode, were upon me, sinking their fangs into my flesh. A moment later I was dead. You can't have a happy ending in every dream.

I also had my head cut off during a Period Dream (the French Revolution I think), but there was something spurious about this as I distinctly remember walking around without a head in the ensuing scenes.

Last summer's hot spell was a source of peculiar embarrassment to me in my dreams. Usually, in most dreams, I

am dressed, as one might expect, in pyjamas, which I am almost invariably wearing at the time of the dream. I find that if you wear a better class of pyjama, and keep it tightly buttoned up, it will not excite any undue comment, although once or twice people have come up to me in my dreams and said, "Why don't you get yourself some decent clothes?" However, when I took to sleeping in the raw last summer I found my position practically untenable. There are one or two off-color dreams in which this sort of thing is allowed, but in the usual run of dreams people are bound to talk.

The Jap Kept Coming

My life was a nightmare during that hot spell. Policemen chased me down the street and pretty women screamed. A man I met in a bar during one of these dreams solved it for me. "This is a dream, isn't it?" he said. "Then it's simple—just produce some clothes out of thin air." I did this a little guiltily, but I was desperate and it worked.

The practiced dreamer, however, should beware of such subterfuges. The other night I was attacked by Japanese and had no weapons to defend myself. Once again the same insidious little man, whom I'd met in the bar, turned up. "This is a dream, isn't it?" he said, with a leer. "Produce a machine gun." I produced a machine gun in the nick of time and opened up on the leader of the Japanese, a toothy man who was waving a samurai sword and shouting "Banzai!" in English. I let him have 50 rounds in the breadbasket, but he still kept coming. I chided him about this, but he had a ready answer. "This is a dream, isn't it?" he chuckled, and sliced me into hamburger with his sword.

If there's anything I have a phobia about in my dreams, it is elevators. Sooner or later in every dream an elevator is brought into play. These elevators are flimsy affairs, mere platforms suspended by four fraying ropes which sway backward and forward in a shaft that is invariably far too large.

In a recent dream, an extremely well-plotted affair, an elevator formed the basis of the chase sequence of the dream (every dream has a chase sequence). In this instance I was fleeing from a rich but wrinkled old woman hotel owner, who wanted to marry me, and the chase took place in two hotel elevators. The woman had commandeered one; I was trapped in the other. I would rush to the 19th floor, run out into the hall, only to find the enemy elevator indicator relentlessly moving toward 19. Then I would leap back into the elevator and plummet to the seventh floor, only to discover that the pursuing elevator had beaten me to it.

At one point both elevators were in the same shaft and it was touch and go. "We're trapped," shouted the Professor. Those were his last words. I kicked him overboard to make good my escape.

All night long I rode this elevator up and down with the hot breath of the old crone on my neck. When I woke up the next morning, I tell you I was physically tired.

I could also tell you about the time I started out counting sheep and ended up tending the whole flock, but I'm a little weary now, Dr. Weischbaum, and if you'll just unstrap me from this couch and turn the light back on you can decipher your notes and I'll toddle off home to bed.

Tomorrow, I'll tell you about my childhood, but in the meantime—pleasant dreams. ★

He Built a Better Trap

Continued from page 25

we still thought women should be handy with a skillet and not with a niblick, Thompson joined with Ada Mackenzie, a frequent winner of the Canadian women's championship, to help break down the prejudice against women golfers. The outcome was the Ladies' Golf and Tennis Club of Toronto, which is still the only all-women's club in North America. The course is tailored to suit the shorter game women play.

Perched somewhere on the Thompson family tree is Sir Walter Scott, which perhaps explains why Thompson likes to grace his fairways with names of Scottish flavor or names with literary associations. A particularly difficult hole on his Bienn Mare course on Cape Breton is called Heich O' Fash, a name that would be appropriate on any golf course. It means "heap of trouble." Another hole that has bunkers shaped like a pair of lips is called Muckle-mouth Meg, borrowed from Robert Burns.

When he built the Anne of Green Gables course at Cavendish, P.E.I., Thompson curled up with the book of the same name, an all-time best seller among schoolgirls, and culled from it such fairway names as Lake of Shining Waters, the Dryad's Bubble, Haunted Wood and Lover's Lane.

Thompson has designed municipal links for golfers who prefer to pack their own clubs to save caddy fees and he has catered to the whims of the wealthy who want their courses custom-made. He has been handsomely paid for doing both.

One of his steadiest and strangest customers was Harry Oakes, the gold-mining magnate whose income when Thompson met him in 1929 was reputedly \$13,000 a day. Oakes, who later was knighted and became the victim in a sensational and still unsolved murder, laid out several days' pay to have Thompson build him three courses in the vicinity of his estate at Niagara Falls, Ont.

Oakes had his own eccentric ideas about golf-course design. He ordered one 20-hole course and insisted that no fairway be shorter than 900 yards—about double the usual length—and, furthermore, he wanted them uncluttered by traps, hills and ponds. No dog legs, either.

Thompson had hardly recovered his poise when Oakes staggered him again by declaring he could build as good a golf course as Thompson, and, what's more, build it faster. To prove it, he set to work on a course paralleling the one Thompson was building.

"Sometimes we'd lean over a fence, separating the two courses, and swap progress reports," Stanley recalls. "He'd get cagey and say, 'You can't come over here. You'll steal my ideas!'"

Thompson was just about to put the finishing touches to his course when Oakes, who was trailing him, announced he wanted Stanley to build two extra holes. "Fine," Thompson replied. "It will require building a peninsula into the Niagara River, but whatever you want." Oakes gave up, paid Thompson his fee and put sheep to graze on the brand-new course.

Three-Leaf Clover Green

The nine-hole course he built for Major-General D. M. Hogarth, another Ontario mining magnate, at Mardon Lodge, Lake Simcoe, Thompson calls the best private course in the country . . . until he thinks of the "symphony of flowers, shrubs, lawns and trees" he laid out for the private use of A. E. (Gus) Edwards, wealthy Toronto industrialist.

"Some of the unhappiest characters I have known are millionaires," says Thompson. Sometimes he feels so sorry for them he likes to see them have fun building their own courses.

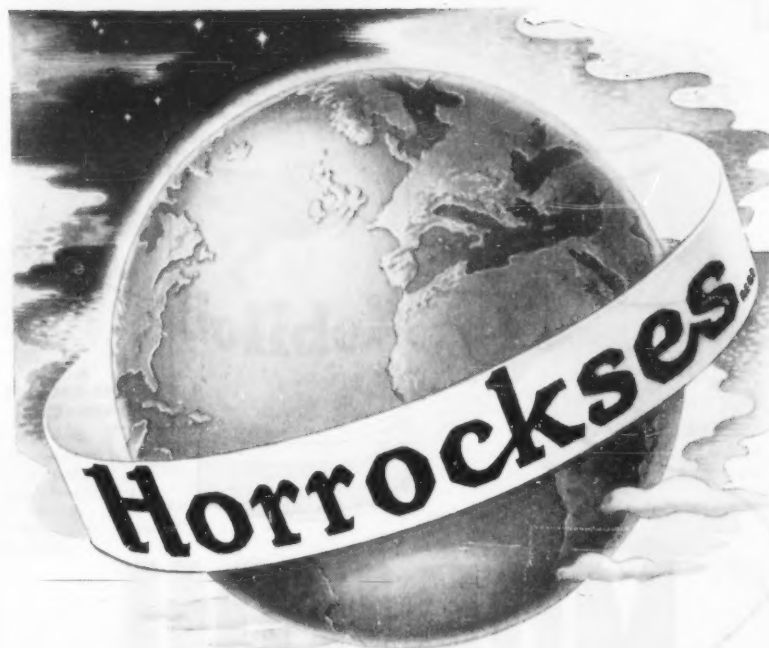
A while back he flew from Vancouver to the millionaires' hideaway at Princess Louisa Inlet on the northern British Columbia coast with Thomas Hamilton, the wealthy American who has poured a fortune into development of the resort. Hamilton, who is known to the native Indians as Chief Flying Eagle, sought advice on a nine-hole course he was laying out himself and also wanted Thompson to pick a site for an 18-hole links to be built later.

"I gave him a few tips," says Stanley. "But not too many. 'Why,' I told him, 'this is the most fun you've ever had. I don't want to spoil it.'"

A super job that has been in the making, on and off, for two years is the Lachute Golf Club at Lachute, Que. By the time it opens in July it will have cost around \$250,000 and will rank with the best of the Thompson masterpieces. Lachute's chief backer is Gilbert Ayers, a rich young industrialist and golfing fanatic who can shoot par golf. He counts Bing Crosby among his friends.

The new course will supplant the cow pasture where Ayers holds his Lachute Open, which last year attracted South Africa's Bobby Locke and Babe Didrickson, queen of the greens.

The clubhouse will feature a swimming pool and bowling alleys. The No. 2 hole is designed to thwart golfing boredom. The green is shaped like a



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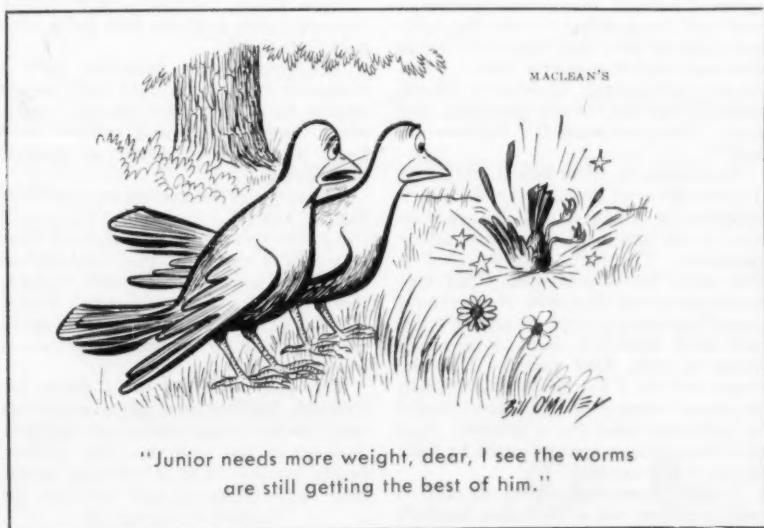
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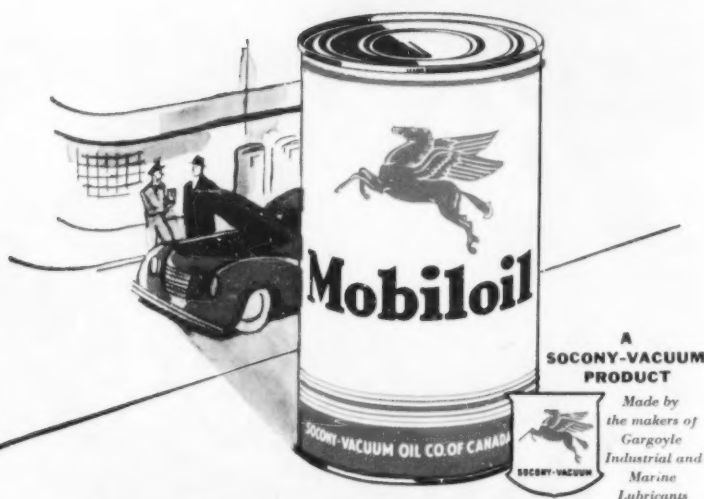
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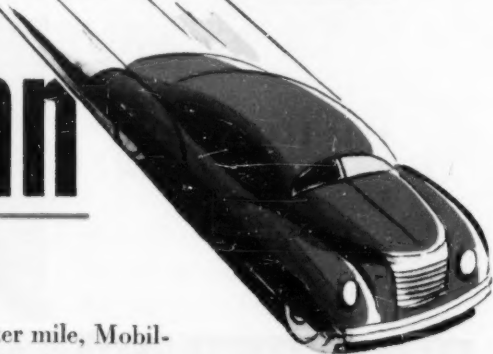
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three-leaf clover and, at the discretion of the greens committee, the pin may be moved from one leaf to another. With three tees placed at various distances and angles from the green, No. 2 offers plenty of variety.

Major Howard Watson, Thompson's principal associate and an expert on soil biology, is experimenting on two greens at Lachute with a subterranean irrigation system, which, if it works, will eventually relieve golf clubs everywhere of a lot of greens-keeping headaches. By this method greens can be watered at any time without interrupting play, and Watson hopes the danger of scorching, which turns so many smooth, verdant greens into brownish washboards, will be eliminated.

Thompson lives on the Cutten Fields Golf and Country Club in Guelph, Ont., which he and Don Ross, president of the Toronto Maple Leafs Baseball Club, bought from the late Arthur Cutten, a Guelph boy who once cornered the Chicago grain market and became a multimillionaire.

Thompson and Ross bought Cutten Fields 10 years ago when Stanley heard a rumor that Cutten had hidden a million dollars' worth of negotiable securities in the clubhouse walls. They found nothing.

The Thompson residence is a nine-room, century-old stone farmhouse which he and his wife, Helen, remodeled. In the rear of the house is an apartment, with bedroom and bar, reserved for visiting clients. Adjoining the house are his home office (he has another in Toronto) and an artist's studio where he and his 11-man staff pore over blueprints and plot the fate of par. One of his 11 aides, incidentally, is George Clark, who was golfing tutor to the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor.

Thompson lives at a leisurely pace. He has no aversion to money, in fact, he's rather fond of it, but he gave up worrying about it when he lost a couple of fortunes and then, each time, bounced back stronger than ever. The fortunes, he says, were gobbled up by bad investments.

He sets himself no working schedule. Some days he's up bright and early but just as often he lazes in bed to 10 or 11. He plays every card game from pinochle to bridge, but loathes the bridge nut who gnashes his teeth when someone pulls a boner. He delights in baiting that type by playing a virile bidding game designed to knock holes in any system.

As a tournament golfer he often brushed aside golfing protocol, unnerved his opponents by keeping up a running banter with the gallery. Even in stuffed-shirt circles he plays a mean recovery shot if, by chance, he commits a faux pas. Once at a formal dinner he jammed his fork into a roast pheasant and sent it skidding across the table and almost into the lap of a severe dowager seated opposite him. Completely unflustered, Thompson bowed, reached for the errant pheasant and said: "Do you mind if I retrieve my bird?"

Nowadays he often lolls in his book-lined study and muses over the possibilities of a new type golf ball sent to him by an American friend and fellow architect. The feature of this ball is that when hit cleanly with a full shot it will carry only 90 yards. As the trend in golf has always been toward a livelier ball there wouldn't seem to be much future in this dead pellet. But the beauty of it is, if this ball were adopted, 30 acres—instead of 150 acres—would be sufficient area for a course. And that would mean courses could be built closer to city centres.

Maybe Thompson will never make a million dollars out of that idea, but he's

not going to be hasty about discarding it. Some years ago an inventor in Schenectady tried to interest him in using metal shafts for golf clubs. Thompson turned him down. Not long afterward wooden shafts were on the way out.

Another time Thompson let himself be talked into spreading ground glass under a green to combat cutworms. Theoretically the cutworms were supposed to get entangled in the glass and then bleed to death. The cutworms went for this hook, line and sinker and committed suicide in droves. But for some reason the grass also died.

Stanley Thompson was born in 1894 in Toronto with a spoon in his mouth and Thompson Sr. naturally hoped it might be a silver one. But it was that other kind of spoon that modern golfers have come to call a No. 3 wood. It really made little difference, for golf has stood Stanley and his four brothers, Nicol, Billy, Frank and Matt, in good stead for many years.

The Thompsons, who were not long out from Scotland, lived only a chip shot from the Toronto Golf Club. One day brother Nicol came home flashing a shiny new quarter. "Where," demanded his mother, "did you get that shilling?" "A man gave it to me for carrying some sticks," said Nicol.

That started it. The five Thompson boys all became caddies and, later, from 1919 to 1926, the Five Golfing Thompsons were known as the Toronto Terrors. In 1923, Stan, playing with borrowed clubs when his own were stolen, shot a 72 to win the qualifying medal in the Canadian Amateur. He blew up in the match play and brother Billy won the title.

Golfers Are Awful Liars

In their caddy days the Thompsons weren't allowed to play on the Toronto course so Stan, then only 10, laid out a course for them on an adjoining lot known as the Rye Field. At 17 he did his first professional job at Newton Bay, Ont.

When he was playing tournament golf Thompson relied on only five clubs—spoon, baffy, cleek, mashie and putter; today he carries a full bag (14 clubs) but seldom uses more than six. He thinks a lot of players could improve their game if they used fewer clubs. "They spend too much time selecting the proper club and too little thinking of how to play the shot," he says.

"We kids became good golfers mostly because we had only a couple of cast-off clubs to play with. We had only one lofting club and we had to learn to cock our wrists and vary our swing to get the effect we wanted.

"We have a 10-year-old kid here at Cutten Fields, named 'Rinky' Jamieson, who shot a 43 for nine holes with only four clubs."

Thompson, who confesses he's a romantic at heart, regrets that the old names for clubs, like brassie, baffy, cleek, runup cleek and niblick have been discarded in favor of prosaic numbering.

The ways of the golf-course architect have changed, too, but Thompson thinks for the better. In the old days he would tramp through a virgin forest notching a tree here and there to mark the rough outline of a fairway. Today his topographical surveys are made easy and more accurate by aerial photography.

The golf architect must know his golf, his landscaping, his soil biology and, most important, his golfers. Thompson has read so many golfers' heads he has their psychology down pat. As a group he says they are the

Continued on page 66

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Continued from page 64

world's worst braggarts, not excepting fly fishermen. "Most of the birdies they just missed and the 50-foot putts that rimmed the hole but didn't go in belong in the same class as the fish that got away," he claims.

"The truth is 90% never break 90, except when they're telling about it over a tall cool drink at the 19th hole," he says. The long hitter is the vainest of all and his vanity makes him a sucker for a strategically placed trap.

Thompson keeps these two basic tenets of golf psychology uppermost in his mind when he sets out to design a course that will interest the par-buster and not frustrate the player who reaches the green through sheer persistence. He does this by providing two routes to the green—a short but hazardous route for the courageous crack player and a short, untrammelled route for the dub.

This trick is usually accomplished by the sly placing of the traps, which, believe it or not, says Thompson, are spotted to penalize the top-notch player and not to victimize the duffer.

Here's how the Thompson trapping technique would work out on a 475-yard, par-five hole: On a direct line between the tee and green, and about 200 yards out from the tee, lies a trap. To clear the trap requires a 200-yard carry, or a drive of 225 yards.

"That," says Thompson, "is the bait for the long hitter, or more especially for the guy who fancies himself a long hitter. He's easy to kid into taking a chance."

Enticed by the prospect of carrying the trap and winning a chance for a par or even a birdie (one under par), the vain golfer tees off straight for the green. If he carries the trap, and his short game is reliable, he stands a good chance of carding a five. A well-executed approach shot will put him in a position to pitch up close to the pin, leaving only a short putt between him and a birdie.

The chances are, however, that if he's just a vain golfer and not a long driver he won't carry the trap and, if he doesn't carry it but lands in it, he can kiss par good-bye and settle for a bogey six.

This is the opening for the short hitter to outfox the would-be power hitter. If he can angle his tee shot so his drive lands short of the trap and to one side of it, he then has an unobstructed path to the green and a good chance for his five.

There are no hard-and-fast rules for laying out a course, but as for distance, Thompson has some basic rules of his own. He tries to shoot for a par 72 with a length of from 6,500 to 6,800 yards. His ideal course would have five par three holes, varying from 145 to 245 yards; five par five holes, 475 to 590 yards in length; and eight par fours, ranging from 340 to 445 yards.

"We try to make the golfer use every club in his bag, and that course will do it," he explains.

The green is the golfer's target and the longer the hole, the larger Thompson makes his greens. They vary from 4,000 square feet for a short par three to twice that for a long par five.

His courses start out with easy holes, get tougher toward the finish. Tricky holes are out because they favor the fancy-shot artist and infuriate the dub.

Golfer With a Slingshot

Average cost of building a golf course is \$100,000. Expensive extras are the greens watering system (\$15,000), fairway watering system (\$25,000 to \$40,000) and the clubhouse, the price depending on the pretentiousness of the club-owners' taste.

Now in his autumn years Thompson is just as happy that he turned from the pursuit to the manufacture of par. He still remembers a nerve-shattering experience in 1925 when he was touring Florida, designing courses and picking up, among other incidentals, the Florida winter championship.

A wealthy and eccentric inventor was wished upon him as a partner in a tournament at Jacksonville. Stanley did a slow burn when, on the first tee, the inventor produced a 10-foot bamboo pole instead of a driver. He thrust one end of the pole into the turf and placed the ball in a metal cup attached to the topmost end. Then the inventor pulled the pole back and let fire, catapult fashion.

On the green he whipped out a shorter bamboo pole and used it to putt—between his legs.

With that, Thompson exploded and headed for the clubhouse. He was last seen muttering to the bartender about the strangeness of local rules.

"Who knows whom I may have encountered next?" he says. "Probably Mysterious Montague." Montague scorned the game's orthodox weapons and bludgeoned par with a shovel, rake and hoe. ★



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Then in quick succession came the mower, the reaper, and later the binder which cut and bound the grain in one operation. But the long, hard task of threshing remained, when the farmer's wife had to prepare meals for a score of workers.

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practically every country in the world. This brings millions of dollars to Canada, and is an extremely important factor in creating employment for Canadians.

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The Fabulous Shoemaker

Continued from page 21

Hitler's storm troopers goose-stepped into the Sudetenland after the Munich Pact of September, 1938, Jan made a serious bid for the Czech presidency (his platform: the mass migration of the entire Czech nation to Patagonia). Tom Bata and his mother succeeded in dissuading Jan from this active venture into politics. But a few weeks later the Bata president received a formal invitation from Nazi Hermann Goering to confer with him in Berlin.

Jan was met in Berlin by a motorcycle escort and a military guard. He was impressed by the Nazi's pomp and ceremony and the might of the German war machine. But after a secret meeting, Goering was far from impressed with Jan Bata. In his notes of his conferences with Bata, which were introduced as evidence at the Nuremberg War Crimes Tribunal, Goering stated that he had been considering Jan Bata as a possible puppet ruler of Czechoslovakia but that he had found him "too arrogant, too pompous and too egotistical to be of much use to us."

Soon after the Goering-Bata meetings, Jan and Tom Bata were traveling through Germany to Switzerland when the Gestapo boarded the train and arrested Jan. Tom Bata, who had been educated in England and Switzerland, was ignored. The Gestapo quizzed Jan for a week, then let him return to Zlin. But this experience decided Jan to leave Czechoslovakia when the tip-off came that the Nazis were on the march.

On March 9, 1939, an old friend braved a snowstorm to fly from Prague to Zlin to warn Tom Bata that the Germans would march into Czechoslovakia the next day.

A Contract From Ottawa

They decided to escape together in Bata's limousine as the snowstorm had grounded all planes. To outwit the Nazis they fled across the Austrian border into Germany. Jan also took the tip and escaped to the U. S. by way of Poland.

Near the Austrian-Swiss border, Tom's limousine bogged down in a snowdrift. All trains to Switzerland had been canceled, so Bata and his friend stumbled their way on foot across the Salzburg Alps through the blizzard and succeeded in reaching Switzerland.

Dominik Cipera, Bata's general manager, stayed in Zlin. Bata's mother also refused to leave.

Tom Bata arrived in Canada on April 1, 1939, to build his modern, five-story shoe factory and his new town Batawa (Bata towns all over the world carry the Bata prefix). He financed this operation with solid gold bars which he had smuggled out of Europe, some via Africa, others through England. The gold was on deposit in his name in the Montreal branch of Barclay's Bank.

After Munich, Bata had begun spiriting key machines out of Zlin, and after the Nazi occupation they kept flowing to Canada—in crates brazenly marked "Shoes for Export." The Gestapo didn't get wise until it was too late.

On Aug. 31, 1939, the 20,000-ton German merchantman Koenigsberg was docked at Sorel, Que., waiting to unload 800 cases of vital Bata machines when her captain received an urgent code message from Berlin. That night, without unloading cargo, the Koenigsberg weighed anchor. With its lights masked it slipped past Quebec City and headed down the St. Lawrence for the open sea.

At Father's Point a lone RCMP

speedboat manned by two constables stopped the German ship and brought it back to Sorel. The Koenigsberg quickly unloaded and again put to sea. A few days later war was declared and the ship was sunk between Newfoundland and Greenland.

Besides machines (10,200 cases in all), Bata smuggled 80 Czech experts and their families out of Zlin. He also brought to Canada skilled technicians from the great Skoda arms plant at Pilsen, Czechoslovakia, and later from the big Schneider-Creusot arms plant in France.

When war broke out, Britain, realizing the scope of the Bata organization and its potentialities in time of war, fostered the Bata plants within the British orbit and discouraged outside plants that were in a position to mobilize foreign exchange or in other ways assist Hitler.

Tom Bata quickly switched his new factory from 100% shoe to 90% war production, and went fishing for Ottawa contracts. Other Canadian manufacturers advised against letting Bata handle war work. There was, they said, a question mark beside the Bata name. But when none of them showed enthusiasm for a small \$87 order for two tricky precision gauges, Ottawa gave it to Bata. Bata lost \$307 on that first war job but won the Government's confidence.

Over the U. S. border, stepuncle Jan was doing just the opposite at the sprawling Bata plant at Belcamp, Md. He was proceeding to make enemies on every side. In May, 1940, the U. S. Government fined Bata \$8,000 on five counts of wage-hour violations and falsifying records, and ordered him to reimburse 600 employees by more than \$10,000. In September, 1940, Attorney-General R. H. Jackson revealed that the Justice Department had ordered 59 Czech Batamen to leave the country because, while brought in on the understanding that they were necessary to teach American workers the job, they were simply being used as employees.

But labor troubles were the least of Jan's worries. He succeeded in insulting the Czech Government in exile, the British Government and finally the U. S. Government. But what put the Bata company in a really bad light was Jan's persistence in dealing with Germany and German companies in neutral countries.

On Jan. 17, 1941, Rep. Frank Hook (Mich.) called for an official investigation of Jan Bata and his activities in the U. S.

The same day the Canadian Minister of Mines and Resources, T. A. Crerar, said that he was sure Tom Bata was "all right." Stating that he vouched for him, Crerar said: "I know Thomas Bata is not sympathetic to the Nazi cause."

Black-listed by Roosevelt

Jan Bata ignored the rumblings of protest. In Ottawa an approach was made to Tom Bata and he went with officials of the Department of External Affairs to the U. S. to see Jan.

Jan received the delegation coolly in a silk dressing gown. His arrogant and imperious manner angered both the Canadian officials and his nephew. He flatly refused to say that he was not a Nazi or that he did not sympathize with the Nazi cause on the grounds that it was no one's business but his own. A few days later he made an announcement in the U. S. papers in which he said: "I am not a Hitler agent."

Jan's evasion of the Nazi question brought the rift between the Batas into the open. But the Batas are a close-knit family in which blood is considered



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even thicker than politics. Tom Bata refused to say anything publicly about his stepuncle's actions except that the Canadian Bata company was no longer connected with the U. S. firm.

On Feb. 12, 1941, Rep. Edith Rogers (Mass.) asked the U. S. House of Representatives' committee investigating un-American activities to investigate the Bata Shoe Company at Belcamp. "I hope," she said, "the committee will investigate the Nazi activities in that shoe shop."

Her charges touched off a storm of editorial and public protest against Jan Bata. Finally, on July 18, 1941, President Roosevelt black-listed the international Bata company and ordered the Bata plants in the U. S. placed under supervision and government control. (The black-listing was lifted in 1946.)

When Federal agents went to see Jan Bata they found that he had gone to Brazil.

The time had obviously come for Tom Bata to take over his inheritance. He informed Jan that he was no longer regent and president and, backed by the Canadian and British Governments (the U. S. was leery of him because he was a Bata), began to reorganize and consolidate his battered empire. He set up the Bata Development in London, England, to supervise the difficult reformation while he prepared his Canadian headquarters at Batavia to be the future co-ordinating core. To all the outposts of the Bata organization went orders to support the Allied cause, and around the world Bata factories began turning out war equipment.

Bata's plant in Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo made shoes, shorts and military belts for the troops of General de Gaulle. The East African Bata Shoe Company, in jungle-rimmed Limuru, turned out military boots, sandals, mosquito boots and leather jerkins for the Allied forces in the Mediterranean area. The Bata Shoe Company in Batanagar, on the banks of India's Ganges, produced 32 million pairs of footwear, 23 million parts of webbing equipment, half a million sets of parachute-dropping kit, and half a million rubber ground sheets for the armies in the Pacific theatre. At Batavia, Bata made parts for aerial torpedoes, Bren gun sights and gun and aircraft components.

Bata's Intelligence Men

Tom Bata joined the 2nd Battalion of the Hastings and Prince Edward Regiment, Canadian Reserve Army (he also joined the swank Legion of Frontiersmen), was given a captain's commission, and recruited a Batavia company from among his workers.

The U. S. Government, Bata says, called him to Washington at one point for information that would facilitate the bombing of those parts of the Nazi-held Bata plants the Germans had probably converted to manufacture war machinery.

The Bata capital of Zlin was raided heavily. The result: 60% of the production of footwear was destroyed by bombs while the production of war materials for the Nazis was not touched. Bata claims the wrong buildings were bombed. The Communist Government of Czechoslovakia charges Bata with deliberately giving false information.

In 1944 Bata fell out with President Benes over Benes' trip to Moscow and the signing of the Russo-Czech pact. "Benes," says Bata today, "acted against the wishes of his friends and advisers. The British and American Governments tried to dissuade him from the treaty. So did Jan Masaryk and his other ministers. But Benes

believed that he was doing right." Before the 1944 pact Benes, like Masaryk, had been a close friend of Bata's.

That year, with the end of the war in sight, Bata summoned his chiefs from the various centres of his empire to meet in Batavia to plan the postwar reorganization of the Bata company. Among those present were Sir Frederick Whyte, vice-chairman of the British Bata Company (Bata is chairman), and British general manager John Tusa; their counterparts from Belcamp, Md., V. Chlud and John Hoza; and John Barto, general manager of the biggest Bata plant at Batanagar, India.

Bata was able to plan ahead because of the information supplied to him by the thousands of Batamen who joined the services. Bata used them as unofficial reporters and contact men and from all parts of the world their letters brought him news of the condition and activities of his plants that the war had cut off from direct contact. Some Batamen, like Bata's Canadian driver Stan Brown, a corporal dispatch rider with the Canadian Army in Europe, went into battle with a personal letter of introduction from Bata. Brown was first into Bata factories in France and Holland, and established contact between Bata and the local managers (the last time they had been in direct contact with headquarters Jan Bata had been president). In England and other Bata centres Batamen in the services were entertained on leaves by the local Bata outfit, free of charge.

To Argue in Prague

Zlin, the former Bata capital, did not fare too well under German occupation. General manager Dominik Cipera was deposed as mayor (he had succeeded Bata Sr.) and he had little authority in the plant which was run by Nazi Economic Minister Bertsch. According to Bata, both Cipera and Mrs. Bata Sr. helped the underground. Toward the end of the war Cipera was arrested by the Gestapo and put into a concentration camp.

In May, 1945, when the Russians liberated Czechoslovakia, he was restored as Mayor of Zlin by the Red Army. But a few days later Benes issued a decree from London placing all municipal governments in the hands of his People's Party. Cipera was immediately rearrested and jailed to await trial as a war criminal. Dr. Ivan Holy, a salesman in a Bata bookstore at Zlin, emerged as the Communist chief of Zlin and took over the management of the huge plant.

Bata, in England at the time, wangled a trip to Prague as "escort officer" to the British Embassy staff (civilian travel was forbidden). Later he arranged a conference with Communist leaders for September.

"I met the various ministers and tried to reach an agreement on compensation for the nationalization of the Zlin plant (announced by Gottwald, June 6, 1945)," Bata says today, "but they obviously resented dealing with a notorious western capitalist. Dr. Holy, who was by then director of all shoe and textile industries, wanted to work out a co-operative deal between Zlin and the rest of the Bata organization. I told them that it was possible. Their suggestion was that I give all my shares in the international organization to the Czech state. I would remain head of everything, but in name only. The Communists were to control everything from Prague and Zlin and send out buyers and salesmen to the various countries we operate in. In return I was to receive great financial compensation.

"The British and American Governments, of course, were to be left in the dark about the deal. It looked to me as if the Communists—and the real boss at the meeting was not Gottwald or Holy but Moscow's Josef Kyjanka,—wanted to buy a ready-made spy ring. I said no dice.

"I told them I wanted compensation for the nationalization of Zlin and that I thought we could strike a deal whereby we handled the buying and selling for the Zlin plant outside of Czechoslovakia in the western part of the world. Kyjanka said he would agree to that if Zlin had control of sending out buyers and salesmen to the various countries. I said no and told them that I would be leaving Prague to return to England in four days time and in case they changed their minds to let me know.

"I reported what went on at the secret conferences to the British and U. S. ambassadors. They strongly urged me to make some kind of a deal. At that time they were trying to keep the Reds friendly. But I figured an agreement on Communist terms would be the beginning of the end of the Bata company.

"I learned later that several Communists from the Zlin plant visited the States as bona fide Batemen and were accepted by the businessmen and political men they contacted as such. One prominent New York politician even threw a party for them after showing them around the local factories. 'And how is young Tommy Bata?' he kept asking them. 'Fine,' they told him, 'just fine.' As soon as I learned of the fake Batemen's visits I quickly put a stop to it and warned their too generous hosts that they had been showing everything they had to the Communist boys."

Some High-Level Blackmail

After Bata fled Czechoslovakia on a tip from Jan Masaryk, he tried to get his mother out. Mrs. Bata had left Zlin in 1939, moving between her palatial homes in Switzerland, France and England, and then crossing to the U. S. and Canada. Late in 1940 she went back to Nazi-held Czechoslovakia. When the Red Army moved in she found she could not get permission to leave. With the help of influential political friends she tried to obtain a passport, but the Communist bosses turned her down.

Then, one day in June, 1946, she walked into a Prague passport office and filled in the regulation application forms. The official in charge recognized her name and having heard that high representations had been made on her behalf mistakenly assumed approval had been granted and issued her a passport.

At the British Embassy Mrs. Bata obtained a visa while the Embassy telephoned London where the Foreign Office contacted Bata. Within an hour Bata had arranged for a private plane to take off for Prague at once. The crew were given special instructions.

As soon as they landed at Prague they phoned Mrs. Bata and told her to leave for the airport. They were to take off again as soon as she arrived. Mrs. Bata protested that she had yet to pack, but she was told to forget the packing and leave. She did. The plane was well on its way before frustrated officials dashed onto the airfield to cancel out the mistake made by the minor official.

The Communists, who had hoped to be able to use her as a lever to force Bata to reach an agreement, followed her to London. There their agent contacted Bata and his mother and broached a little genteel blackmail. The

Communists knew that Tom Bata's stepuncle Jan Bata was preparing to start a complicated international legal battle to wrest control of the Bata empire from his nephew. They offered to turn over to Bata papers which they hinted would help him in his fight with Jan. The documents allegedly proved that Tom Bata was the rightful heir, and would, the Reds said, enable Bata to win his case with Jan. In return the Communists wanted \$25 millions in U. S. currency, which amount, they claimed, was the value of the machines and cash Bata had smuggled out from Zlin before the outbreak of war. Bata agreed to the proposition on one condition—that the Czech Government pay him \$200 millions compensation for the nationalization of his Zlin plant.

On Sept. 7, 1946, the U. S. publication Business Week carried a story with a Prague dateline titled "Bata Resumes Czech Ties." It reported that a reciprocal trade agreement had been signed by Thomas Bata and the Zlin Communists. It even gave the terms of the alleged agreement. But Bata flatly denied that any deal had been made, much less signed. And until he received compensation, he added, there would be no deal.

Actually there was little possibility of a truce. The Communists had fired the opening round when they seized and nationalized the Bata factories at Zlin. A few days after his escape from Czechoslovakia in September, 1945, Bata retaliated. In Toronto, Bata's lawyer, Wilfrid W. Parry, K.C. (of Arnoldi, Parry and Campbell), filed a writ against Bata Ackciová Společnost of Zlin for \$1,123,828, which Bata claimed had been owing to him since 1937.

It was only the first of scores of legal actions begun by Bata in dozens of countries.

Zlin, holding a block of shares in Bata's Italian factories, tried to infiltrate Czech Communists into the organization and gain control. Bata fled to Italy, forced his companies into liquidation and started new ones. The Communists retaliated with a lawsuit which is still before the Italian courts.

At first Bata fought a delaying action, then he cracked down on the Communists who were trying to grab off his world markets with cheaper Zlin-made shoes bearing the Bata trademark. In England, Egypt, Rhodesia, Chile, Nigeria and Singapore Bata took out injunctions against the Zlin plant using the Bata name. Just before last Christmas, on Bata's initiative, one million pairs of Zlin made Bata shoes were impounded in Belgium. In France, Switzerland, Holland, Spain and Portugal he stopped the unloading of all Bata-trademarked Zlin shoes.

"The Czechs Are Slaves"

On Jan. 1, 1949, dour-faced Gottwald announced that Bata would receive no compensation for the nationalization of his factories and stores behind the Iron Curtain. Bata replied the next day by getting another five million Zlin shoes tied up on the world market.

On Jan. 3, the Communists gave in. Propaganda Minister Václav Kopecký announced that the city of Zlin had been renamed Gottwaldov and that the nationalized name of the Bata shoe factories had been changed to Svet (trademark of Bata-made nylon stockings). Kopecký said that to Communists the name Bata had lost its value because the Soviet Union no longer insisted on the Bata name in shoes delivered to Russia.

But Bata's battle with the Communist rulers of Czechoslovakia is

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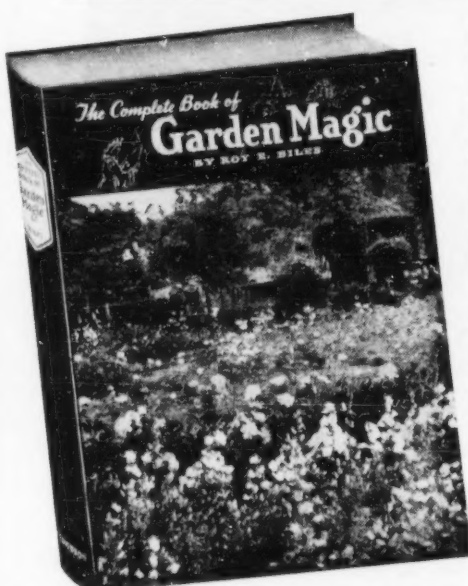
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by no means over. It is at a momentary stalemate. In Zlin, where the Communists claim everyone is happy, there are still loyal Batamen who smuggle out information and Communist propaganda books on Zlin to Bata in Canada.

In January Bata received the latest Communist book (called "Czechoslovenske"). In it the Communists attacked the Bata family as economic dictators and fascists and said it was "the rapacity of the Bata family" that had transformed Zlin from an obscure Moravian village to a sprawling industrial city.

Naturally, Bata has many charges of his own. He claims that the Czechs are slaves to their Communist masters, and that just as underground movements sprang up during the Nazi occupation so are they springing up today.

On the basis of reports from inside Czechoslovakia, it is said that seven known anti-Communist groups have begun underground activity against the government. The largest is the Freedom Movement with 4,500 members organized into small groups sworn to carry out sabotage. Supporting it is the revived wartime partisan group known as the Black Lion. Others include the Czech Labor Movement, and three fighting groups in strongly separatist Slovakia, the White Partisans, the Slovak Revolutionary Society and the Free Slovak Club. Finally, there is the movement directed from London by Gen. Lev. Frohala, war minister in the exile government of the late President Eduard Benes before Benes went home to disappointment and death. (Of Jan Masaryk's death last year, Bata says: "The Communists drove him to suicide.")

Today, the man who directs Bata's international fight against the Communists is former Zlin general manager Dominik Cipera, who works out of Batawa, Ont. Brought to trial on a collaboration charge in September, 1945, before the Prague People's Court, he was found innocent when underground leaders testified on his behalf. Too ill to leave Czechoslovakia after his acquittal, and under constant supervision, Cipera remained there until November of last year.

Last summer the Czech Government ordered new trials for all who received sentences of 10 years and under, or who were previously acquitted on war crimes or collaborating charges. When Bata received a wire reading, "Have decided to spend the rest of my days in peace in Czechoslovakia—Cipera," he knew that Cipera was on the way out and prepared to receive him.

A few weeks after he received the telegram, Bata, who had gone to Switzerland to direct a rescue attempt if Cipera failed to make it, received a telephone call from the British sector of Berlin. It was Cipera. Bata sent a

plane for him and brought him back with him to Canada. In December a People's Court in Prague concluded that flight was an admission of guilt and sentenced him, *in absentia*, to 10 years in prison as a wartime collaborator.

Today, at 54, Cipera is working as hard as ever. When he was 42, Bata Sr. told him he could retire any time he liked on a yearly pension of \$60,000. Bata Jr. has told Cipera that that offer still holds good.

Tom Has a Strong Hand

Jan Bata was also tried *in absentia*, in May, 1947, by the Prague People's Court. Found guilty of not supporting the Czech Government-in-exile, he was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment.

Safe in Brazil, Jan Bata is today trying to regain control of the Bata organization. He has started several of his own Bata shoe factories in South America in competition with the Tom Bata-controlled ones already there.

Jan Bata's claim is that he is the rightful heir and successor of his half brother Thomas Bata, Sr. He contends that Bata Sr. meant him to be his actual successor and not merely regent for Bata's son.

Tom Bata's lawyer, Wilfrid Parry, has twice gone to see Jan in Rio de Janeiro to try to iron out the dispute, but Jan won't back down.

The legal battle has been going on in more than 30 countries (the main battle is being fought in Switzerland) for the last year and a half. According to Tom Bata, it will probably continue for another five years. In March, Tom Bata's U. S. lawyers, Sullivan and Cromwell (John Foster Dulles is a member), began fighting a New York Bata vs. Bata case in which Jan Bata is contesting his stepnephew's rights to ownership of the U. S. factories.

Commercially, Jan Bata is still a power and challenges Tom Bata. Unlike the Communists, he can trade under the Bata name, something which young Bata worries about more than the ownership fight.

Tom Bata's position seems to be the strongest. On his side are his mother (54-year-old Marie Bata, who lives in Toronto's Forest Hill Village), John Bartos, the Indian manager, his cousin Fred Mencik (a shoe salesman in New Zealand), his father's former right- and left-hand man, Dominik Cipera, and Czech author Anthony Cekota (for Bata Sr. publicity chief and policy adviser; for Bata Jr. assistant general manager, foreign affairs expert).

At 34 Tom Bata is confident that one day his one-year-old son and heir, Thomas III, will inherit his millions and succeed him as shoe king of the world. ★

(This is the last of three articles on Tom Bata.)

The Forgotten Fathers

Continued from page 9

father? How closely does he mirror the villainous character of fiction and gossip?

He belongs to no one personality type. He may vary in age between 16 and 60—sometimes even older. As a rule he is considerably older than the woman. A survey of 215 births out of wedlock made in Hamilton, Ont., by sociologist W. Vernon Trott recorded the average age of the man to be 25, the woman 20.

Trott found that Hamilton's 215 unmarried fathers worked in 56 occupations. The list included farmers,

laborers, factory workers, mechanics, truck drivers and salesmen, with a sprinkling of investment brokers, musicians, policemen, accountants and manufacturers. Some were unemployed.

Marguerite Marsh, executive secretary of the Youth Consultation Service, New York, places all unmarried fathers in four broad groups:

1. Youths who become involved with a woman because of a lack of knowledge in sex matters.
2. Youths in love but not able to marry because of lack of funds.
3. Men in their late 20's unable to marry because of educational plans.
4. Emotionally immature adults in-

capable of accepting family life and marriage.

The average man is deeply shocked when he first hears he is to become the father of an illegitimate child. He doesn't want a child. After the initial sense of shock wears off he is overwhelmed by shame and guilt. He asks himself: Will I be forced to marry the girl? Will I be burdened with a crushing debt? Will my reputation be ruined? Will I be fired? Will I be forced to leave town? Will the mother give the child up for adoption or flaunt it in front of me for years? Will my wife find out (if he is married) and divorce me?

Forced Marriages Fail

When the unmarried father is emotionally unstable, paternity can bring tragedy. More than one has committed suicide, or killed the prospective mother. Others have turned to embezzlement, theft, or robbery to pay for abortions or hospital bills to "do right" by the woman.

One man was so concerned about the welfare of the woman that, at the risk of wrecking his marriage, he insisted his wife take her into his home and care for her. He died of heart failure before the child was born.

One executive was so disturbed that he lost his powers of concentration. He drifted from job to job, each time falling lower in earning power. Another took to drinking and ended up as a chronic alcoholic.

Often the man will offer to marry the girl, prompted by the feeling that he should accept marriage as punishment for the damage he has done: "I don't love the girl, but I'll marry her anyway to give the child a name."

Social workers frown on such alliances. They know from experience that a high proportion are doomed. The man will keep feeling he has been trapped, while the woman will think, "He only married me because he had to."

The most important consideration, in the opinion of social workers, is that such marriages may be detrimental to the child's welfare. "An unwanted child," they say, "is a potentially neglected child."

Lois N., 19, after the birth of her baby brought a man many years older than herself to court on a charge of seduction. It was dismissed because of lack of evidence. She later succeeded in getting the man to marry her—a step vigorously opposed by her friends.

Three months later she showed up at the offices of the local Children's Aid Society, bruised and ill, clutching her child. "I can't live with him any longer," she sobbed. "He beats me and hates the child." She left her husband and went to work.

There are many cases, however, where social workers feel justified in encouraging the parents to marry. This is particularly true when the couple are young and have been forced to postpone marriage.

Rufus J. was secretly engaged to Irene R. for two years. Because the girl's parents objected to Rufus they were forced to meet secretly . . . Charlie L. was going to get married as soon as he found an apartment; a whole year of searching was futile . . . Hector K., an engineering student, and his girl planned to wait the 2½ years until his graduation to get married . . .

An unexpected pregnancy can endanger even a fairly close relationship. Sometimes, out of fear or anger, cruel, harsh things will be said. Or family or friends may, deliberately or otherwise, stir up resentment. The unmarried mother reports to the social worker,

"My boy friend and I have had a fight. Everything is finished now."

The unmarried father who has a wife and children of his own is in a particularly unenviable position. Marriage is out of the question. Should he tell his wife about his indiscretion? What if he keeps it secret and then she finds out about it? Often the man has little choice but to confess everything. Most provincial laws require him to contribute a weekly sum for the child's maintenance, for 16 years if necessary. For the moderate earner it would be difficult to explain where the missing money was going every week.

Occasionally the father will confess everything to his wife and suggest that they adopt the child. This has been known to work out.

One man, with a four-year-old daughter of his own, took into his home a three-month-old boy born out of wedlock. After supervising the adoption carefully for two years social workers recorded: "This adoption has been highly successful. The little boy has been completely accepted as a member of the family by both the parents and the daughter."

The financial obligations of the father are clearly defined in the various provincial child welfare acts. Typical is the Unmarried Parents' Act of Ontario which requires the father to pay "the reasonable expenses," medical and otherwise, related to the birth of the child. In the average case if the child is then placed out for adoption the responsibility of the father ends.

The Law Needs Proof

If the child is not adopted the father is expected to contribute a weekly sum for the child's maintenance until the child is 16. In actual practice he pays anything from \$5 to \$15 a week. Often the contribution is as low as \$2 or \$3.

An alternative method is the "lump settlement." This may vary from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars. Many authorities strongly favor cash settlements.

One of the unmarried mother's knottiest problems is to provide legally acceptable evidence that the man she has named is actually the father of her child. Canada's present laws require that the mother corroborate her charge with material evidence. She may have a letter written by the man which plainly indicates the nature of their relationship; or a witness who will swear that he saw the couple enter a hotel or cabin where they spent the night together.

Sometimes the man named will retaliate by showing up with two or three of his friends, claiming that they too have had relations with the girl. If he lives in any province but Nova Scotia the charge against him is tossed out and the woman is left to care for the child alone. Only the legislation of Nova Scotia contains a "dual paternity" clause, which says in effect that all men who have had relations with the woman must share the financial costs of the child. The same practice is rigidly followed in the Soviet Union.

In cases of disputed paternity blood tests can be of some value; they have been used in Saskatchewan and probably in other provinces as well. While the blood test cannot conclusively establish who is the father it can sometimes prove who is not the father.

In Sweden these tests are required by law. Reports the Royal Social Board of Stockholm: "In one year (1935) blood tests for proof of paternity numbered 764. In 99 of these cases (14.3%) it was possible to free the putative father from the allegation of paternity."

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The runaway father is well advised to stay away. The unmarried mother generally takes out a court order which makes him liable to the full penalty the moment he returns.

Milton Y. of Toronto was named as the father of her child by an unmarried 20-year-old domestic. He crossed the border to Detroit and got a job as seaman aboard a Great Lakes freighter. Three years later, when the boat docked in Toronto harbor, he visited some old friends.

The girl learned of his presence and set the long-waiting legal machinery in

action. The next day authorities boarded the ship and took the sailor to court. Before he left that night he had made a lump settlement amounting to several hundred dollars.

Social agencies everywhere co-operate in locating unmarried fathers who arrive in their community. It is not unusual for a Halifax agency to conduct an interview on behalf of Vancouver, or for Montreal to act for Winnipeg. Sometimes Canadian welfare officials find themselves actively interested in the problems of an unmarried mother who may be living in California, England, New Zealand or Australia.

In studies made by mental hygiene authorities the importance of the unmarried father's early life is constantly emphasized. The attitudes of the child toward women, sex, marriage and family, they say, are principally molded by the home. The child will develop normally in an atmosphere where mother and father are fond of each

other; where the child feels loved and secure.

If the parents provide a bad example by constantly being at each others' throats, if the child is misunderstood, mistreated or ignored, his behavior as an adult in all his relations, including sex and marriage, may be seriously influenced.

Fred S., 20, became involved with the daughter of a prominent industrial family. He left little doubt about one of the main causes for his conduct. All during his adolescence his father had badgered him for being a sissy and a weakling. "I'll show him," said the young man.

Left fatherless at three years of age, John K. developed an unusually close attachment for his mother. At 25 he was named as a father by a young woman who was attractive, intelligent and talented. Friends thought that they were well suited, but he was indignant. "I'll never marry such a low, wild type of woman," he said.

(He had never stopped "being in love" with his mother, all relationship with another woman leading to a successful marriage was practically impossible for him.)

Many Canadian welfare authorities feel that the unmarried father should not be stigmatized too harshly. They agree with Maud Morlock, of the U. S. Children's Bureau, who says that "the less a man is antagonized the more he will co-operate in protecting the child and contributing to its support. We need to remember that birth out of wedlock—much as it may be regretted by society—is not a crime but only behavior that must be approached with objectivity and understanding."

They believe the father should be given every opportunity to explain his side of the story and then helped to work out solutions for the problems that have arisen as a result of the birth.

Only by this approach, they say, can the interests of the unmarried mother and her child best be served. ★

The Sport of Death

Continued from page 7

Tonight's cockfighting was a "derby." Each of 10 breeders had posted a \$100 entry fee, and was fighting five birds. The breeder who won all, or most of his five fights, would take the \$1,000. Frenchy had won his first three fights, but so had two others.

Frenchy and Pop bent and placed the birds upon the "score line" scratched in each corner. The cocks, their inch-and-a-quarter steel spurs gleaming, struggled to fly at each other. They were held back by their tail feathers.

"Let them go!" said the referee. The cocks ran forward. They sprang upward, wings beating, steel spurs flashing. Feathers flew as the birds tangled and fell to the ground, only to rise again, their wings buffeting the air.

Standing beside me was a tall, well-dressed Negro, owner of a number of properties in the city. "Look at that Muff shuffle!" he chuckled. He had bet fifty dollars on it.

The Muff had seized the Claret's neck. He used this bill hold to keep his balance while he "shuffled" his spurred legs in an attempt to cut the Claret to pieces. A "shuffler" fights with a series of lightning leg blows. A "sparrer," or single-stroke cock, depends on single, accurate blows to the head or vital regions.

"He's in! He's in!" "They're hung!"

I looked back to see the Claret on the ground, while the Muff struggled to pull his spur from the Claret's breast.

"Take it out!" shouted the referee. Frenchy and Pop leaped forward, seizing the birds' legs. Pop pulled the Muff's spur from the Claret gently. Some handlers might attempt to twist the spur in an opponent's wound, but real chicken men make it a point of honor to remove the gaff carefully.

The handlers went to their corners, Pop crowing, "Want to pay me now, Frenchy?"

In his corner Frenchy hurriedly examined the cut, while an assistant sponged off the head of the cock. The wound was not serious.

The referee droned to the end of the 20-second count which follows each time a gaff becomes hung in a bird.

"Let them go!"

The birds rushed at each other. After the first flurry Frenchy's Claret walked away in a half circle. The Muff pursued.

As the Claret walked away the fans shouted:

"Dunghill! Dunghill!"

It is the name applied to a cowardly chicken. The Negro beside me shook his head, his lips pursed.

Frenchy got red in the face. Nothing is so embarrassing for a breeder as showing a chicken that isn't game.

Frenchy said, a little defiantly, "He's no runner. He's a wheeler." (A wheeler appears to run away, but suddenly wheels and attacks.)

Pop's Muff caught the Claret by the neck. Retaining the bill hold it struck home again and again with the spurs, too quickly for the eye to follow.

"Give it to him, Pop!" "That's the way to cut!"

Blood seeped through the Claret's breast feathers. I looked at Frenchy. He seemed to feel every blow. He twisted his body this way and that, like a man trying to control a bowling ball after it has left his hand.

The Claret walked away again, the Muff pursuing. Suddenly the Claret wheeled and sprang. A lightning thrust and its spur was through the Muff's head. Both fell to the ground.

"Frenchy's in!" "Take it out!" called the referee.

The handlers leaped to separate the cocks. Pop examined the Muff to see if it were a brain wound.

"It's all right," he announced. "Just through my comb."

He held the cock's bill with his fingers, lifted the head of the cock to his own mouth, and sucked the blood from the wound. He repeated this, spitting out the blood, until the referee counted off the 20-second interval.

A circle of drying blood formed around Pop's mouth, giving him a ghoul-like appearance, especially when he smiled.

"Let them go!" said the referee.

From the beginning of the "pitting," or round, the Muff was blinded with blood. But it was still full of fighting hate and, seeking its opponent, it ran head-on into the wall of the pit. The Claret leaped in the air and hammered the Muff to the ground. The latter regained its feet, but one wing dragged in the dust.

"Damnation!" moaned Pop. "My second broken wing tonight!"

As the Muff took another deep thrust in the body, it uttered a cry, known as a "lung squawk." Another thrust through the neck, and blood welled up its throat and dripped from its beak. A rattle developed in its breathing.

The Claret hit again and the spur hung in the Muff's neck.

"Take it out!" said the referee.

Pop handled quickly during the count, sucking blood from the Muff's head and blowing down its throat to work out the rattle. Many a fight is won with the last thrust of a dying, but still game, cock.

Placed on the score line for the next pitting, the Muff's head hung down, its beak oozing blood. It tried to run forward, but fell.

The Claret was on it immediately, pecking at its eyes, hitting with the spurs. It knocked out one eye of the prostrate Muff. It drove a spur through the throat. The Muff was done.

Its last act, before its head fell lifeless to the ground, was a vicious, upward peck at the enemy.

Frenchy, wearing a thousand-dollar smile, picked up the Claret. Pop, a good sport, also smiled.

Pop patted the body of the Muff affectionately. "I don't mind losing with a game chicken."

With other spectators I drifted to the bar in one corner of the barn, where I bought coffee and a sandwich. Beer was for sale at 50 cents a pint.

From the bar I could see into the adjoining room which housed the "drag pit." Cockfights usually see one cock dead inside 30 minutes. Occasionally equally matched cocks fight longer. They exhaust themselves and the action becomes slow. Such a pair is removed to the drag pit to finish, with fresh cocks being provided for the main-pit spectators.

Secret Caravan of Cars

Through the grapevine, I had heard several days earlier that there would be a derby Saturday night. The rendezvous was a farm 90 miles distant. Our group arrived in twos and threes, middle-aged farmers and young men working in local towns. None of us knew where the fight was to be held.

At 7 o'clock our caravan of cars drove to a nearby village. A telephone call was made and we were given an address in the city. Here a man entered the lead car and directed us to a farm 20 miles out of town.

As the cars entered the farmyard, men with flashlights jumped on the running boards, ordered the car lights snapped off, and directed the parking behind a group of trees.

We entered the barn, with its blacked-out windows. Before the fights began a \$2 admission fee was collected from each of us, and we were given a ticket stub to put in our hats.

Despite its illegality, cockfighting is increasingly popular in Canada and the United States. Millions of dollars are gambled during the fight season, from December to July, and thousands of carefully bred game fowl battle to the death.

The Canadian Criminal Code, Part VIII, Section 542, states that anyone who "in any manner encourages, aids or assists in the fighting or baiting of any bull, bear, badger, dog, cock or other type of animal, whether domestic or wild, is guilty of an offense and on summary conviction is liable to a penalty not exceeding \$500 nor less than \$5, or, with or without hard labor, for a term not exceeding one year and



not less than one month, or both."

The Criminal Code also states that "All cocks found at a cockfight shall be confiscated and sold for the benefit of the municipality."

Although it is against the law to be caught fighting gamecocks, there is nothing illegal about raising them. Some breeders raise a few cocks as a sideline, while holding down other jobs. The wealthy employ professional breeders and handlers.

Raising and conditioning cocks on a practical scale is a full-time occupation. One Canadian breeding farm that I visited was probably typical, with a constant population of about 150 cocks, hens and cockerels. Feeding, watering, conditioning, fighting and selling cocks kept the owner busy from morning till night.

Longer Spurs in South

In the southern States most fights are with "long heelers," cocks wearing 2¼-inch gaffs. In the northern States and Canada "short heelers" predominate. The shorter gaff, 1¼ inches, makes for a longer fight.

Three weeks before a fight the cocks are brought inside to the conditioning pens. Pet formulas, which may include clipped oats, oatmeal or barley, hard corn, lettuce greens, hard-boiled eggs or ground beefsteak enriched with cod-liver oil, are fed twice daily.

The handler works the birds daily on a special, padded conditioning table. To develop balance and wing power he tosses the bird in the air. For leg strength he holds it by the tail and runs it up and down.

Sparring matches take place, in which the cocks wear miniature boxing gloves, filled with air or padding. It's said that it was from watching cocks spar that Englishman Jack Broughton, originator of boxing gloves for humans, got the idea.

Food and water are reduced in the days immediately preceding a fight, to "dry out" the bird, as a boxer "dries out." Tail and wing feathers are trimmed to the minimum. These steps are important as birds are matched within two ounces. Most cocks range from four to six pounds. A bird over six pounds six ounces is known as a "shake," and all birds of over that weight fight in the same classification.

At the end of the season, in July, surviving cocks are returned to the farm. They will be fought again till death, or perhaps retired as brood cocks. Some cocks have been "15-time winners," but it is a rare cock which wins six fights.

Breeders are constantly on guard against the appearance of cowardly blood in their flocks. One test, now more or less in disrepute, was the "test of steel." One of a flock of cockerel brothers would be matched, unarmed, against a cock equipped with steel spurs. He would be fought until he died and if he "broke," or ran before death, the theory was that all his brothers might as well be destroyed as they bore the same dunghill blood.

"Aren't Women Primitive?"

Nearly as many women as men attend southern cockfights. One young woman, a rabid fan, whose inheritance included a yacht and a half-dozen corporations, attempted to analyze the thrill the sport gave her in this way:

"Let's see," she said. "I see a cock enter the pit. He is glossy, proud—that's it, I think—*proud*. And masterful. I used to think I went to see the underdog win—but that's not true. I don't like weak cocks. I like winners. Champions. I like to put my trust in bold, battling, merciless killers."

She laughed, with sudden realization.

"Lord, aren't women primitive!"

The three types of cockfights are derbies, "hack fights," and "mains."

Hack fights are minor affairs at which the only prizes are the bets. This battle money runs from \$25 up.

A main is between two breeders only, each providing about 15 cocks, and is a prestige fight, involving more than the immediate bet. Each breeder has his own cross or strain of such birds as the Claret, Travelers, or Warhorses. If his cross proves gamier, or has better cutting qualities, his brood and fighting stock will fetch higher prices.

The official McCall Rules were drawn up by the late Colonel Sol. P. McCall, a Southerner. They state that apart from a kill, a bird also wins if the other cock flies out of the ring. Again, a handler may call for a "count"—a check of when his bird pecked or struck last. If the other bird has not fought back within a certain period it is declared loser.

In the U. S. four monthly cockfighting magazines are published: The Feathered Warrior, The Gamecock, Game Fowl News and Grit and Steel. The last, a slick-paper magazine, runs from 48 to 96 pages. It is published by the DeCamp Publishing Company of Gaffney, S.C. It has second-class mailing privileges and circulates freely.

Steel gaffs are advertised by a half-dozen manufacturers at prices from \$3 to \$15 a pair, guaranteed hand-forged and of unexcelled cutting qualities. Easy time payments are offered.

Game bird eggs sell at \$3 a dozen, and cocks and hens from \$5 to \$100. For Grit and Steel a string of men and women correspondents report fights in their territory. As many as 1,500 fights have been reported in one issue.

* * *

"Twenty-five dollars on Frenchy!" I finished my coffee and moved back to the pit for the last fight of the night. Frenchy was showing another Claret.

A man named Johnson, wearing a peak cap turned backward, had a Roundhead cock (bred for a very small comb).

"Let them go!" cried the referee.

In the first flurry, two feet off the ground, the Claret hit home in the Roundhead's throat.

"Take it out!" ordered the referee. The handlers leaped forward.

Back in his corner Frenchy rested. Johnson worked rapidly, trying to clear the rattle developing in the Roundhead's breathing. He also rubbed the comb roughly, to freshen the cock.

At the next pitting the Roundhead fought back gamely. But after each flurry it stood unable to move, gasping for breath and turning black in the face.

The Claret, a deadly accurate cutter, again hung in the throat.

"Handle!" said the referee.

The Roundhead's rattle became worse. Its only chance now was to land a lucky brain blow in the Claret.

Just before Johnson placed the Roundhead on the score line for the pitting he put the bird's head in his mouth and bit off a piece of the comb.

The birds ran together. The Roundhead crouched to duck the first pass of the Claret. It was a mistake. As the Claret sailed over, his right spur found the Roundhead's brain.

Some fans stayed to collect bets, but the rest, like fans anywhere, crowded for the exit, to beat the rush.

The breeders struggled toward their cars, weighed down by the carrying cases which housed the cocks, victors and vanquished.

Dawn was beginning to break across the farmlands. Down the road a common barnyard rooster crowed his defiance to the world. ★

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Front-Line Mayor

Continued from page 15

impertinence. The next question was in English. His answer was again translated unsatisfactorily, and Reuter corrected the translation. The final question and translation were made in Russian. When the mayor-elect corrected that one, it was too much. The Russians refused to confirm his appointment as Oberbürgermeister.

The American commander, General Lucius Clay, in this instance, went along with the Russians. On a compromise, ailing Socialist Frau Louise Schroeder was named acting mayor, and Reuter set back to controller of traffic and public utilities. The people of Berlin didn't put up with this for long.

City-wide elections were sought again last December, but the Russians promptly boycotted the polls, and set up their own Berlin administration with Friedrich Ebert as mayor. The Western Sectors went ahead with the elections on Dec. 5 and a Social Democrat city council was returned. It promptly named Reuter mayor again.

The blockaded portions of Berlin are governed from a building in the centre of the city, about half a mile from the border of the Russian sector where Reuter's jurisdiction ends. The elected city government was forced to evacuate the traditional Berlin Rathaus because it is on the Russian side of the line.

The mayor's office is a large, oak-paneled room that used to be the centre of management of a power company. When the government had to leave the city hall the British and American commandants requisitioned buildings to house the municipal offices.

Reuter arrives every morning at 8.45. The two years he has been in Germany already have left their marks on his clothing. His shoes are patched, the dark overcoat is worn at the edges, his suit has a well-worn sheen.

He always carries a neat package under his arm when he arrives in the morning. This is his lunch, several slices of bread. If he doesn't have a luncheon appointment with American, British or French civil affairs authorities—or with some of his Socialist deputies—Reuter eats his bread in his office. His secretary brews coffee.

There are always flowers on his desk. In season he brings them from his own garden.

Walking the Tightrope

He keeps no fixed schedule of duties. This is impossible as he must be ready for a call at all times from American, British and French occupation headquarters. This vexes him sometimes. "Every time some minor occupation official feels that he might lose his job because there is nothing to do—I get a call about something," Reuter sighs.

His morning mail averages from 50 to 60 letters. A resident of the Soviet sector pleads for living space in West Berlin. The usual pleas for political jobs. Queries about missing persons—Germany will be straightening out the records of her wartime dead, missing and captured citizens for years yet. All personally addressed mail Reuter answers personally—a tactic that has never lost a vote in any free country.

But his major job is to execute the decisions of the city council. This year he is faced with the collection of 800 million marks (\$31 millions) in taxes to run the city.

His morning may be filled with an appointment with the director of city welfare, who always has a housing problem. Then the city health director

may bring a request for additional medicines which the mayor will pass along to the proper air-lift authorities for priority. The heads of the opposition parties may want to confer on a matter of policy.

The day doesn't end until long after dark and then Reuter will take documents home with him.

The job calls for as much diplomatic tact and patience as it does administrative ability. Only by careful treading along the often different paths of policy laid down by the British, American and French commanders can Reuter achieve unified administration of the three sectors that make up his city.

Thus, when Reuter wants to expand his administration, he must move with the delicacy and diffidence of a lover approaching three prospective mates, British, American and French. From a German's point of view, this is often galling.

Pacifism Appalled Family

No more German a man could be found than Ernst Reuter. His father, a former ship's captain, operated a merchant-marine navigation school in the town of Apenrade on the Baltic Sea. The town has seasawed between Denmark and Germany several times—it's Danish now. The family was fairly well-to-do, conservative, and devoted to their Kaiser when Ernst was born in 1889. He was the third of six sons. Three of the Reuter boys were killed in World War I, one is now a Lutheran pastor, and the other—according to Ernst—is still a Nazi living in Western Germany. Ernst hasn't spoken to this last brother since 1912.

The family was Protestant. But Ernst, the young intellectual, did not take to any religion. He calls himself a "dissident." He had the usual rigorous German middle-class primary education, in which certain points are driven home with a birch stick. In 1912 he completed his studies at the University of Marburg. He concentrated on history, economics, a new study called social sciences, and the required Latin and Greek. Reuter still relaxes by reading Plato and the minor Roman poets.

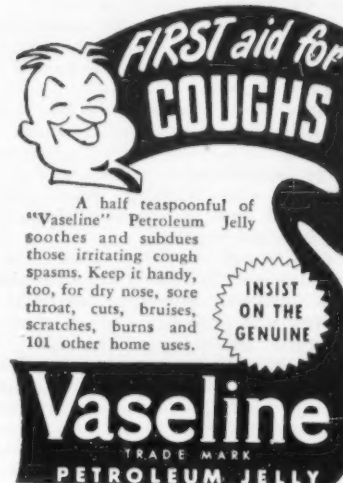
Perhaps the strangest thing about the youth was his failure to inherit the military spirit that pervaded the history and thinking of his country. German militarism was rampant in 1912, two years before the beginning of World War I. In that year Reuter joined the Socialist Party which opposed war. It meant a break with his family.

Later he was a leader of a pacifist movement called *Neues Vaterland*—the New Fatherland—which had connections in several European countries.

The Kaiser's Government banned the *Neues Vaterland* movement in 1915, and Reuter was drafted. He fought on Germany's western and eastern fronts as an infantry private for two years. In 1917 he was wounded and captured by the Russians.

While he was recovering from his wounds in a prisoner-of-war hospital he became fascinated by Russia and the Russians. Within six months he mastered the difficult language. Well again, he was sent to work in coal mines at Tula, 100 miles south of Moscow. Here he began to see signs of the coming revolt in the desperation of the simple Russian worker.

News of the young Russian-speaking German idealist reached the revolutionary leaders in Moscow and Reuter was summoned before Lenin. He idolized Lenin, and was an eager convert to Communism. In those days of



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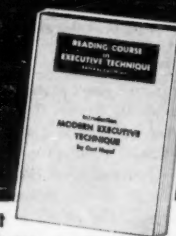
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monarchy in Europe the breach between Communism and Socialism was a narrow one; it's wider now.

Reuter soon met the new Soviet Minister of Nationalities, one Josef Stalin. He still thinks Lenin was a wonderful man; has never outgrown a dislike of Stalin. But he doesn't say much now about his Communist Party experiences.

"In those days Communism was a people's movement," he explains, "nothing like it is now."

Reuter was almost 30 when he returned to Germany in 1918 to become general secretary of the Berlin Communists. In 1921 he was secretary of the German Communist Party. His task: revolution in Germany.

After World War I Germany was ripe for rebellion. Agitator Reuter and his Communist colleagues seemed to have an easy time ahead. But they failed. There were armed riots in Hamburg, Berlin, Saxony, Thuringia and the Ruhr, but returning war veterans and the 100,000-man, Allied-approved *Reichswehr* fought the revolutionaries down.

The German Leftists began to suffer some major misgivings. Leaders like Reuter had never conceived a German Communist State completely subservient to Moscow, and they began to fear that they might get exactly that. When the German Communist Party voted to join the Third International, Reuter had had enough. He quit, rejoined the Socialists, and plunged into the confused politics of the Weimar Republic.

"I could not take dictatorship from Moscow and remain a good German," Reuter says. "I discovered that when the Kremlin came in the door, freedom went out the window."

The man who replaced Reuter as secretary of the German Communist Party was one Wilhelm Pieck. Fat Willie Pieck today is still obeying the orders from the Kremlin and has risen to head the party for all of Germany. He is one of Reuter's most bitter enemies.

Ten Years in Turkey

Reuter's talents rapidly carried him to the top. He became editor of the Socialist newspaper, *Freiheit*. He was elected a deputy in the Berlin City Council and in 1926 became director of transportation. He organized the municipally owned Berlin Transport Company.

The industrial city of Magdeburg was and is strongly Socialist, and in 1929 it needed a Lord Mayor. Reuter got the job. A year later he was elected a deputy to the Reichstag.

In 1933 Hitler came to power. A year later, after two arrests, Reuter fled to exile in Britain.

His years of exile—from 1935 to 1946—were spent mostly in Turkey as special adviser to the Turkish Cabinet on transportation and economics. Later he became a professor of municipal economy at the University of Ankara's college of political science.

But this was all marking time. The Reuter family could have remained in comfort and safety in Turkey. He was making a comfortable living and had a high standing in the university. But always the goal was to return to Germany. Late in 1946 the long-awaited permission to return came. And that same year the first postwar Berlin City Council named him *Oberbürgermeister*.

The Reuter family has probably the highest standard of living of any Germans in the city, except for a few black marketeers. His pay is worth about \$65 (U.S.) a week. In actual purchasing power his income would

be half that—for running a city of 2½ million people, Ernst Reuter gets about what a clerk would make in Canada.

However, the job has other compensations. *Herr* and *Frau* Reuter have a requisitioned six-room bungalow in Zehlendorf in the American sector. It is a small, neat home, easy to keep warm and comfortable. It is furnished with requisitioned furniture. The rent is about \$25 a month.

Reuter first married soon after he returned from Russia, and he has a son and a daughter by that marriage. After a divorce in the 1920's he married a Socialist editorial worker. They have one son.

One son, Dr. Harry Reuter, now a British citizen, is a physicist working in the University of Manchester. The daughter is working in Ankara. The youngest son, Edzard, 21, is a mathematics student at Goettingen University in the British Zone of Germany.

What manner of government are Ernst Reuter and his Socialist colleagues trying to give Berlin and Germany? Reuter will talk for hours about this. "The pattern of all governments varies to fit the peculiarities of a nation," he explains. "The Social Democratic Party foresees a Germany following the same pattern as the Labor Government of Britain, but with our own constitution and parliamentary arrangements."

The Socialists are emerging as the most dynamic force in Western Germany where a full-scale political fight is being waged with the parties of the Right. And the Socialists have become more outspoken in their criticism of the occupation policies. Dr. Carlos Schmidt, head of the Western Germany Socialist Party, has declared that there can be no democratic government in Germany as long as there are occupying powers dictating the political course of the nation and limiting its activities.

Reuter is in constant touch with the Socialist leaders in Western Germany and makes trips to confer with them as often as he can. He most definitely has a hand in shaping this policy.

The most bitter fight has been over the Ruhr. The establishment of the Ruhr Authority, giving six-nation administration of this vital industrial area, has been strongly opposed by the Socialists, who want control to remain in the hands of the German people. In this the Socialists appear to be too ambitious.

The German people went to war under a Kaiser, then under a National Socialist named Hitler. The Western nations ask: "Why would they not go to war under a Social Democrat, too, if they had the power?"

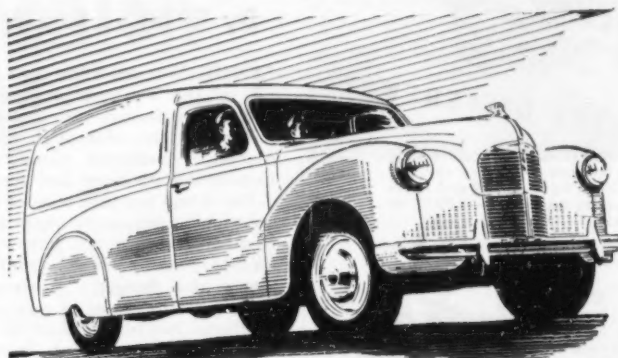
This much seems certain. As long as Socialism plays a part in postwar Germany, Ernst Reuter will be in the foreground of German politics. What will his next step be? It could be anti-French, anti-British or anti-American. It could be pro-Soviet. Certainly the current Communist propaganda line of a quick peace treaty and complete withdrawal of all occupation troops has great appeal to all Germans, including the Socialists. In fact, that is the core of German Socialist policy right now.

Reuter makes it plain that his stand on these problems will be that which will most quickly attain an independent, sovereign Socialist Germany. "We wish to once again sit in the community of nations with honor and responsibility," he says. "We wish to add our skills and industry to building the peace."

As mayor of the former German capital he rapidly is becoming "Mister Berlin"; there are many who predict that the future will see him as the most important, and powerful, German of his time. ★

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By ERNEST K. LINDLEY

THIS Congress will enact a large part of the Truman program. It will back up his foreign policy and approve many of the domestic social and economic measures pledged in the Democratic platform last year.

But it will not pass most of his "anti-inflation" proposals because some members who would have voted for them a year ago think inflation is no longer the danger. It has already balked his program of civil rights for southern Negroes. And it will not fulfill his commitment to organized labor to repeal the Taft-Hartley law of 1947, which outlawed the closed shop, massed picketing, jurisdictional strikes and secondary boycotts, as well as denying the benefits of the labor law to unions whose officers do not sign affidavits that they are not Communists.

The President has suffered enough setbacks to make some who hailed him as a "master" politician last November refer to him now as an inept one. Every President has his ups and downs. Truman's have been especially frequent and sharp ever since he entered the White House in April, 1945.

The paradox is that the President, who was supposed to be a well-trained political tactician and was applauded as such after the 1948 election, is primarily interested in major strategy. Perhaps the concentration of his own attention on a secure peace and continuing prosperity reveals a sound set of values. In any event, it helps to explain why he does not fret over reverses in Congress which do not directly jeopardize either of these objectives.

* * *

One of the differences between Louis A. Johnson, new Secretary of Defense, and his predecessor, James Forrestal, is that Johnson likes to make speeches. As Assistant Secretary of War, 1937-40, Johnson made nearly 200 major addresses in all parts of the country. He was the first subcommittee (or cabinet) member regularly to fly to and from his speaking engagements.

Johnson would have been the wartime Secretary of War but for Roosevelt's decision to bring some Republicans into his cabinet. Henry L.



Senator Sparkman; no reactionary.

Stimson got the job Johnson expected and, at least indirectly, had been promised. Since then he has practiced law on a very profitable scale. Last September, when the Democratic National Committee was almost penniless, Johnson lent it \$250,000. Then he went out and raised more than \$1,500,000. The Secretaryship of Defense is his reward. But his genuine qualifications for the post are recognized by Republicans as well as Democrats.

The defense budget seems destined to climb gradually even if the armed services are not enlarged. Congress is considering a bill to raise the pay of officers—enlisted men having been provided for by previous legislation.

While pay at the bottom levels has been more than doubled since before the war, generals receive only 10% more salary than they did in 1908. Including perquisites, their compensation has risen more than that, but not high enough to make the armed services an attractive long-term career for an ambitious and able man.

An army recruit gets \$75 a month, a corporal \$100 a month (comparable Canadian rates are \$69 and \$78). A second-lieutenant gets \$180 a month base pay (Canadian rate, \$143). Major-generals and officers of higher rank receive \$733.33 a month (a Canadian major-general is paid \$660). Enlisted men get board and clothing; officers must pay for them.

* * *

No matter how fiercely—or how long—its members argue in committee or



Senator Long has the poor counted.

on the floor, the United States Senate manages to retain many of the attributes of a fraternal society. The recent struggle over a rule to make it possible to end a filibuster left hardly any bad feeling in the Senate itself. Indeed, many members who argued and voted for a stronger cloture rule privately congratulated Senator Richard B. Russell, manager of the successful opposition, on the skill with which he organized and directed his forces.

Russell, 51 years old, was Governor of Georgia during Franklin D. Roosevelt's second term as Governor of New York. Because of his frequent visits to Warm Springs, Roosevelt called Georgia his "second state." He and

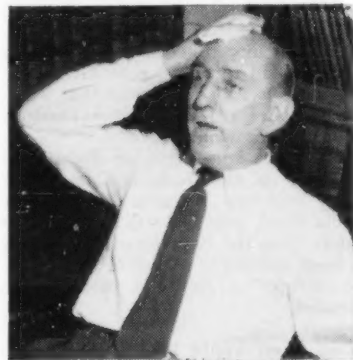
Maclean's Magazine, May 1, 1949

Russell became good friends and Russell supported him for the presidential nomination. He was elected to the Senate in 1932, the same day that Roosevelt was first elected President. He voted for most of the New Deal—making an exception of some pro-labor bills—and supported Roosevelt's foreign policy.

As this sketch of his record indicates, Russell is not a reactionary and has no ambition to start a new party or to form a permanent alliance with the northern Republicans. He set out to block Truman's civil rights program. He and other Southerners had previously suggested a compromise, but the Northerners had rejected it.

The most controversial issues were the abolition of the poll tax, which six southern states still employ to restrict the franchise (of whites as well as Negroes), federal prosecution of lynchers, the creation of a federal agency with power to prohibit employers from discriminating against racial minorities in hiring and promotions and various proposals for curbing the southern state laws and customs enforcing the segregation of races. The Southerners are willing to compromise on the first two, but not on the latter two, which admittedly raise constitutional as well as practical questions.

Russell and his colleagues therefore resorted to a filibuster against a new rule which would make it relatively easy to end all filibusters. In doing that



WIDE WORLD

Senator Russell ran the filibuster.

they undoubtedly had the full and fervent support of an overwhelming majority of their constituents. Russell, a cool and skilful parliamentarian, emerged as the leader. He won the fight without making an enemy in the Senate.

Senator John J. Sparkman of Alabama is an even more striking example of the error of calling the Southern filibusterers "reactionaries." As a Representative and since entering the Senate, he has a record of nearly 100% support of Roosevelt and Truman, except on the matter of federal legislation on Negro rights. Unlike many of the Southerners, he has even supported most of union labor's demands.

Probably one of the most leftish men in the Senate is 30-year-old Russell Long of Louisiana, son of the late Senator Huey P. Long, "the Kingfish." Young Long has not tried to revive his father's "Share-the-Wealth" movement, but he does not forget that the poor outnumber the rich. The Negro voters of Louisiana—a few of the better educated Negroes are allowed to vote there—supported Long for the Senate.

Men such as Russell, Sparkman and Long believe in putting more money into Negro schools, in seeing that the Negro gets full justice in the courts. But they are against federal interference with the Southern handling of the problem and especially against efforts to break down the Southern racial segregation laws. ★



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If you believe that personal and economic freedom is essential for Canada, then your help is needed to limit the authority of the brain trust which governs us by Orders-in-Council.

If you believe that the efforts of Centralists, Socialists and Communists are choking the efforts of our provincial governments—your help is needed to protect our constitution.

If you believe that the best way to meet our external problems is to build a firm and lasting domestic foundation—your help is needed to

unite this country in one strong and friendly partnership from sea to sea.

If you believe that your province should be free to expand and carry out all the vitally important services for which it is responsible—then your help is needed.

The Progressive Conservative Party can best serve your own interests . . . it can build a strong and united Canada where our youth will find opportunity and encouragement. But it is your personal responsibility to help the Party in your area.

The Progressive Conservative Party is the people's democratic party . . . it is a family party. Join your local Party organization. As a member of your local association, you can bring forward suggestions for the improvement of conditions in this great and fortunate

land. But the time is short. The decision is yours. It's time for a change . . . get in the fight today.

WOMEN appreciate that Canada is a wonderful place to live and bring up children. They do not always realize how much they can do to make sure their Government will work in ways to protect and encourage Canadian families.

If you believe that housing means a home for everyone, irrespective of income—your help is needed now.

If you are gravely concerned about the cost of living, help the Party that will attack this problem and bring healthful foods and sufficient clothes within your family budget. To reduce the cost of living, the cost of Government and many taxes must and can be cut.

If you believe in a social security program that will assist you to provide

1. Family welfare
2. Protection for children
3. Health insurance
4. Proper care of the sick
5. Adequate pensions for the old

your help is needed now.

If you believe that Canada provides opportunity for youth—assert yourself. The Progressive Conservative Party is young, vigorous, alert. Young men and women can take an active part in moulding their future by joining the Party.

All Canadians can have an unselfish and corrective influence in politics. They can insure that the seeds of dreaded Communism will never grow. The Progressive Conservative Party is the family party pledged to strive for a future which holds both prosperity and peace of mind. Join your local association . . . make your opinions heard. Your efforts will help to make Canada a finer place for you and your loved ones.

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MAILBAG

Liars, Quitters and Prophets of Doom

During the course of an evening in almost any tavern there will appear on the scene a garrulous character who, on being well-primed with free beers, will gladly sit at your table and play the role of the Prophet of Doom . . . In printing "The Big Lies" (by Bruce Hutchison, March 1) Maclean's has merely given the Prophet a coast-to-coast hookup . . . "The Big Lies" reeks with extravagant hyperbole . . . Nevertheless, at times some wonderfully constructive thinking has come out of Winnipeg.—F. A. Thompson, Montreal.

● Just too bad there are not a few more million writers like Hutchison.—George Robertshaw, Kilworthy, Ont.

● Speaking of lies, it seems to me Bruce Hutchison left out the biggest and most important—the lie that we are a Christian nation.—M. C. C., Nelson, B.C.

● Glad to see our old friend Bruce Hutchison back in Maclean's again.—Alan Leslie Greig, Victoria, B.C.

● "The truth," Mr. Hutchison says, "which our surface prosperity can obscure but cannot alter, is that Canada today is living unnaturally, synthetically and dangerously . . ." Stuff and nonsense. It could be said that man has lived unnaturally since Eve donned a fig leaf.—E. D. Haliburton, Avonport, N.S.

● Someone please debunk the debunker.—D. Adamson, Winnipeg.

● Why should Bruce get himself all worked up into a lather about big lies at this late date? Is he not aware that the human race has been living on big lies for thousands of years?—F. J. McNey, Craigmyle, Alta.

● Just a line of appreciation and respect to you for publishing Bruce Hutchison's sound, forceful and timely article, "The Big Lies."—Whitthorpe Bell, Chester, N.S.

On Surpluses

In your editorial on cutting taxes (Feb. 15) you said: "The sellers' word 'surplus' is cropping up again in regard to many commodities."

. . . I understand there are a large number of unemployed in Canada now. The quickest way of disposing of these, of course, is via war. By that means we could also dispose of our surplus commodities. It is to this frightful condition we are rapidly drifting.

Will our young men take kindly to this method of disposal of surpluses? I wonder.—H. A. Gibson, M.D., Calgary.

● You wrote editorially about price floors under farm products . . . We must admit it seems funny for a Government to pay high prices for a product when it has little market value, but we mustn't forget that the Government in paying a bonus on flax and others was merely fulfilling a contract made with the producer. This contract

said, in effect, "We (the Government) will pay you (the producer) a price high enough to encourage you to produce the kind of crop most needed to win the war and peace." True, all moneys over and above the market value come from the taxpayer's pocket, but the producer is also a taxpayer. Did you—are you kicking now when the price of wheat is kept below the market value? Do you write editorials about the injustice?

Keep money in the farmer's pocket and everyone will be working and eating . . . If the Government has the courage to keep a high floor under farm products, Maclean's will have a large paid-up circulation. But if farm income comes down my subscription will not be renewed in 1950.—W. H. Tingley, Farmer, Hatherleigh, Sask.

● To lessen that bulging (federal) surplus, why not return to three-cent postage? — Letter Writer, Wolfville, N.S.

Profits for Pensioners

Re "Pension Poverty" (March 1), I am making a suggestion which I believe worked well in England. Cinemas were allowed to open on Sundays on the understanding that (I think) 30% of all profits were to be used for



the old people of the town. Where I resided at that time a piece of land was bought, small bungalows were built of one, two and three rooms and a small garden allowed for each.

I think some of the profits of the beverage rooms could be put to such a purpose.—Albion, Tottenham, Ont.

Royal True Love

In "Mrs. Majesty" (March 1) it was stated that Queen Mary was dealt a fearful blow when the Duke of Clarence died. It was true that Queen Mary was destined to marry the Duke of Clarence had he lived, but her real love was for George V.—Harold Spooner, Waseca, Sask.

They're Glad He Quit

Thank you for publishing "I Quit!" (March 1). If more people, especially women, could see themselves in a mirror after taking two or three drinks they'd quit too. — Elizabeth Warr, Toronto.

● "I Quit!" . . . has been an item I have looked for with every issue. I am astounded at the amount spent on liquor, especially here in Alberta . . . Our own liquor expenses for 1948 were probably lower than \$15. And we became parents, to boot! So far this year we have still three fourths of a

13-ounce bottle of rye whisky and half a gallon of sherry. All the whisky has been drunk by friends—we don't care for it.—Mrs. H. Simpson, Peace River, Alta.

Backward Golfer

The March 1 issue is chuck full of interest. The cover has color, imagination, humor and is generally attractive, but, ye gods, why did not the artist consult a golfer? How the fellow got into that green patch except by backing in, according to the footprints, will remain a mystery. And every time I look at the picture I want to move that golf bag so that he won't hit it, though how he can ever make a swing with a stance like that is quite beyond explanation.—Hugh Mathewson, St. Sauveur des Monts, Que.

Flues Do Bend

In Mailbag, Feb. 15, I read about the crooked flue and I wish to tell Charles Dubé (who complained that the chimney on the Jan. 1 cover wasn't over the fireplace) that in my old home in Durham, England, we had a window directly over the fireplace—the flue went to one side of the fireplace. I expect the window was put there because of the view.—Mrs. S. A. Patterson, Halifax, N.S.

Implements and Astronomy

Mr. C. Swann of Manning, Alta. (Mailbag, March 1), suggested an editorial entitled "High Wages, High Freight Rates, High Tariffs—for the Protection of Uneconomic Eastern Industries with Resulting Astronomical Prices of Farm Machinery and Equipment Floor the Farmer."

It's a common habit to think that farm implements must be the bad example, but this is not so. Dominion Bureau of Statistics index figures show that since 1941 materials have increased 92.6% and hourly wage rates 87%, yet the increase in the retail price of farm implements is only 43.9%. The increase of all commodities is 70.1%. Surely this is a very commendable job of holding prices down in the face of increasing costs during an inflationary period.—John Martin, director of public relations, Massey-Harris Company, Toronto.

South Africa Speaks

I would like to correct McKenzie Porter's statement (in "Three Thousand Nights on Wheels," March 15) that in South Africa the best job most Negroes can get is pulling a rickshaw. There are only about 200 rickshaw boys left for the benefit of tourist trade. South Africa Negroes are absorbed in all types of industries and are employed to drive all types of motor vehicles.

My husband and I with our five

children left South Africa a year ago to settle in Canada. We like your excellent magazine. We think Canadians are grand people.—Mrs. L. U. Creed, Vernon, B.C.

Cross Word for Cross Country

I am always anxious to read Cross Country for I am interested in all provinces, but when I get to Quebec and especially to Montreal I get very annoyed. Couldn't you for a change say something nice about our lovely city . . . For instance, the article about . . . the mental cases walking the streets (Feb. 15) was a bit exaggerated, don't you think? If you look around you will find the cause to be housing conditions.

I do enjoy your covers.—Mrs. Case Seasons, Westmount, Que.

Cannibal Cameraman

Accompanying the article, "We Fled to a Cannibal Isle," by Thor Heyerdahl (Aug. 15, 1948), are some interesting photos of the author and his wife at rest and at play in their dubious paradise. Who took the pictures? I have a fascinating mental image of a hostile cannibal taking time out to learn how to operate a camera—or was it a trained ape who popped up and obligingly helped? Methinks I see a triangle in this honeymoon.

Please answer and save me from becoming a frustrated female.—Joyce Hawkinson, Vancouver.

No cannibal, no ape—just a little gadget on the camera that snaps the shutter after the photographer has got himself into the picture, too.—The Editors.

Career Children?

I could not let go unchallenged the statement by Dr. Frances Seymour (in "Is It Adultery?" Feb. 15) that "nature intended the unmarried businesswoman to bear children." Certainly not in a partly civilized, cultured, democratic and Christian society which the most of us believe we live in. Every child is entitled to two parents and a home to provide him with love and security. The child should not be created to furnish expression to the mother love in a business or career woman or to provide outlets for frustrated longings.—Mrs. Lucy V. Hopley, Oak River, Man.

● I don't believe it is adultery for a woman to receive artificial insemination if it's to bind the husband and wife together, provided there is consent on both sides. I know the sorrow and anguish in the heart of a woman who is married and no children to brighten the home. I am a woman married twice. They both walked out on me for the same reason: "Why are you not like other women, why can't you have a child?"—Mrs. A. S., Montreal.



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ANNE VERNON
Danger—Woman at Work.



Since it takes only one-third as long to go from London to Paris as it does to think of travelling from Peterborough, Ont., to Moose Jaw, it is no surprise to find more British pictures with a European blend. Used with discretion,—and the British are famed for their discretion,—this makes a fine success recipe.

Great British progress has been made in research to isolate the mysterious ingredient X of film fame,—personality. The French-English combination offers record possibilities,—a combination so far tested on a large scale only in Canada. In British films, it is being tried out with individual people. Patricia Roc proves the case for the English beauty with French background. The reverse case is thoroughly French, Latin temperament, slight Anglican touches,—Anne Vernon.

Anne Vernon is a honey blonde from Paris; with a knowledge of English which is limited but enchantingly adequate. In her first film, **WARNING TO WANTONS**, she plays a minx with the face and manners of an angel.

In present-day Britain, most things are difficult and the title of one new film reveals how far this trend has gone. The picture: **IT'S HARD TO BE GOOD**, a comedy with a conscience.

From the box-office standpoint, the most sure-fire ingredient for a British film, English style, is an utterly British family. (See **THE WEAKER SEX**.) The most famous British film family of the light-hearted variety will henceforth be The Huggetts; scheduled to raise ructions with each other in four films, starting with **HERE COME THE HUGGETTS** and **VOTE FOR HUGGETT**.

The Huggetts have problems, beautiful daughters and very odd in-laws. But the heads of the family, (Jack Warner, Kathleen Harrison,) look to have come straight from the music halls.

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

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WIT AND WISDOM

Compliment in Reverse—An Englishman said not long ago that the thing that most impressed him about North America was the admirable way parents obeyed their children.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

The Comic Touch—We have seen two or three advance samples of women's spring hats. They will add the clowning touch to woman's crowning glory.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

The Yellow Light—Conscience is the still, small voice that warns us—but doesn't stop us.—*Calgary Herald*.

Surprise—Surprise!—When a young couple surprise folks by running away and getting married, they ought to surprise them again by staying married.—*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Neigh to That—The horse is scarce on our streets today—almost as scarce as horse sense.—*Calgary Albertan*.

He Clams Up—Australia is carrying out research into "the private life of the oyster." Handicapped by the fact that he stays mum and they have to pry it out of him.—*Ottawa Citizen*.

Hittites and Errors—Four thousand years ago workers among the

Hittites had a five-day week. That gave them enough leisure time to make themselves extinct.—*Toronto Star*.

Been to the Beach, Bud?—After all, the only handsome figures that count are in the bank.—*Brandon Sun*.

Turn About—My wife and I our costumes choose Of similar styles and stocks; Milady wears the toeless shoes, And I the toeless socks.—*Palmerston Observer*.

Can't All Be Eve—Tip to wives: Trees will be beautiful come spring, yet they'll be wearing the same old styles.—*Guelph Mercury*.

No—Just Tired—Here's a worthwhile thought we came across the other day: "We are old only when we live in the past, when we close our eyes and hearts to new ideas and new opportunity, when we expect the worst of life and people rather than the best, when we cry more than we laugh, when we criticize more than we commend, when we are bored rather than enthusiastic." Are you getting old?—*Dundalk Herald*.

From Bliss to Bonus—It used to be that a letter in the mailbox from a certain girl would make our heart beat faster. Now it is the sight of the family allowance letter.—*Brandon Sun*.

WILFIE

By Jay Work



MACLEAN'S

"Gee, Wilfie, I'm glad you could arrange it so this race didn't interfere with our date!"

IN MONTREAL



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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

the Liberals will squeak back in, depending on the CCF for a majority. I'd give such a Government two years to live. Any kind of economic difficulty—unemployment, loss of markets—and they'd be defeated in the House and then beaten in the country. We'd come into office for a good long time.

"If we come in with a skinny majority, maybe relying on Social Credit support, the same thing could happen in reverse. If the thing breaks right, our grandchildren will still be voting Conservative. If it breaks wrong, the same grandchildren will be reading about the Progressive Conservative Party in their history books."

Some Liberals take precisely the same view—but with an important reservation.

"We ought to be hoping to lose," said one of their senior men. "It's a good time to be leaving office. But I have a sentimental reason for wanting to win—I'd hate to see St. Laurent beaten."

"That man has won the affection of this party more than any leader I ever knew. We don't want him to fail. We'll win for him if we possibly can."

Another Liberal member put the same idea in more practical terms:

"From my own selfish point of view, I'd rather be re-elected personally and have the Government defeated. But the party can't afford it."

"St. Laurent's our best man, by head and shoulders; if he goes down the party's decapitated. And at his age he's got to win this year or not at all."

"The Tories are in a different position. They've got a new leader, young enough to last them 15 years, and they can well afford to lose—might be better off if they did lose. We can't."

"I can see plenty of reasons why we can't afford to win, either. The next term is going to be a tough one for whoever's in power. But we've really got no choice."

* * *

Progressive Conservatives think they may have done a considerable service to national unity in a recent organizing trip to the new province of Newfoundland.

In the weeks before union visitors to St. John's were astonished at the depth and intensity of bitterness among anti-Confederate Newfoundlanders. One man, standing in the lobby of the hotel there, was telling a friend of having seen a couple of British warships on manoeuvres—"made you feel proud to be a British subject," he said. No sooner had he uttered those words than a perfectly strange woman stepped up and slapped him across the face.

"How can you dare to stand here, in Newfoundland, and say you're proud to be a British subject," she said hysterically. "After the way the British have betrayed us!"

An American reporter was invited out to a Newfoundland home for tea. "In two more weeks I won't be a Newfoundlander any more," his hostess said, "But I'll never, never, never be a Canadian."

In this highly charged atmosphere of resentment a new political party was just beginning to breathe. It was to be called the United Newfoundland Party; its platform, somewhat vague and undefined, would have boiled down to anti-Canadianism and the slogan, "It shouldn't have happened to us." Whether such a party would even have tried for actual repeal of the Terms of Union is doubtful. But at best it would

have served to keep alive the kind of separatism that infected Nova Scotia for 50 years after Confederation, and which in Quebec is still fighting the battle of the Plains of Abraham.

Just as the United Newfoundland Party was taking shape, a two-man delegation from the Progressive Conservatives arrived in St. John's—Richard A. Bell, national director of the party, and J. M. Macdonnell, president of the Progressive Conservative Association. They were put in touch with some of the men who would have been leading figures in the new party.

Bell and Macdonnell argued strongly against the idea of a separatist political group. For one thing, they pointed out, it was doomed to electoral defeat—the referendum figures proved that. If the issue were still to be Confederation and nothing else, the Confederationists (who would be Liberals, more or less by default) would take at least five of the island's seven seats. Anyway, an anti-Confederation party would be condemned to futility by its very nature—dedicated to fruitless reining over an irrevocable fact.

They urged instead the formation of a strong Progressive Conservative Party in Newfoundland. They made it quite clear that such a party would not and could not be an anti-Confederation party—Conservatives as well as Liberals, in the rest of Canada, were glad to have Newfoundland as a province. But the Progressive Conservatives had been critical at least of the method by which Newfoundland was brought into the union. Moreover, the Progressive Conservative accent on provincial autonomy would give the party's Newfoundland wing a maximum of freedom to run its own affairs.

It's too soon to be sure that they succeeded completely in diverting the anti-Canadian sentiment into a Canadian channel. For the moment, however, the plans for a United Newfoundland Party appear to be in abeyance, and the organization of a Progressive Conservative Party in Newfoundland is in full swing.

* * *

When union with Newfoundland became a certainty last fall a number of sharp Canadians saw a chance to get extra quantities of American goods which are either on quota or prohibited altogether in Canada—automobiles, refrigerators, textiles, etc. It's said that some warehouses in St. John's are bulging with this kind of thing, bought during the course of the winter to be delivered to the Canadian mainland after union.

However, an article in the Newfoundland Act was put in expressly to stymie these canny gentlemen. It provides that no article which is prohibited or on quota for import from the United States shall be moved from Newfoundland to Canada until 12 months after union.

Some doubts have been expressed about the constitutionality of this prohibition. Section 121 of the B.N.A. Act provides that all articles of the growth, produce or manufacture of any one of the provinces shall be admitted free into each of the other provinces.

Government spokesmen claim there's no constitutional difficulty. For one thing, American refrigerators and automobiles are not "articles of the growth, produce or manufacture" of Newfoundland. For another, the Act says only that such articles shall be admitted "free"—i.e., free of duty. It doesn't mean (according to a Privy Council decision) that such articles must be admitted "freely." Any province can, if it likes, exclude goods from outside; it can't charge a tariff on them. ★

Wash it Better with half the work!



NO NEED TO
USE A CHAMOIS

That's right! New C-I-L

CAR WASH makes the job so much easier... actually cuts the work in half. No more tedious drying with a chamois.

Just wash your car and hose it down. Body, windows, metal trim, wheels—all dry sparkling clean with no streaks or spots.

C-I-L CAR WASH is a soapless cleaner that removes grease and grime quickly. It's harmless to hands and finish. Economical, too. Just use a tablespoonful to two gallons of water (hot or cold). One 35-cent can is enough for 8 wash jobs.

What about a quick shine-up?

C-I-L Triple-Action CLEANER AND POLISH



A combination liquid cleaner and wax-polish that saves time and work by doing 3 jobs in 1. Cleans! Polishes! Waxes!—all at once.

New! C-I-L CHROME CLEANER



Cleans and polishes chromium-plated bumpers, grilles, hub caps and other fittings. Excellent, too, for nickel, brass, copper, stainless steel.

Wax for lasting lustre

C-I-L PRE-WAX CLEANER



Removes traffic film and chalked pigment. Excellent for cleaning old and badly weathered finishes. Clean—then wax with C-I-L Automobile Wax.

C-I-L AUTOMOBILE WAX



Produces a brilliant, durable lustre which repels moisture and dirt and protects the finish against weathering. Keeps car bright and shining.

"Wherever automotive products are sold"

Don't Trust
a Rusty Radiator!

Rust ruins radiators, may cause costly repairs. Ask your service man about C-I-L '1-2-3' Radiator Service.



*"It seems
TOO GOOD to be TRUE"*



**Easy's
ONE-HOUR
WASHDAY**

A wonderful, new streamlined washer that does *ALL* your washday work and has your whole week's laundry out on the line in just an hour! Sounds almost miraculous—and so it is. But it's true, just the same. There isn't another washer in the world like this new Easy Spindry—with its *two-tub* speed and convenience; its exclusive Vacuum-Cup Action that really *washes* your clothes; its high-speed rotary spinner; its automatic pump that handles all water and saves your hot suds to use again. No need for built-in connections, for extra hot-water supply, for doing your laundry in "dribs and drabs." Easy Spindry does your laundry *the way you want it . . . when you want it*—in just one hour a week! Ask your Easy dealer about prices and deliveries.



THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED • TORONTO (10) CANADA

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

A MONTREAL scout who has a contact man inside the CBC offices there has been telling us about the enthusiastic reaction received from abroad by the CBC's International Service when they broadcast a radio show about Canada's north country. Done in dialogue form as a talk between an Indian girl and an old trapper, it made such a hit with English listeners overseas that the CBC translated it for rebroadcast in several other European languages. Mail from across the ocean showed it to be

a few days but other municipalities and governments came to the rescue by lending the city all the spare vehicles they could. These included several provincial government highway buses which Regina authorities were very glad to acquire but which passengers quickly found were not designed for short-haul city use. The aisles in these buses were so narrow that it was extremely difficult for parcel-loaded shoppers and other passengers to wriggle off and on the vehicles from stop to stop.

Complete disaster finally overtook one of the borrowed buses when a stylishly plump lady tried to pass a husky 200-odd pound policeman clad in a bulky buffalo coat as he stood swaying in the aisle. She was not only brought up short in her flight to get off the bus; to her horror she discovered that she and the policeman were jammed there unable to budge. In fact, it finally took the driver hauling in one direction and the passengers in the other to free them and let her off. As the lady's anger and embarrassment mounted she was heard to gasp, "This might have been a thrill to me 30 years ago, but I'm a grandmother now and if I ever get off this bus I'll walk the rest of my life."



popular wherever it was heard, but the most remarkable fan letter came from Holland, saying, "We are all amazed at the education you give to the Indians in Canada. Imagine, an Indian girl in the Canadian Arctic speaking such perfect Dutch!"

• • •

A Saskatchewan farmer stepped over the line fence to see how his neighbor was getting along with his seeding. The other farmer sociably pulled up to give his team a breather and as they talked the visitor looked into the seeder box and remarked, "Looks like you have a few wild ones."

"There's some," the other admitted, "but while the team stands I pick 'em out so they won't get seeded," with which he plucked a couple of wild oat seeds from the seeder box, cast them over his shoulder to the freshly plowed earth, gee-upped his team and got on with the job.

• • •

A Toronto couple who moved into a new home not long ago had just finished painting the bedroom when friends dropped in and were taken upstairs to admire the job.

"What do you call that shade?" queried one of the visitors, and was told it was pale yellow.

"It's awfully pretty—but I do hope you remember to get special permission from the Ontario Butter Producers to use it!"

• • •

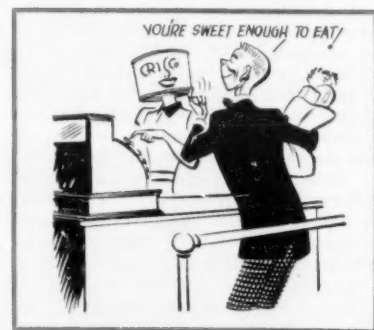
You read about the unfortunate fire in the Regina carbarns which almost left the city without public transportation. Folks going to and from work had quite a scramble for

A Parade agent in Vancouver was trailing a high-school-aged Romeo through the cashier's aisle in a grocery the other day, and couldn't help overhearing an almost whispered conversation between the youth ahead of her and the pretty checker behind the counter.

"Gee, please tell me your name," urged the young fellow.

"G'wan—I told you my name the other day. Have you forgotten already?"

"Aw, tell me again!"



Finally she gave in prettily and declared, very faintly, "All right—it's Chris."

"That's it—'Crisco' is the other thing I was to get—" and off he dodged back up the aisle to collect the missing item.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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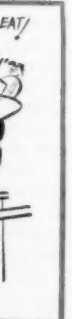
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COTTONS



Northern Pileated Woodpecker



NORTHERN PILEATED WOODPECKERS make their nests in holes they carve out of trees. As woodpeckers seldom use the same nest for a second year . . .



AMERICAN GOLDEN-EYE and other tree-nesting ducks which cannot carve out their own nests are able to use them for raising their young.

This is another sequence of events that helps to keep nature in balance.

'NATURE IN BALANCE' IS *Nature Unspoiled*

IT IS GENERALLY KNOWN that some animals depend on others for their food. These food chains help keep the right proportions amongst all plant and animal life. But there are other "chains" that help keep nature in balance.

One of these exists between the northern pileated woodpecker and the American golden-eye duck. The woodpecker's nesting hole is used the following year by tree-nesting ducks. As these ducks largely depend on unused woodpecker nests for their homes, this means that where woodpeckers are scarce, tree-nesting ducks are also likely to be scarce.

This is only one way that woodpeckers help us—they also protect our trees by devouring thousands of tree-killing beetles and other destructive insects. All woodpeckers are definitely beneficial and should not be molested.

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